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MAN AND BISHOP

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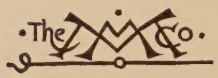

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FRANKLIN SPENCER SPALDING

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MAN AND BISHOP

BY

JOHN HOWARD MELISH

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Dedication

TO THOSE WHO KNEW HIM BEST AND
LOVED HIM, AND WITHOUT WHOSE AID THIS BOOK
COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN, BY ONE
WHO ADMIRED AFAR OFF

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FRANKLIN SPENCER SPALDING

MAN AND BISHOP

I

The Boy

Frank Spalding sprang from New England stock. His father, the Bishop of Colorado, was one of the virile men whom Maine contributed to the building up of the Great West. The Spalding family came to America from England in 1630, and played an honorable part in King Philip's war, the French and Indian war, and the Revolution. John Franklin Spalding, the father of the subject of this biography, was born at Belgrade in 1828, and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1853 and the General Seminary in 1857. After service as deacon and presbyter in New England, he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Erie, in 1862. In the house which is now the rectory of that Pennsylvania parish he met Lavinia D. Spencer, an ardent and devoted member of the Presbyterian Church. It was love at first sight, and, not many months later, the daughter of one of the prominent trustees of the Park Presbyterian Church was established as head of the Episcopal rectory.

Of that union Frank was born on March 13, 1865. At his baptism, June 13, 1865, he was named Franklin after his father and Spencer after the family of his mother. The Spencers were originally of Connecticut. Judah Colt

Spencer went to Erie in 1829, and there married Lavinia Stanley, the daughter of Giles Sanford, a descendant of John Sanford, the first President of Rhode Island in 1655, who was disarmed in 1637 for his sympathy with Wheelright. Mr. Spencer was noted among his fellow citizens as a man of independent judgment, quick repartee and keen humor, humility and generosity. He was one of the projectors of the first railway in western Pennsylvania, and organized the First National Bank of Erie, which was one of the first national banks incorporated in the United States. Lavinia Sanford united with the Presbyterian Church as a girl, and through three score years and nine lived a life of prayer and service. Four daughters and one son were born to the Spencers, of whom Lavinia D., the mother of Frank Spalding, was the second child.

Into the Erie rectory, after Frank, came four other children between 1866 and 1873 when John F. Spalding was elected to the episcopate. William was eighteen months younger than Frank and was his comrade all through school and college. Elisabeth, who was Frank's junior by three years, lived with him in Erie during the second year of his rectorship of St. Paul's. Ned, the youngest brother, died at sixteen years of age, when he was a student at the Princeton preparatory school where Frank was teaching. Sarah, the youngest member of the family, lived with Frank during the last years of his rectorship in Erie and went to Salt Lake as his secretary. Under the spiritual guidance of Christian parents and in the normal family life, with brothers and sisters near his own age, Frank grew to boyhood and young manhood. As the first grandchild of generous grandparents and the first baby born in the parish for many years, his first Christmas brought him many gifts. His mother trimmed a Christmas tree for him and all

expected, after the fashion of grown-ups, that he would be delighted with his expensive toys. While others were admiring the tree and presents, the baby crept from the parlor into the kitchen, where he was found, perfectly happy, playing with some clothes-pins. All through his life the simple and elemental things gripped him.

Frank was first entered at a small private school in Erie but was soon transferred to the public schools. In his first attempt to speak in public he failed. Three times he began his piece, but stage fright got the better of memory and he finally sat down. Very early in his career he showed signs of the possession of the indomitable will which later conquered the Grand Teton and faced spiritual difficulties of magnitude. One night when he was supposed to be asleep in his bed his mother found him seated at his little desk, playing on a Jew's harp. When she reproved him for sitting up so late, he replied, with decisiveness that drew no further remonstrance from the wise mother, "I am going to get this tune, if it takes all night." So fearless and independent a little chap he was, that his reverent parents feared that the quality, which is the beginning of all wisdom, was entirely wanting in his spiritual equipment. His mother was mortified to hear him say to the dignified Bishop Kerfoot who was teasing him, "Stop that." On another occasion when she asked him to come and speak to some callers who were about to leave, he frankly if impolitely called back, "I have nothing to say." But she, who sat at the feet of her children and learned, as the Lord commanded His disciples to do, understood. For what has a child to say? And this child was father to the man who spoke when he had something to say, and, when not, kept silent.

It was the custom in St. Paul's, encouraged by the Rec-

tor, to have all the children of the parish attend the church service, and to withdraw just before the sermon. Sunday School was held immediately before church and a goodly percentage of the scholars stayed to Morning Prayer. The great feasts of the Church Year were joyfully kept and the children found no hardship in going to church. From the time he could read Frank was taught to read the Bible morning and evening. On Sunday evenings there were scripture games at home, which made the boy familiar with the Bible. The rectory had two mite boxes, one for Domestic and one for Foreign Missions, into which the children dropped weekly offerings. The father, who was a missionary rector before he became a missionary bishop, wanted his boys and girls to feel that they belonged to a Church which embraced the whole world. So the boy from his infancy was a part of the Church, with his own share in its worship and work. His interest in the Church was as natural and normal as his interest in play or school. A time came when Frank Spalding questioned his intellectual right to remain longer in the Church; and, without doubt, it was this early influence that steadied his will in those trying moments of mental uncertainty and indecision.

Frank was eight years old when his father was elected Missionary Bishop of Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico. In school, on the day the newspapers announced the father's honor, the son was dubbed "Bishop" by his classmates. Such a title, however, was no honor to his thinking, and finally, losing patience, he threatened to fight the next fellow that called him that again. With five children, the youngest being only fourteen months old, it was a great change for Bishop Spalding to make, from the comfortable home and happy associations of Erie to what was to Eastern people an unknown country. At the Bishop's conse-

cration in St. Paul's, Erie, on the last day of December, 1873, Bishop Cox preached from the text, "The uttermost parts of the earth." So indeed it seemed, especially to the mother, who was torn between accompanying her husband and running the risk of taking her brood of small children on the long journey in winter. She asked the friendly advice of the bishops present at the consecration. Bishop John C. Talbot, who was called the "Bishop of all out-doors," having been the first bishop of Colorado and the Northwest, insisted that he knew all about the journey and the good Church people of Denver, and that they would have the Bishop's house ready for occupancy on his arrival; he urged the family to go. Bishop Kerfoot, on the contrary, advised Spalding to go first to prepare the home and have the family follow later. Bishop Kerfoot said that Bishop Talbot knew nothing about it because he had never had any children, and Bishop Talbot said Bishop Kerfoot knew nothing about it because he had never been to Denver. Bishop Talbot's advice, however, was followed and the family arrived safely in Denver, February 27, 1874, after a blockade of twenty-four hours, caused by snow on the plains. The good Church people of Denver justified Bishop Talbot's faith in them; the house was furnished and supper was ready.

On the train to Denver Frank wrote to his grandmother a little letter, which, though he was but eight years old, showed the beginnings of his power of clear description. "February 26, 1874. My dear Grandma: Mama told me to write the first letter to you. I am going to write what I saw. Some men were playing cards. One man beat the other and they began to fight in the car. It is snowing very hard now. It began this morning and has not stopped yet and I guess it never will. Your loving Frank Spalding."

Jarvis Hall at Golden was a Church School for boys, and its principal, Mr. Bellam, urged the Bishop to send his boys, Frank and Will, there. In a letter to his grandfather, Frank wrote, "Mr. Bellam is here and wants me to go to Jarvis Hall, but Mama says I am too little. Don't you think, Grandpa, it would be best to go now and be a good scholar than not?" The Mother's refusal to give her permission to send the boys when so young to a boarding school won the day, and they went first to a small private school and then to the public schools of Denver.

The Bishop was away from home so much of the time that the care and education of the children fell largely to the mother. "I have one high strung case in my eldest boy," she wrote to her parents in March of that year, "and I can only trust to time and to Providence to make him better. Don't be alarmed, he is no worse than in Erie. I looked for a great change on his ninth birthday, but it did not come." However disturbed the mother was, because of Frank's quick temper and the effect of it on the other children, she wisely met the difficulty by giving him something to interest him and serve as an outlet for his physical and mental energies. A small printing press and scroll saw were purchased, and tramps were planned for the Saturdays. Frank was himself so full of ideas and of initiative that he at once put these tools to good use, earning money to add to his kit and to spend on his tramps. She also hit on a plan which worked admirably with all the children. A book was opened, and all their important deeds, good and bad, were recorded therein for the perusal of their father, on his return. Writing down the deed in the book had the instantaneous effect of stopping their naughtiness. With something to do, and a miniature Day of Judgment calling him periodically to account, the boy

made rapid progress in the control of his quick temper and hewed his life to the straight line of duty and right.

Tools were ever a source of delight to Frank Spalding, both as boy and man. His first scroll saw was a gift, but he was expected to earn the tools which he desired. "I am trying to earn $4.00 to pay for a box of tools and I have only 35 cts. I have been making sacks out of the stuff that came on our furniture," he wrote to his grandfather, offering doubtless a gentle hint to that generous friend. Grandfather was quick to respond with a present for tools. "The saw, hammer, and plane were $2.00, the chisel cost 60 cts., rule 25 cts., brace and bits $1.00, augur 65 cts., screw driver 25 cts., mallet 25 cts." So he reports to the donor, in the methodical fashion with which he kept all his Church accounts throughout his ministry. In another letter he refers to a loan which his grandfather had made, as "the heavy debt that oppressed me."

The public school boy of Denver took to his lessons with as much interest as to tools and tramps. The mother wrote home in October, "Frank and Willie are good and learning fast. Frank can already divide with four or five figures." He was regularly promoted and was soon studying Botany as well as Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography. To a Mr. Lakes, an enthusiastic geologist, Frank attached himself, and followed him in his collecting jaunts, learning from him the names of stones and picking up information as to drifts and periods of the earth's history. He was now in a school-room with older boys and had little difficulty in keeping up with them. His was one of the twenty papers, showing penmanship, which the Denver Public Schools sent to the Centennial in 1876. Frank told his Grandfather that he must look up the educational exhibit, during his visit to Philadelphia, and find the

Denver book which contained his paper. His mother wrote that "Frank will go without his dinner rather than be late." As a boy he was always asking why. In the evenings the father had all the children debate in his study, thinking it very important to learn how to argue. Frank often took the weak side of a question, or even the side he really did not agree with, in order to draw out the other side.

On one of the visits to Erie, which took place on the alternate summers, the boys were invited out to tea with a boy friend. They did not return until quite late, and Frank's excuse was that he had got to arguing with the boy's father and did not think of the time. His reading was confined to stories, in spite of his father's urging to read better things. He liked Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Elijah Kellogg and Jules Verne. With a memory of those early joys he presented his nephew in later years with a complete set of the favorite tales of his own boyhood.

Every alternate vacation was spent on a ranch in the mountains. There the mother's problem was solved, for climbing, riding, fishing, left no moments for idle hands to get into mischief. An incident occurred during the first vacation which showed Frank's obedience to orders, at whatever cost to himself, which trait characterized his entire life. A little boy at the ranch was taken sick and his mother became much alarmed. There was no doctor nearer than twelve miles, but at the ranch was the wife of a physician; she knew that her husband was to drive that day to a house within several miles of the ranch, and she suggested that some one go to the cross roads and intercept the doctor. Frank was sent on horseback to wait for the physician until he came. The day passed and no Frank or doctor returned. Finally, Mrs. Spalding and the doctor's wife went out to hunt for them. There at the cross-roads

he was, just as he had been told to be, seated on his horse, and, like Casabianca, there he would have stayed to the end. One of his favorite mottoes in after years was, "To endure is to conquer," and early in life he acted it out.

In 1877 it was decided to send the boys to Jarvis Hall, the Church boarding school at Golden, and the mother parted from them with a heavy heart. The absence lasted, however, but a few months as Jarvis Hall, after a fire, was transferred to Denver. "Dear Grandpa," writes Frank, "we are going to school at the new Jarvis Hall in Denver instead of Golden and the Boss is Mr. Haynes instead of Mr. Bellam. Mr. Haynes is a good teacher if he did come from Harvard College and not Princeton College." Frank was busy with his press, and printed cards and letter heads for other boys and girls. A sheet of note paper bears the heading "F. S. Spalding, W. M. Spalding, Job Printing Very Neatly Done." With the scroll saw he made several brackets for presents to his grandparents and a well-carved Swiss clock for his father and mother. The boys had their regular chores and were taught to be useful at home, for a missionary bishop's salary did not permit of more than one servant. They made their own beds, tended the furnace and cleared the snow from the walks. One winter morning before breakfast Frank went out to clear the snow, but did not return until long after school time. He and a friend after clearing their own walks formed a partnership to clear other people's side-walks at twenty cents apiece, and made a dollar each. He assured his anxious mother on his return that he had not asked a job of any of her friends! Such industry on his part pleased the grandfather in the East, and he wrote to Frank, "If your funds should be a little short draw on your grandfather and he will honor the draft." That he was not slow to comply

with this generous request the following note shows. "Dear Grandpa: I thank you very much for that $5.00. As my saw is broken I am going to get another saw. I can get an elegant saw and I can do very fine work. I and Will sing in the choir and we sing good as you will know when you come here in the spring." This delightful appreciation of his own accomplishments and his joy in doing things never left him. Throughout his life, though burdened with the business of hospitals, schools, and mission stations, he was glad that he had a work to do and rejoiced that he could do it. Could the generous donors to his work have seen the radiant joy in his face when their help arrived it would have added much to their joy of giving.

On the second Sunday after Easter, 1879, Frank was confirmed by his father in Trinity Memorial Church. It is interesting to record that the boy turned to his teacher in that solemn moment of his life rather than to those whom he most loved. Many boys find it difficult to discuss spiritual problems with their fathers and mothers, either because they fancy their parents are prejudiced in their favor or do not understand them. The mother, with her usual intuition, made no advances beyond suggestions, she simply prayed for him. Frank talked the question over with Mr. Haynes, and, on his return from his interview, simply remarked to his mother that "Confirmation is a big thing." The next morning he announced at the breakfast table, "I am going to be confirmed." At fourteen he took his stand for Christ and His kingdom. He was found faithful unto his life's end.

The summer of 1880 was spent in Erie, and Frank, then fifteen years old, took his first interest in politics. Several boys of his own age formed a club which they named after President Garfield. The meetings were secret and were

held in an outhouse in grandfather's garden. Little Ned, not being old enough to qualify as a member, was appointed sentry to keep outsiders away. Frank was President, and, in the name of the Club, wrote to Mr. Garfield. He said that the members were too young to vote for the President, but, nevertheless, "they met regularly and made speeches against the Democrats." Great was the joy and pride of the Garfield Club when a letter arrived from Mr. Garfield containing his picture and autograph.

It is the picture of a genuine American boy that we see in Frank Spalding. Long of limb, with sinewy frame, he lived in the open air; taking to the water and the mountains like an Indian, like an Indian he grew in stature and physical strength. Always the first up a steep climb, he yet was ever ready to help others up, or go to their rescue if in danger of falling. His nerves were steady, though high strung, and he was their master. When the steam launch with its pleasure party was in danger on Lake Erie, it was his coolness and pluck that inspired confidence in girl and boy. Always enthusiastic, he was the soul of the company on any tramp, propounding queer questions, arguing, composing rhymes and jingles. Underneath this gay and happy nature was a sense of duty and love of right and reverence for God. He grew in self-knowledge and self-mastery as he grew in body and mind. So through the years of boyhood God was fitting him to be the spiritual pioneer and missionary prophet. As in his early mountain climbing, so in his later preaching he was to go first, questioning it may be, but sure of his footing, as far as he got; with a spirit ready to help others to his high level and to share with them the beauty of his vision.

II

Frank Spalding, Princeton '87

Frank Spalding prepared for Princeton College at Jarvis Hall under Professor Smiley and entered without a condition in the fall of 1883. The question of higher education for her boys rested heavily upon the mother's mind, for the Bishop's salary permitted no such luxury, and frequently she prayed over it. Providence answered her prayer in a letter from the generous grandfather which brought tears to her eyes; he promised to meet all the expenses for both his grandsons during their entire college course. In expressing her profound gratitude Mrs. Spalding wrote, "I can only hope and pray that they may be worthy of your gift and that you may see your reward in their usefulness." It was an investment in men, the golden returns from which he never lived to see but which have added to the lasting wealth of the American Church.

The boys chose Princeton because their favorite uncles were Princeton men. Princeton appealed to the Bishop and his wife by virtue of its religious influence, and because of the personal interest in Church boys taken by Dr. Alfred Baker, rector of Trinity Church. They had been told that Dr. Coit of St. Paul's School, Concord, recommended Princeton before all other colleges on that ground; and what influenced the mother as much was the further information that Mrs. McCosh, wife of the President, went

to see the boys when they were sick and sent them nice things to eat. In parting from his boys the Bishop urged them not to allow anything to prevent their attention to their religious duties; he wanted them to be ambitious to take high rank as scholars, and to do well in everything; but first of all he would have them be young Christian gentlemen. In their rank as scholars he was to be disappointed, for they, in his brother Will's words, "stuck in a comfortable position about the middle of the class." Christian gentlemen, however, they were and remained all through college, for, as Frank wrote his father, at the end of his course, "It is a satisfaction to know if you don't stand high you have been honest in all your work."

Since his grandfather was paying all the expenses, an opportunity to make full use of his generosity and money was opened to Frank. His grandmother wrote him to get everything he needed and not to delay purchasing new clothes — she knew well that Frank didn't care a bit about what he had on; — that clothes were the last things he would think of. When he was a boy he had a supreme contempt for anything approaching a "dude." So with characteristic humor she urged, "Do not make the change from old to new clothes too perceptible!" He had been brought up to know the value of money and the grandfather's confidence was not misplaced. In later life Frank Spalding arraigned the rich, who live on profits, rent and interest, for indulging in luxury that wasted human life and energy. With the opportunity to indulge in luxury, he practiced the strictest economy. When his mother unpacked his wardrobe the following June she found that he had not a pair of trousers that were not mended. In a letter he says, "I did a job of patching on my pants that I dare any of you to equal for strength and general excel-

lence." He put cloth in the place of cane in the seat of the chairs in his room because cane wore out his trousers.

Frank's Presbyterian grandmother held the learned and Christian men of Princeton in great reverence, and urged her grandsons to make use of every opportunity to hear them preach. "It is an important part of your college education, like feeding on the best of food. I am glad my boys can appreciate it." Frank heard every preacher, as his beloved grandmother advised, but he seems not to have been favorably impressed, except by Dr. John Hall, and by him, "because he was like one of our ministers, wore clericals and talked quietly." The St. Paul's Society, a group of students who were members of the Episcopal Church, invited distinguished preachers of that Communion to preach from time to time to them. All these he heard with interest, writing home their texts or a summary of their sermons, and characterizing them in some interesting way. Fr. Maturin was magnificent, he was so clear; Fr. Hall was interesting; Dr. Dix was superb; Dr. Kimber knew what he was talking about; Mr. Studd "talked for fifty minutes and you could have heard a pin drop." When he was the Managing Editor of the Princetonian he wrote that Phillips Brooks was the first preacher in America. "One of the editors told me that any one could tell by that, who had written the article. I don't know as I ought to have said that in a Princeton paper when all here think Dr. Paxton or Dr. Patton is the best preacher."

In February of each year a day was set apart as a Day of Prayer for Colleges, and in Princeton it marked the beginning of what was called a "religious awakening." Prayer meetings were held twice a day, and in each of the entries of the college buildings there were special meetings. Frank

Spalding questioned the value of those meetings all through his college course and wrote home asking for advice as to what attitude he should take toward them. "One of the fellows told me he had been to the prayer meetings to-day, and he thinks we are very wicked because we don't go even to the class prayer meetings. I don't think it is my duty to go and yet I have often had fellows say to me, 'Here, you are a Christian and yet you don't go to these meetings and set a bad example to many and keep them away when they ought to be there.' Now I want advice as to this prayer meeting business, I almost wish we were not in a college with such a good religious influence." The Book of Common Prayer was for him a sufficient expression of worship and prayer, and he objected to what he described as "the prayer meeting style of delivery."

To the Bishop, depending for his information on the letters of his two boys and the columns of the Princetonian, the modern college seemed to exist chiefly for the purpose of fostering athletic games. In college athletics Frank Spalding rejoiced as a giant to run his course. He made the class baseball team, playing at third base. Later in his college career he was captain of the second foot-ball team, playing full back and half back, which entitled him to the coveted cap, and he played on the Varsity Team in several games. "This noon I played on the scrub," he writes to an old school friend, "against the college team and I had to play against the strongest rusher in college. So he nearly killed me. But I had lots of fun and hope to get another chance to play." During his college course he won about thirty medals in athletics, principally in standing and running high and broad jumps, pole vaults and hurdle races. "We had lots of fun Saturday night," writes the younger brother. "Twenty-seven of us got in our room for a boxing

match; that is not a regular match but everybody taking part and ending up with two good boxers, one of whom has taken prizes for it. There were eight or nine of us on Frank's bed when down it went with a crash. Then some one fell against the stove, and pulled the chimney apart, but Frank with his accustomed genius put it together and the affair closed with great success."

In his Sophomore year Frank Spalding was suspended from college. According to the traditions of Princeton, in November the Freshmen class had their picture taken on the steps of Witherspoon Hall; and also, according to tradition, it was the high and sacred duty of the Sophomore class to spoil the picture. It occurred to some members of the class of '87 that the way to reveal to the Freshies their true character was to let down an effigy of '88 just when the photographer was ready to snap the picture. One fellow furnished a pillow case, another paint and a third the requisite art, and soon a rag baby of considerable bulk was ready with '88 conspicuously painted in green upon its white breast. When the eyes of all the Freshmen were turned to the camera man, and each was looking his handsomest, there silently descended from a window above the steps of Witherspoon the rag baby and took by far the most prominent place in the picture. The photographer stopped, and the Freshmen, seeking the reason for the delay, looked up. A dozen hands made a grab for the baby; which was dexterously pulled up out of their reach. Others gathered stones from the gravel walk and hurled them through the open window at the unseen enemy. At that critical moment a college proctor chanced to come that way and, seeing the disturbance was caused by some one in the room above the steps, he shouted orders to stop it. A head appeared at the window followed by a pitcher of water which was

emptied upon the upturned faces of the Freshmen. It was Frank Spalding and he was caught in the very act.

The Faculty Committee on Discipline called a meeting that night and summoned Frank and four other culprits to appear before them. Spalding was charged with being the ringleader and was given an opportunity to confess, which he did most ingenuously, acknowledging his acts but disclaiming any intention of wrong doing. Then Professor Packard, the chairman, as Frank wrote home, "made a speech which was terrible and said that I had done the worst kind of a thing and that he was so surprised to see me there and lots like that." All five were suspended until further notice. Four were sent home at once and Frank, because he lived in the West, was rusticated in Pennington, eight miles from Princeton. Suspended! Professor Packard, his father's old friend, had rendered the verdict and told him that he would at once write his father. It was a depressed and sad-faced lad who packed his bag and took the train to Pennington the next morning. How would his father regard this disgrace? What would mother feel? The grandparents, who sent him to college, what would they think? And Aunt Fanny who believed that the Princeton faculty could do no wrong, and Uncle Will, a Princeton graduate, how would they take this?

The following letter reveals, what was characteristic of Frank Spalding, his fine sensitiveness, consideration for others, sense of justice, transparent frankness and desire to do what was right.

PRINCETON, Oct. 30, 1884.

MY DEAR FATHER: I suppose when you get this letter you will have received Professor Packard's and will know all about it. You can't feel as badly as I do, for I know how badly you will feel. But I wish very much you could be here to see what

the college thinks about it. All the fellows in all the classes think that we are unjustly punished and they are trying to get our sentence repealed.

Professor Packard read me the letter he wrote you and in it he said I was a ring-leader. Now that was not true for I did not lead at all, and I never for a moment thought that I was doing any act which would bring dishonor on you or on myself, and now I can't think so. However it is, I have been suspended and know it is a terrible disgrace, although I never thought that I was doing anything wrong.

While I am away I will go on studying and so will not drop back in grade for I shall have an examination on it when I come back. Of course I have written Grandfather about it.

Professor Murray told me I was charged with 1st, Helping to make a rag baby to expose to the Freshmen, 2nd, Throwing stones, 3rd, Pouring out some water on them. I can't see how this is worthy of such a hard punishment as I have. All the trouble lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes, so please don't think that it was a big row I was in. I don't know for how long a time I shall be suspended but I hope it will be a short time. I suppose it will be very lonely to stay in a town for perhaps a month where I don't know a single person, but I expect to read and study a good deal and will try to make the best of it.

So, dear papa, please don't think too hard of me for I would not have done such a thing for the world if I had thought for a second there was such harm in it as in the eyes of the Committee, for I am sure you know that I would not knowingly do anything that would dishonor you or mama.

Your loving son,
F. S. Spalding.

Frank reached Pennington and went at once to the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in whose care the Committee placed him during his rustication. The letter of commendation read that the Pastor was to do him "what good he could." Then Frank, before settling down, walked

around the town in which he expected to spend a month, to see what sort of a place it was. He discovered that the town was without an Episcopal Church. Suddenly it flashed over him what was behind this whole affair. He was not sent to Pennington as punishment; the Faculty aimed to convert him to Presbyterianism!

When the news of the Committee's drastic action reached the students there was a general feeling of indignation. The Freshman class met and sent a committee to ask the Faculty to take no notice of the affair. The Sophomores sent in a petition, accompanied with such expressions and promises in asking for the reinstatement of their classmates, that the Faculty felt justified in accepting it and restoring them to good standing. One of the Seniors sat down at once and wrote to his father, the Bishop, that "the Faculty in stooping to notice such a small matter has in the eyes of the whole college compromised its dignity. The fellows universally condemned the action of the Faculty as unjust and as unworthy of the Faculty of one of the first colleges of the Land." That very night the Faculty met and refused to ratify the action of their Committee on Discipline. The next day Frank was recalled by telegraph from Pennington.

The letters informing the family of Frank's dismissal reached Denver and Erie and were immediately answered before the news of his reinstatement arrived. The close relationship between the boys and their loved ones at home, which was one of the great factors in the making of their characters, is revealed in these letters. The Bishop wrote that law must be obeyed otherwise society would drift into anarchy; the punishment seemed to him too severe, a reprimand was enough. The sun went out of the Mother's sky and she was afraid to open the newspaper lest in head-

lines she would read, "Frank Spalding, suspended." She resorted to prayer for comfort, and examined herself to see if she was not to blame. She could rejoice, however, that it was "fun and not sin." And yet "the whole idea of bothering the Freshmen because they are only what you were last year is mean and fit only for mischievous boys and not for young gentlemen." Uncle Will, with some knowledge of college ethics, wrote that "Faculty government is despotic any way and pitch into you fellows with scarcely a reason. The cunning dogs were boys once and I presume chuckle among themselves." Grandfather saw in the action of the Faculty evidence that "learned and talented men may lack common sense and forget that they had been boys." Aunt Fannie in spite of her reverence for Princeton divines resolved to take "the side of the boys no matter what happens." His grandmother rejoiced that Frank had told the story and wanted him to tell them "everything good or bad — if there is not time to write telegraph without a moment's hesitation." Uncle Rob, the comrade and counselor of his boyhood, knowing something of the problem of college discipline, wrote, "my sympathies are with you but my judgment leans towards the Faculty. But send the rag baby out here and we will hang it over the fence in honor." Aunt Kitty "would have arrested the Freshmen for throwing stones. Stones hurt and rag babies and water don't."

The fact that Frank Spalding, of all fellows, had been caught by the Faculty, became the joke of the season among the students and at the expense of the college authorities. For in the secret midnight visitations by which the Sophomores sought to crush the spirit of the Freshmen he would take no part. Hazing, in which there is always a distinctively bullying element, as contrasted with the rivalries in

the class rushes on the athletic field, was abhorrent to him; and it was expressly condemned by his grandfather. In all that concerned the healthy rivalry for leadership between the classes he took a leading part. One of the ancient customs of Princeton was for the Sophomores to paint green the celebrated cannon, which then stood in the center of the Campus, in mockery of the Freshmen's verdancy, and to defend the old gun from any Freshman who attempted to rub out the offensive color. "We got in two armies and made for each other. They ('88) had about 150 men and we had about 50. After we had tried to go through each other's lines several times we both tried to take possession of the cannon. Now we had just finished painting it green for the benefit of the Freshmen and when we got to it it was an ugly thing to handle. But we could not lose the honor of the class for such a small thing as 'fresh' paint, so three or four of us hung on to the cannon. I got all covered with paint from head to foot. But we held *the cannon!*" A member of '88 writes, "We Freshmen claimed the victory, but when lapse of time has subdued partizanship and allowed a more accurate historical judgment, it must be recorded that we never succeeded in dislodging Frank Spalding from the cannon. He had clasped it in his long wiry arms with a grip of steel and held to it through all the smother of the rush till the end."

Frank Spalding attended Trinity Church, Princeton, all through his college course and took an active interest in its work. The rector of the parish, Rev. Alfred B. Baker, had the power of interesting young men in practical work. He had established missions in outlying places around Princeton which he supplied with lay readers, drawn from the St. Paul's Society of the College. Frank sang in the choir, taught in the Sunday School and read the service in

one of the missions on Sunday afternoon or evening. As a teacher of a Sunday school class he was not a success. "I don't believe it pays for me to teach in Sunday School for I can't keep the boys in order. They know I'm not a senior and so they don't care a bit for me, for they know I don't know much. About a dozen of them threw snow balls at me and hit me too. What was I to do about it? I don't care a bit but the thing don't look right." The superintendent had given him a class of unruly boys, and with only the aid of a lesson paper, he was expected to teach the collect, the catechism and a text. It demanded too much of even a future bishop. Later he wrote, "I have stopped teaching in Sunday School because I had to, because the superintendent told me my services were not needed any longer. I am rather glad of it although I got along better than I did last year.

The father urged his boys to write to him fully and especially to ask any theological questions. The questions which Frank put to his father related to the Episcopal Church in its contention with the Presbyterian Church or to some of its practices and teachings. "It seems to me that the Presbyterians here have no idea what our Church is like. They think that in the Episcopal Church on Palm Sunday everybody has palm branches in their hands. One of them who went to church with me wanted to know where the confessional was where the people went and confessed. Another thought the Bible we use is different from theirs. . . . A fellow said that our Church did not exist before the Church of Rome sent Augustine into England and that our Church was not an Apostolic Church but just a branch of the Church of Rome." Frank purchased a copy of Bishop Kip's "Double Witness," and with it and the information which his father sent to him, he championed the

Episcopal Church in the stronghold of Presbyterianism. "I have gotten a Presbyterian to reading Kip and I hope it will teach him something. For he got to arguing with me the other night about the Presbyterian Church and he didn't know anything about our Church. So I argued with him and I guess got the best of him and then gave him Kip to read." During Lent he decided to deny himself dessert at the boarding house where he paid a fixed price per week. "You say that fasting in Lent when you can't give the amount saved to the Lord is only asceticism, but what if it is? I thought a little asceticism during forty days of the year would do a person a little good. For the life of me I can't see why you should estimate the amount of self-sacrifice in terms of dollars and cents. I am not going to eat any more dessert until I see I am wrong. If I deny myself, conquer my appetites, I don't see why I should not be doing right even though I can't give the money value of what is thus saved."

Doubtless the Bishop thought that this inquisitive mind of Frank, ever seeking the reason for a thing, would, in college, experience searching intellectual doubt and perhaps skepticism. The professors of Princeton, however, took note of the skepticism of their age only to belittle and demolish it. "I read to-day a solid book I can tell you. It was 'Creation' by Dr. Guyot, the Professor of Geology here. It is to show that all the modern scientific discoveries do not contradict the first two chapters of the Bible. I like the book very much and could understand all but one place, where he talks about the light there was before the sun was created. He says we must take the Bible as truth and the discoveries will be a running commentary explaining it." Again he wrote to the Bishop, "There is a fellow here who has been reading Gibbon, Hume and especially

Froude, and has got to be a kind of skeptic, for he don't believe in the inspiration of the Bible or at least that is about the matter as near as I can make out, for he says that you can't prove the resurrection happened or even that Christ died, but he is not at all strong in his views and said that he would like to read on the other side. You see he has only read the wrong side. He never has read the Bible through he says. Now what is the best book to read about this? I would like to read something too on it so that I can answer this kind of statements." Frank Spalding was on the defensive in matters of religious faith during his college course, an attitude that is not conducive to critical examination of one's own position.

The Princeton of the eighties was calculated to drill boys in acquiring knowledge rather than to open their minds and to inspire them to think. History was not taught from the point of view of development nor was evolution accepted in any department of science. In philosophy the great Germans were not known and the teaching consisted chiefly of logic and metaphysics. The basis of the required curriculum was Latin and Greek for four years. The boy with a quick memory and who was willing to learn his lesson with a mechanical accuracy was too often the boy who won academic honor. Frank Spalding's mind was analytical rather than acquisitive, and, though he worked hard, he did not attain high rank because of the methods of his day. Not only were the methods at fault, but there was then a great gulf between teachers and student. If a boy sought to establish a more human relationship between himself and his instructor, he was at once downed by his classmates as a "boot-licker"; as one who sought by truckling to gain some unfair advantage over his fellow students. To one of Frank's sense of honor and love

of fair play to be regarded as a boot-licker would be equivalent to having committed the unpardonable sin. His most characteristic virtue as a boy and college man thus stood in the way of obtaining that personal help from his teachers which his mental needs especially required, had they been able to give it.

What Frank Spalding failed to get through the curriculum he received outside of it. The dominant educative factors in the Princeton of that day were the class, the Halls and the college papers. The Halls had reached the climax of their power before the Spaldings entered college and were beginning to wane, while the papers were in the earlier stage of their development. The rivalry between the Halls was intense. "Old Jimmy (President McCosh) met another fellow and me," writes Frank in his Freshman year, "we asked him if he was a Whig. He said, 'Yes, indeed I will fight Clio any day.'" The Halls were rival debating societies which met weekly for discussion of subjects. Every member was required to take part in the program, being assigned statedly on the affirmative or negative of the questions, and allowed at other times to speak from the floor. Uncle Will advised his nephews to attend faithfully to Whig Hall, as in his experience "it was worth as much as the studies," and both Frank and Will followed his advice. "Last night," wrote Will, "Frank did himself proud, he made a rousing speech which was vociferously applauded."

The activity and interest of these college debating societies reached their climax in the Lynde Prize Debate held during Commencement week. Seniors qualified for the great event in preliminary debates. In his Junior year Frank entered the prize debate in Whig Hall and received honorable mention. On another occasion he memorized his speech and then in the midst of it forgot it.

"If I am a minister," he wrote home in describing his failure, "I am going to learn to preach extempore." So when the lists were opened for the great intellectual trial of college life Frank entered. He did not think his chances were good but he knew the practice would be. The subject of the preliminary debate was, Resolved, that "The existence and power of the great corporations render government interference for the protection of the laboring classes necessary." He was assigned the opposition, which was the side he wanted, and he threw himself into its work of preparation, reading books in political economy, law and history. In the contest he won easily and so became a contestant for the Lynde Prize. "I am very happy about getting on the Lynde Debate," he wrote his mother, "for I wanted something on Commencement for your sake and now I have got what lots of the fellows think is the biggest honor of all." Three prizes of money, one hundred and fifty, one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred dollars were offered. In the great debate, the academic distinction most coveted by really able men of the college, Frank Spalding was able with ease to carry off the first prize.

Class life and class politics had their part in molding the mind of Frank Spalding. Two kinds of boys are attracted by class politics. There is the boy whose interests lie in petty intrigue and whose aim is personal aggrandizement; and there is the boy who is the born leader and enters into class politics as he does into an athletic game, for the honor of the class and the college. He wrote home, "Don't worry about the jumping as there is no danger of my hurting myself or of getting a prize. But I go in only because the class of '87 must be represented." In a letter asking permission of his mother to play away from Princeton, again he writes, "We must beat Yale and it is a matter of

college honor that every man help along towards that result to the best of his ability if he can do it without slighting more important duties, *e.g.* studies." Such was his fine motive in class politics. His first great honor from the viewpoint of the students, the treasurership of the Princeton College Baseball Association, came to him unsought and unexpected. The Ivy Club wanted it for one of its members and so put up two candidates. The other members of the class, resenting such methods, put up the name of Frank Spalding, who was not present and without consulting him, and elected him on the first ballot. "Being elected in the way I was," he writes, "everybody seems to think it is a pretty big honor, the finest office in college, and I am tickled to death about it." After outlining the duties and speaking of the trips to Amherst, Brown, Harvard and Yale which he would take with the team, he says, "Of course I resign the Athletic Association as I do not think it is right to hold two offices." In his Senior year when he aimed for the Lynde Prize he reluctantly resigned this high office in order to give his whole attention to the work he had in hand. Such was the youth of twenty-one, a man who did one thing at a time, and did it with all his strength.

The college papers were in the beginning of their career when Frank Spalding was in college. The *Princetonian* came out three times a week. It was edited by a board of students who in their Junior year won the position by the quality and quantity of their contributions to its columns. Of the *Princetonian* Board Frank was elected a member in December, 1885, and served until graduation. His early experience as a boy printer was of great help to him and at once he was assigned the job of making up the paper. Book reviews were his first editorial assignment, and we find him reviewing such books as Lotze's " Psychology."

In his Senior year he wrote editorials. In these three extra curriculum spheres came just the opportunities which developed his own peculiar gifts. He threw himself heart and soul into them, and many times he has said, in spite of his lament over the purely academic deficiencies of his college course and the injury that had been done him by the educational methods then in vogue, that his four years in Princeton were the happiest years of his life.

Frank Spalding's college career was marked by the same qualities, though now more matured, that characterized his boyhood. He did not enter one of the leading eastern colleges with the prestige of a big preparatory school behind him, that gives to some boys an initial advantage over their classmates. Neither did he have the glamour of wealth to secure to him an adventitious superiority. But the gift of leadership was his, a leadership that was based essentially on moral qualities, the willingness to take hard knocks or back seats for the good of a cause, the downright honesty and high sense of honor which commands instant respect and confidence, the genial humor that establishes a relationship of good fellowship with all with whom he came into contact, and withal a virile Christianity which has the idealism in it that appealed to a normal boy. Frank entered college clean, true and strong and left it the best known and best loved man in his class. College nicknames often sum up the judgment of a college upon a man with surprising accuracy; Spalding was known to his own class and to all the lower classes as "Old Pop," which was an abbreviation for Old Popularity. This title, honestly won and gladly given, was a greater honor than any merely academic distinction.

III

The Choice of a Profession

Frank Spalding graduated from college without reaching a decision in regard to his future profession. Henry Ward Beecher once said that he entered the ministry because his father ordered him to. No such pressure was brought to bear upon Spalding. "We do not want to influence you at all," wrote the Bishop to his boy. "Make your own choice, consulting us of course when the time comes." In his Senior year, when Princeton allowed a choice of studies, the question of their future callings was forced upon the students, and they elected courses with that in view. Spalding elected pedagogy, with the thought that he might become a teacher, and international and constitutional law with a view to entering the legal profession. The Law, especially, appealed strongly to him, and he got the impression from his father's letters that the Bishop would like to have him become a lawyer. Chief Justice Fuller, a friend and classmate of the Bishop, was held up to Frank as an example, worthy of his imitation, of an able lawyer and an earnest Christian layman.

It was the desire of Frank's mother that he follow the profession of his father. And that strong and gracious influence, which all through his early years had gently led him, now really determined his future career. To her letters in which she spoke of her hopes and prayers that he might see his way clear to entering the ministry, Frank replied, dur-

ing his Senior year, "If I could feel that I should succeed as a minister and was really called I don't think I would hesitate." Her answer to this letter, so illustrative of the tactful and wise way she had with her strong-minded son, was to the effect that his willingness to enter the ministry was a proof of a call, and as for success no one could be sure of that until he tried.

There was in his mind, however, an objection to the ministry as a profession which the arguments of his mother were unable to remove. "I can't get over the feeling about being supported on other people's money. I have hated the idea since I put on the first pair of missionary box pants. In the same way the whole life of the clergyman is not independent somehow. But perhaps I am all wrong. Still if I am really called to the ministry perhaps I ought not to feel that way." The great contribution which Frank Spalding has made to the Church is the demonstration that an independent mind may enter the profession of the ministry and be free — to seek the truth, religious and social, and to proclaim it, provided he is willing to pay the price of freedom! There are no conveniences for heroes on this earth in the Church or out of it. To men who want the life of free thought and free speech made easy, the Church with its theological and sociological conservatism seems a prison which puts the mind in fetters and the tongue in leash. Not so, however, is it in reality for those brave, truth-loving and truth-speaking souls who, like Frank Spalding, dare. As for the economic independence of the ministry any man is free who is willing to starve. Moreover, the minister who serves is a producer of genuine values, not a parasite. In one of the last speeches he made, however, Frank Spalding held that so long as the ministry depended upon those who live on interest, profits

and rent, it cannot as a profession be independent, nor can it ever reach that increasing number of working men and women who believe that interest, profit and rent are socially wrong.

The ministry appealed to Frank Spalding in its missionary aspects, where heroism and idealism offered clear and unmistakable utterance. "Bishop Boone preached to the S. Paul's Society," he writes to his mother. "He gave a very interesting account of the Church work in China. How would you like to have me go to China?" It was not the glamour of a distant heathen land, always alluring to chivalrous young men thinking of the ministry, but the reality and the urgency of the need that interested him. "Missions are preached a great deal in college," he adds. "Dr. Patton gave us an address on the subject the other night. After the meeting some of the fellows asked him if we ought all to go to foreign missions. He said, 'It's a question of giving bread to the starving millions or giving tonic to rich people, and I say give the bread to the starving.' We discussed the matter in the St. Paul's Society and I held that home work was every bit as important as foreign work, but I was almost alone in the opinion." When he finally decided on his life profession, his choice was not to be a clergyman or even a minister; it was to be a western missionary.

PRINCETON, Jan. 10, 1887.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I don't know what Will could have told you in his letter about me to make you think I have decided to go to the seminary next year for I haven't decided what to do. But I do think this that I ought not to go there next year but ought to teach or do something to earn enough money to put myself through the rest of my education, whether I go to a theological or a law school or a medical school, for it seems to me that when

a person gets to be twenty-two years old it is about time for him to look out for himself. I suppose you and papa would be perfectly willing to pay my way through the seminary or wherever I go but I don't like the idea at all. One thing sure, I agree with you about going into business, after spending about $2000 and four years of time on an education I can't see how any body can go to work at what a boy could do who hasn't even graduated at the Public School.

I think I will write to Charles Kienzlee about the Seminary. If I go there I don't want to get into any swell set. I am going to be a western missionary. Charlie told me last summer how the rich crowd snubbed the poor students. I would enjoy being snubbed by a fellow after the type of . . . I suppose I can get some kind of missionary work to do and so pay expenses. But I still think I might get a place to teach for a year.

The opportunity to carry out the hope, expressed in the last sentence of this letter, came with an offer from the Princeton Preparatory School. For the next year at least he decided to teach. In September after his graduation from Princeton Spalding became a "house-master" in the Princeton Preparatory School. During that year he taught Cæsar, geography, elocution, reading, writing, arithmetic, history and English grammar. It was a valuable experience which he never regretted, making it possible for him to brush up all his studies, to take post-graduate work in college, and especially to come to conclusions with himself as to his life work. The experience of teaching helped him, as it did Phillips Brooks, to see that the profession of the teacher was not for him. "I am beginning to think," he wrote his brother Will who had entered the General Seminary after graduation, "I should be a minister though I haven't got it settled." And to his father he wrote, "I am trying to think that I would be better satisfied in going to the seminary than I would be studying law.

But I do hate the idea of studying Hebrew roots. Indeed I am afraid that I can not settle down to study Hebrew as I ought to do, if I went to the seminary."

In the Spring of the year Frank Spalding finally reached the conclusion to which he had been tending since the beginning of his Senior year: he would enter the ministry. The ground upon which he justified his decision was service. It was not a question of serving Christ but of serving men. Christ he had resolved to serve at his Confirmation, and Him he would serve whether he entered the law, medicine, teaching or the so-called ministry. The real question was in regard to the walk of life where a man could make the best investment of his life. Frank Spalding's call was his conviction, intellectual more than emotional, that a man could do most good as a clergyman. It was not the saving of souls or the celebrating of sacraments, but the opportunity which the ministry offered to a Christian man of doing good, strengthening the moral life and furthering the cause of righteousness in the world, that he believed called him. "If I have any talents which will help me in the Law they will help me also as a preacher of Christ. I can do more good as a clergyman than as a lawyer."

At the close of the school year Frank sailed for England with the Bishop who went to attend the Lambeth Conference, and spent the summer before entering the seminary in travel on the continent. In the entertainment, customary on shipboard, he took part, reciting several pieces, to the great delight of the audience. "Your son," remarked a teacher of elocution from Boston to the Bishop, "has a fine voice and much natural ability as an elocutionist. If I could give him instruction for a year or two he would certainly make his mark in that direction." Bishop Spalding gravely and courteously thanked the lady for her kindly

words, though the shadow of a smile lurked around the corners of his mouth. The countenance of the younger Spalding bore a "Praise — from Sir Roderick — is praise indeed" expression, and he said to a fellow passenger, "How is that for the Boston school ma'am? I have been instructor of elocution at Princeton."

IV

Theological Student

When Frank Spalding entered the General Theological Seminary in New York, in the fall of 1888, he found himself in a new and strange atmosphere. The Seminary was the official institution of the general Church, as distinct from the diocesan or sectional seminaries, for the education of young men for the ministry, and he went to it a zealous member of his Church and the son of a bishop. His father called himself a High Churchman, and Frank's own churchmanship was like his father's and that which he found in Kip's "Double Witness", which had been his ever-ready help in controversies with his Presbyterian classmates at Princeton. But he found in the Seminary, established in the leading chairs, a type of churchmanship such as he had never encountered. The Seminary, unknown to the bishops and the people as a whole, had gone over to the position of the Oxford Movement.

In a letter to his father Frank wrote, "When I decided to come here I did it because I thought I could do more good as a clergyman than as a lawyer, and that if I had any talents which would have helped me in law they would help me also as a preacher of Christ. But I am instructed that the preaching and active part of the work is a minor matter and that the priestly part of the work, which it seems to me a half-witted ignoramus can do, is the great and almost only work of importance. Really, I can't

go this real presence that Dr. Oliver teaches." He had gone to the Seminary thinking it was a school of the prophets, a laboratory of the workers, and he found it to be a drill-ground of the priests.

Frank Spalding was not a man, however, to make snap judgments and refuse to revise them. He resolved to examine the position of those who delighted to call themselves "Catholics." "I suppose," he writes his father, "that I ought not to think about questions until they come up in the course and I am instructed in them, but you see I am driven into it because when a fellow makes a statement which I think wrong and draws conclusions that seem illogical, I like to jump into them." In his class were several extreme "Catholics" who were fond of going into his room and arguing with him. Some of them had come into the Episcopal Church from other churches and it amused him when these men, who had been Churchmen only a year, proceeded to call him a "Low Churchman, or a Methodist." Accepting the teaching of the Seminary on the Holy Communion, these men concerned themselves with the corollaries of that proposition, vestments, lights, incense. "We have one fellow especially 'Catholic' who thinks it is absolutely sinful to celebrate the Communion without full vestments. I asked him what he would do if he couldn't get them. He said he never would go without carrying his Cope, etc. I asked him what he would do if he was in Colorado and had to go on snow shoes. He insisted that it would be necessary to take his vestments."

The Oxford Movement in aiming to present the historical continuity of the Church of England had nothing but contempt for Protestantism in all its forms. It was an attitude which, as advocated by the students at least, seemed to Spalding an evidence of fanaticism. "Last Friday some

extreme 'Catholics,' although it seems to me they are anything but liberal and truly catholic, got to arguing in reference to the sects. Some of them thought all the sects were to be damned and the majority of these advanced individuals think that as Christian ministers, that is when they are ordained, they will not recognize the ministers of the sects in any way but act just as if this Church was the only one in town and that all outside were as heathen. I think they will have their eyes opened when they get out of the Seminary."

When such subjects came up in course, Spalding, who had kept his mind open, straightway wanted to know the reason for the positions taken by the professors. Invariably he received the answer, "It is the teaching of the Catholic Church." Professor Richey advocated the use of incense on that ground. Bowing to the altar, crossing oneself and other ritualistic practices which Spalding questioned were similarly justified. When pushed for a definition of orthodoxy, Professor Oliver answered, "The teaching of the Catholic Church." "Now I can't see why Dr. Westcott (whose Commentary on The Epistle to the Hebrews had just appeared and was declared unorthodox by Dr. Oliver) is not as likely to have stated the 'Catholic Faith' as Dr. Oliver and a little more likely too, for of course he is a far greater scholar." The talk of this and that being the Catholic view was inexplicable to him. "The thing that puzzles me more than anything else is how you are to find what the Church teaches. Isn't the right answer in the Prayer Book?" To these letters his father replied that Frank would do well to study Andrews, Bull, Harold Browne, Pearson and the great body of Anglican divines. "The habit of those (the Ritualists) is to refer to modern Roman usage as authority. I insist on their giving authorities

that are not Romish." Little weight, however, would such writers have with men who held that "Bloody Mary was the special instrument raised up by God to save the Church from such corrupters as Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, and that pity for those men whom she burned is wasted as they died for a cause not worth dying for. Finally, unable to answer his questions, they sought the reason for what they called his bias and intellectual pride, in his previous religious training.

To His Mother

General Theological Sem.
Mch. 7, 1891.

I have the best joke on you imaginable! I will have to tell you how it all came about. Possibly you will say that it is my fault and that I have not been keeping the Fifth Commandment, but you will have to forgive me for the fun of the joke. I was talking after class with Prof. Walpole the other day together with a man who has come into the Church from the Methodists. Walpole was telling Shomaker about the necessity of surrendering one's belief and will to the belief of the whole Catholic Church. He said that everyone had a bias which would lead him to reject all which was contrary to his way of thinking; that this bias was generally the result of bringing up. I told him that I didn't think that that had been so in my case, because I certainly had been brought up in a church family and always taught the church doctrine but that now I had the reputation of being rather a poor Churchman and that anything rationalistic in its tone appealed to me more strongly than anything merely submissive to authority. He said that I was mistaken; that he understood that my home training had not been churchly and that my life at Princeton had been such that Presbyterian ideas had influenced me. I said that as to Princeton I had had nothing to do with the religion of Princeton except in Mr. Baker's church and had not given it all a thought. We had just before been talking

about the Bible and I asked him where I got my bias towards 'modern ideas' which he had said I had. I said I surely did not get that at home as all my teaching had been conservative; and also at Bible class. He said "who was your Bible class teacher." I said 'my mother', thinking of course I had him, when he said, "Well that's where you get your rationalistic ideas for I understand that *your mother is* NOT *a good church woman;* that she was once a Presbyterian and has never lost that phase of life." I had to laugh heartily. I told him kindly to inform his informant when he next saw him or her that he or she was very much mistaken in saying that he or she knew you very well, that he or she didn't know you at all — probably had never seen you and that I told him and her so and could prove it. Now don't you think that is good. Simply because I ask questions when I don't understand and can't see anything in ritual and try to get reasons for things which may be proved, I have the terrible name of Protestant applied to me and my interested friends have discovered that my mother, being a very "poor churchman", still a Presbyterian at heart, is to blame for giving me a nature which Professor Walpole says is proud and far from that of the little child of Scripture and moulded much by the Devil. I think it is about the best joke I ever heard.

The Seminary at that time made no serious demands upon the students; its methods were slipshod and its standards were low. "I have finished my sermon and handed it in and I am not at all satisfied with it. But there is very little stimulus to work when you know the professor will hardly look at it and will say that it is very good no matter what it is." Again he remarks that the examinations do not amount to anything. "The Profs. let every one through for the honor of the institution." There were indeed some members of the Faculty who were incompetent to teach untrained boys, much less graduates of leading colleges. "Dr. —— is so poor that we had a student meeting about it.

One man stated that one of the trustees told him Dr. —— was sure to be re-elected unless the students did something. So a committee was appointed, one from each class to confer with the trustees on the subject and tell them how incompetent Dr. —— is and so prevent his election. I am on the committee from our class." There was one man, in a position of prominence, who not only did not win Frank Spalding's respect but earned his righteous contempt. "It does not give a student a very high opinion of a man's ability when he can take a Maclear's Sunday School Bible History into class and listen to the Professor lecture it almost word for word, making now and then a slight change much as the boys at the Prep. did last year when they copied compositions."

Outside the classroom Frank Spalding found two members of the Faculty interesting and helpful. "I had a fine talk and walk with Professor Walpole this afternoon. We talked about the inspiration of the Bible and he helped my ideas along very much." Again he writes, "I went over to see Dr. Richey the other evening and had a long talk with him on the Incarnation and other theological subjects and he put hard points clearly and helped me a great deal. Richey is worth all the other professors together but he should be professor of Dogmatics, I think."

There were other seminaries in the Episcopal Church where the alert and inquiring mind of Frank Spalding would have found life and inspiration, but he did not know them until the third year of his course. Of the school which doubtless would have most aided his intellect he was not only ignorant but suspicious. One of the candidates of Colorado, a senior at Trinity College, hearing that the General Seminary was a "theological boys school" made a request of his bishop to go to the Episcopal Theological

School at Cambridge, and the bishop refused in curt terms. Frank wrote to his father that that man deserved different treatment and should rather have been shown that the bis hopknew "Cambridge Theology is bad and that from your experience with Cambridge-trained men, that seminary is not a success." In his Senior year he visited Cambridge as a delegate of the General to the Missionary Convention of seminaries and had an opportunity of seeing the School from within. "The fellowship between faculty and students at Cambridge is wonderful. Silver took me into Professor Kellner's room and I talked to him about Higher Criticism for two hours. He thinks Moses wrote no more than the Decalogue, and that Leviticus is the latest book of the Five and that the existence of the Tabernacle is very doubtful. He also thinks that Assyrian inscriptions are more reliable for determining chronology than the Bible with which they often disagree; and yet he spoke with suspicion of the 'Rationalists.' We hear absolutely nothing of this here and when we ask questions the answer shows that the professor is as poorly read on the subject as we are. I don't wonder Cambridge students are fond of their seminary." In the missionary conventions he also met students of the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria and was impressed by their enthusiasm for missions and their personal religion. "Those Alexandria fellows have the true ring," he wrote home. "We hear very little about personal religion here as though that was to be taken for granted."

What inspiration the Seminary failed to give to him the churches of the great city in a measure supplied. Every Sunday was a feast day, "the pleasantest day of the week," he wrote, and Lent was a spiritual banquet, for then the greatest preachers came to New York. At first Dr. Morgan Dix, in whose parish Spalding had a Sunday School class on

Sunday morning, appealed to him as a great preacher, "the equal of any we heard in England last summer." But Dr. Dix's view of life, when he came to know it, did not appeal to him as true. "He holds that our life here amounts to very little, only as a shadow, but the real life is in the intermediate state where true progress to holiness is made." Canon Knox Little struck him as very spiritual and very pious, "but I don't like that kind of speech so much as the kind of Bishop Gilbert, full of life and activity." He also heard Phillips Brooks preach his famous sermon, "The Light of the World," which he described as magnificent, and, in the historic Lenten week when the great preacher packed Trinity Church to the curb, Frank Spalding was one of the multitude who heard him gladly. "I never knew what eloquence was before I heard him describe Christian manhood." He visited with "Catholic" friends the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and "saw Father Brown in all the pomp of the office." Some of the things done there and their meaning seemed to him "ridiculous and absurd." One Sunday morning he entered St. George's Church. The great throng that filled every seat and even the steps of the chancel, the congregational music, the hearty participation in the responses on the part of all, and especially the preacher, Dr. Rainsford, with his message of life and activity and his sense of the presence of God, held the young disciple of Christ spellbound. That day he wrote to his mother, "St. George's is the church for me."

It was in the city churches as a laboratory rather than in the Seminary that Frank Spalding acquired his style of preaching and method of working. "I used to think that the style of Father Maturin & Co. with its modulations and gestures was a very fine way and effective, but since I heard Sam Jones I think just the natural method is ten times the

best." The short sentence and the Anglo-Saxon words seemed to him the way to transmit thought. "I heard a man tell children how 'infectious' sin was. I wonder why men don't use simple words in talking to children." When he became the rector of a parish he conducted a Children's Service and was most successful in interesting them. It was also in the city that he learned the methods and ideals of that useful modern form of service, the parish house. Dr. Rainsford, whom the Dean and Faculty would not invite to the General Seminary, held a reception each year for the students of both the General and Union. Frank Spalding, with those students who were not "Anglo-Catholics," who refused to recognize the sectarians, attended. It was always a memorable occasion, with Dr. Rainsford at his best, witty, eloquent, religious, heretical. Some students he shocked, but others he electrified. Its chief value, however, was in the opportunity it offered to future rectors and pastors to know the most efficient parish organization in the American Church.

Frank Spalding found, to his delight, that the student body at the Seminary was not divided into rich and poor, as had been reported to him. While varying in previous education and in natural ability they were young men of Christian character and earnest purpose. Some of his friendships which closed only with his death were formed in the Seminary. In his intercourse with his fellow students, and especially with these friends, he was the big boy still, brimming over with physical strength and energy, intellectually alive, spiritually devout. Ever loving to argue, and, as he says, "quick to jump into fellows when he thought them wrong," he was never unkind or acrimonious. No man who had such positive convictions had more genuine intellectual humility. Therefore the "Catholics" loved to

drop into his room and try out their opinions on him. "Your elder son," wrote home his brother Will who for two years was Frank's room-mate at the Seminary, "has been familiarly dubbed by his affectionate classmates as 'The Kicker' on account of his extremely argumentative turn of mind. He has floored all the ritualists in the vicinity with knock-down arguments, and his eye flashes proudly as he looks around for more to conquer." Many students differed from him in matters of opinion and belief, and some considered him a hopeless heretic, but all thoroughly respected him and even cordially admired him. His aptitude for leadership and his personal popularity were attested by the fact that he was elected president of his class in the Senior year and held that position as an alumnus until the day of his death.

Many of the students helped pay their way through the Seminary by taking charge of missions in New Jersey or Long Island, and Frank Spalding was in great demand by them for entertainments for the benefit of their missions. In his year at the Princeton Preparatory School he bought a book on conjurer's tricks, to interest the boys, and became an adept at the art of the prestidigitation. Here is the heading of the handbill of one of those entertainments which all participants united in writing.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

Mirth	Mystery	Mimicry
Merriment	Music	Magic

An unparalleled amount of amusement crowded into one entertainment.

Spalding was down for "Thirty Minutes of Mystery. The Occult Mysteries of the Sleight of Hand Practices of

India revealed by the Unknown Prestidigitator." At other times he would get lantern-slide pictures of Colorado, and lecture for some mission on "The Switzerland of America," or sing with the Seminary Glee Club in a benefit concert.

Such little trips down to Patchogue or over to Hillsdale bound the friends together closer even than Seminary ties and usually found three of them occupying the same bed for that night in some parishioner's house or country hotel.

To His Mother

April 27, 1891.

I could not get time yesterday to write to you but am up early this morning and hope I can tell you all the news. First the great excitement of the moment. Two of the Juniors have joined the Church of Rome. They got out bag and baggage on Friday evening. The papers are full of it and the two men, among the poorest intellectually in their class, are famous for once. Up to Christmas one was a very low Churchman objecting to even the ritual of our Chapel service and the other has only been in the Church about ten months, having come from the Dutch Reformed Church. They sneaked out before any body was awake at 5 A.M. on Friday. I suppose we shall listen to a speech from the Dean on the subject at Chapel this morning.

I received a letter on Friday from a young lady. As it is I believe the first epistle I ever received from any young lady out of the limits of consanguinity, it is quite an event. She informed me that she was getting up a walking party. It was to include five young women and five men. Its object was to be aesthetic and healthful and I was invited to be one of the five men. The party was to take a walk every Saturday in May. I replied that I was very grateful for the invitation. I had no doubt that I needed education both physical and intellectual but that the remedy proposed was so unusual and violent that I couldn't risk the experiment. This young lady is taking lessons in water color painting. As Lizzie knows, I am well up on that subject,

and when I met her I discussed with the young lady the question of truth in art, the school of broad painting, &c. &c. and you see made quite an impression.

Professor Walpole says that he thinks the best way about visiting is to fix a limit for the number of calls to be made and don't ever go under it. He used, I think, to make twenty calls a week and not be satisfied with less. Would you think that was big enough?

Last Thursday evening Mr. Moir, Moir's brother, who lives at Hackensack, invited me out to dinner with Mitchell, Marfield Knight and Moir. He called it a theological dinner. We had an elegant dinner and a real good time. He believes in Faith Cure. He had nervous prostration and the doctor could not help him. A woman of the Mind Cure persuasion cured him completely.

The time is very short now. This is our last week of recitation. Then a week of vacation in which to study up for examination. Then a week of examination. I tell you the time can't go too fast.

Spalding entered the Seminary to become a missionary in the West, and all through his three years in New York he kept in mind the West and its need of men. He became the first president of the "Western Missionary Club" which only those students could join who expected to go west of the Mississippi River. Each member promised to say a prayer for the West each day and use all legitimate means in his power to get men to spend at least three years in the mission field of the West. He also took a vital interest in the missionary society of the seminaries, going as a delegate of the General to the convention at Cambridge and serving as president of the convention at Philadelphia. From this last convention, where Bishop Graves gave the General Seminary a "terrific rating for sending nobody in years," Spalding returned to the General determined to do his part in arousing the missionary spirit of his seminary.

He picked out the best men in the lower classes and individually put the call of the West before them. Partly as a result of his influence six men of his own class went to Colorado with him, several others to other western dioceses and many younger men followed in the next two years.

When the Senior year drew to a close Frank Spalding wrote to his father, "This year hasn't meant much to me intellectually but I don't think it is my fault." Nor was it his fault. It was the fault of the Seminary and of the Church which maintained such a school. Young men who were ready to give themselves to the service of Christ and His Church had a right to turn to a seminary, occupying the position of the General, with the expectation and confidence that they would be fitted to serve their Lord with intelligence and efficiency in their day and generation. The Seminary failed Frank Spalding and many other earnest spirits. Its teachers had no real knowledge of modern religious problems and summarily dismissed modern views which they came to know at second hand as "dangerous" or "unsound." Spalding and men like him went to the work of the Church prepared, if at all, in spite of the Seminary, not because of it. Those who were not stultified by the wearisome commonplaces of professors were compelled to work out their intellectual salvation alone, meeting problems in isolation which should have been met by young men seeking truth in fellowship. The result was a spiritual Gethsemane for many of those men in their ministry. The wonder is that Frank Spalding came through his Gethsemane so triumphantly. It is no surprise that some of his friends failed and in time were found no longer in the ranks of the ministry. "I'm off Sunday," he wrote a few days before graduation. "Banished from Rome. What's banished but set free from things I loathe."

V

Jarvis Hall Days

Seven graduates of the class of 1891 of the General Theological Seminary went to Colorado as missionaries. Frank Spalding had spent his previous vacation in Colorado, where he took charge of the mission at Colorado City and won the hearts of men. In the assignment of fields, Spalding, though he had asked to be sent to a mining camp, the hardest work in the jurisdiction, was sent to a new and growing section of Denver, where a weak parish had already been organized. On June 3, 1891, he was ordained to the diaconate by his father, the Bishop of Colorado, in St. John's Cathedral, Denver, and on the following Sunday began his ministry, as rector of All Saints', North Denver.

An advertisement in the daily press, announcing the new rector's first sermon, concluded with this remark:

"The Vestry sincerely hope that the members of the congregation will make a united effort to attend the service of the day, and a full attendance of the choir is earnestly requested." The newspaper announced the next day that "Rev. Frank S. Spalding demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the large congregation that he is (contrary to the general rule) the able son of an able father. He has directly acquired a reputation as a pulpit orator." The subject of Spalding's first sermon was, "Christians as coworkers with Christ." The manner of the delivery was as simple and real as the theme itself. He used neither ora-

torical tones nor gestures, was natural and straightforward; though speaking without notes, he had carefully worked out his argument and demanded of his hearers their close attention. For several years Spalding had observed carefully the ways and methods of many preachers, and he applied to this first sermon a method which he had derived from such observation and to which he adhered throughout his career. Every word of his sermon had been written out, but no attempt was made to commit to memory. The writing cleared his mind and made him sure of his vocabulary, thus giving him a certain confidence which in turn inspired confidence in his hearers.

All Saints' was situated among people of small means in what was then a suburb of Denver. The new rector put life into its organization and developed new activities. He built up the Sunday School, organized a Bible Class of young people, and formed a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. Within a few months he was in demand for special addresses before the Young Men's Christian Association and a variety of patriotic and fraternal orders. Like many another young preacher he found himself, with all the demands upon his time both from within and without his parish, hard pressed for something to say. "Send me," he writes to his sister at Vassar, "any good stories you hear or poems, I need all the ideas I can get, because they are scarce."

In the West, during the early nineties, foot-ball as played in the East was unknown. Graduates of Eastern universities on their return to the West, coached the teams of local colleges in the new game, and frequently organized teams of ex-college players to play the local colleges. Those games were the athletic events of the year and brought out immense crowds. Frank Spalding was the star full-back

of the Denver Athletic Club. He questioned at first the propriety of a clergyman taking part in the sports of young men, but he soon found that it met with the hearty approval of both his family and his parish. He also found that he got to know more young men by means of foot-ball than by parish work and public speaking. Moreover, he craved the companionship of men, since church work threw him so much with women. The foot-ball season reached its climax in the Thanksgiving Day game between the Athletic Club and the School of Mines. Each team had its enthusiastic rooters who went to the field in decorated tally-hoes and coaches and crowded the side lines five feet deep. In the second half of the great game, with the score in favor of Golden and with but five minutes to play, Frank Spalding was signalled to try for a goal from the field. He caught the ball on Golden's forty-yard line, and sent it, straight and clear, between the goal posts, making the score 5 to 4 in favor of the Athletic Club. It was such a finish as lifts a multitude as one man out of their seats whether friend or foe. The crowd broke on to the gridiron, and lifting the hero upon their shoulders carried him in triumph off the field. From that day Frank Spalding was the best known and most admired young man in Denver. It was a manly type of Christianity that he exemplified, by deed and by word, before the men and boys of the Queen City of the Plains.

Jarvis Hall, at Montclair, Colorado, the diocesan school for boys, had been from its inception a heavy financial burden on the shoulders of the bishop and the Cathedral Chapter, but the financial depression of 1892 made it doubly so. The bishop turned to Frank to help him bear this load, and Frank, eager to help his father, accepted the position of head-master. On June 1, 1892, Spalding was advanced to

the priesthood and immediately took up his new work. With characteristic generosity and self sacrifice he straightway surrendered half of his salary as head-master in order to tide over the finances of the school. All through his life Frank Spalding was assuming financial burdens as an unwelcome inheritance from others, and carried the load not merely by raising money but by sacrificing his own modest salaries. He never told others what he gave, but the fact that he gave, in proportion to his income, more generously than any contributor, enabled him to put his case unhesitatingly and convincingly. He was utterly indifferent to his personal interests when the cause which he had at heart was involved.

The athletic prowess of the new head-master gave him a great advantage with the boys of Jarvis Hall. He entered into its games and sports with more genuine enthusiasm than the boys themselves. In the hours of recreation, so far from feeling any restraint in his presence, the boys were delighted to have him among them. The juvenile photographers, stamp collectors and amateur conjurers found in him a congenial spirit. To delicate and ailing boys, especially, he was unusually tender. When a student at Princeton, he shared his room with Ned, his younger brother, who died of a weak heart the following year, and Frank knew what it meant for a boy of eager spirit but weak body to be unable to take part in vigorous sports. Because of his muscular frame and abounding energy, he impressed some men as intolerant of weakness and lacking in sympathy for the incompetent, but, inwardly, he had an almost feminine gentleness. To the little boys, particularly, he was the big brother who loved them all and was glad to play any sort of game. Out of school hours there was none of the awe which is supposed to hedge about a head-master.

His assistant masters sometimes complained that they had to dislodge a half dozen urchins who were clambering over him before they could reach the head-master himself.

What his administration of Jarvis Hall lacked was rigor in its discipline. "Mr. Clarke says," Spalding wrote to his sister, "I am just like Proxenus in Zenophon, a good leader for good men but imposed on by the bad, and I guess that he is about right. I can't seem to be stern enough and so the discipline is not as strict as it really ought to be, and I don't seem to be able to make it so." Spalding sought to govern the school by moral suasion and personal influence and without the usual system of punishments found in military schools. He wanted the boys to act from higher motives of behavior than fear of punishment. He was ever ready to forgive even the worst offenders over and over again if he thought they showed genuine regret and repentance. There were some who responded to his trust in them and became his lasting friends.

Such being the character of his administration of Jarvis Hall, it was the irony of fate that Spalding, of all men, should have become the subject of a police-court trial and articles in a sensation-mongering newspaper. On a single occasion he was reluctantly driven to resort to corporal punishment in the case of a boy who resisted every other method of appeal. The boy went to the newspaper, and the paper, without attempting to verify his story, wrote up Jarvis Hall as a second Dotheboys Hall and its principal as a kind of Squeers. "It was too good a story not to use," was the laughing explanation of the irresponsible reporter. The police authorities, ever ready to strain out a gnat and swallow a camel, at once posed as the guardians of outraged innocence and arrested Frank Spalding and all the masters. The aggrieved youth fell into the hands of a shyster lawyer

who straightway brought suit for damages. Spalding's motive was so obviously sincere and the case so explainable that he at once went to the boy's lawyer to give the facts. But the lawyer took his call as an opportunity to insult him grossly, hoping by so doing to exasperate him into an attack upon himself, so as to be able to show in court that the head-master was a brutal fellow. In later life Spalding confessed to a friend that he had never been nearer losing control of himself than at that moment. "I could have thrown the fellow," he said, "right through the office window." Fortunately for the lawyer the temper within those six feet of brawn was subject to a moral power equally well developed. The people of Denver, who knew both Spalding and the ways of their sensational press, treated the story as ludicrous. When the case came to trial a verdict of acquittal was speedily given. For Spalding, who had devoted life and money to the welfare and happiness of the boys and the upbuilding of the school, this experience, like the effect of the somewhat similar experience of Phillips Brooks, was harsh and discouraging. "I don't know what to do about Jarvis Hall," he wrote. "It has been proved that it can be run at a fair profit and pay a rent of $1400 a year, but I am beginning to fear that I am not a success as a school teacher."

In his influence over boys, Spalding, the school-master, was an unquestioned success. His forceful and earnest manner of speech, his pure Anglo-Saxon words, thrown out in short, intelligible sentences, and his vivid illustrations, gripped the attention of his young hearers whether in informal address in the school or sermon in the parish church near by, where he preached on Sundays. Without affectation and the slightest effort after rhetorical effect, he impressed all by his evident sincerity and the reality of his

message. "I have to send a boy home to-morrow," he wrote, "and I am sorry. But we can have no liars around here." It was an invigorating atmosphere of truth-telling, right action and generous treatment of others, generated by his own pure and ardent soul, that pervaded the school. His appeals were addressed to the higher nature of the boys, to their manliness, self-respect and conscience. Many old Jarvis Hall boys, scattered now far and wide, remember vividly the tall, spare figure, the flashing eye, the impetuous flow of speech of Frank Spalding, and, though the recollection of what he said has faded from their minds, the moral fiber of what he was has entered into their souls.

The presidential election of 1896 was fought out on the issue of bimetallism. Spalding enthusiastically advocated the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen of silver to one of gold. To the discussion of that complicated question he brought knowledge of American financial history as well as clear moral sense. The Lynde Prize debate, which he had won at Princeton, was upon the repeal of the first section of the Silver Act of 1878. He then opposed the demonetization of silver for both historical and theoretical reasons. From 1792 to 1873 the legal standard of value in the United States was the double one of gold and silver at prescribed ratios. By the Coinage Act of 1873 the silver dollar, which was then worth more than the gold dollar, and which no one could foresee would ever be worth less, was dropped from the coinage, leaving gold as the only full legal-tender coined money. The value of silver began to decline soon after the passage of the law, and straightway in the silver mining country a movement was begun that aimed to restore the sixteen to one silver dollar to free coinage. Silver had a real value which was at that time

not greatly less than sixteen of silver to one of gold in weight. It was contended by men in the East, the creditors of Western farmers, that the Bland dollar was a "dishonest dollar" and in the interest of the debtors. On the other hand, the Western men held that the departure from the double standard was responsible for the depression of prices and the increase in the burden of all debts. The truth was, the world was experiencing an over-production of silver brought about by the immense increase in silver mines in the West, in Australia and New Zealand. Had there not been a corresponding increase in the production of gold the East would indeed have become "the enemy's country" to the men of the West; and had silver been restored to free coinage, the West would have profited at the expense of the East. What was taking place in the world's supply of gold and silver was unknown to the people at large, at that time, and the discussion, consequently, was confined to history and theory.

The lad who had organized the Garfield Club in the presidential election of 1880, now played a man's part in the election of 1896. Spalding made several speeches in Colorado and argued for free coinage of silver at every available opportunity. The point which naturally most interested him was the charge, made by the Eastern press and many of his nearest friends in the East, that the Bland dollar was a "dishonest dollar." This charge struck at his innermost convictions, and he met it with all the history, theory and moral earnestness at his command. A newspaper account of one of his lectures (on another subject) says, "The lecturer concluded with a very forceful and eloquent plea for bimetallism and it is safe to say that whether the audience agreed with the speaker on this economic question or not, they were all delighted with his courage

and earnestness." A presidential election in the United States, when a great issue is at stake, presents to the world the thrilling spectacle of a great people going to school. The nation, by fixing its attention for a few weeks upon one common problem, in the give and take of free discussion, thinks its way to a solution. In that inspiring democratic enterprise Frank Spalding played his part as an American citizen. On the public platform as in the pulpit what impressed his hearers was the moral courage and the enthusiastic earnestness of the man himself.

VI

The Parish House

On Easter Day, 1897, St. Paul's Church, Erie, Pennsylvania, extended a unanimous call to Frank Spalding to become their rector. After long hesitation, due to his deep feeling that he belonged in the West, and only under the urging of his parents who saw that his talent was that of preacher rather than that of teacher, he accepted. The announcement of his decision was received by St. Paul's with delight, for he had been born in Erie, and had passed his early boyhood and every alternate vacation there since his father had become the bishop of Colorado. To the old parish and its new problems he brought a singularly mature judgment for a man of thirty-one, great decision of character, unusual executive ability, a scholarly mind, preaching ability of a high order and, especially, a big heart and manly traits which were soon to endear him to all.

St. Paul's Parish, organized in 1827, was the oldest Episcopal Church in Erie, and one of the strongest parishes of the Diocese of Pittsburgh. In the rectorship of Frank Spalding's father, 1862–1874, a new edifice costing sixty thousand dollars had been built, and cottage lectures and mothers' meetings, out of which afterwards grew several self-supporting parishes, had been organized in various parts of the growing city; moreover, sixteen churches had been built in the deanery. After the removal of Bishop Spalding to Colorado the parish experienced short rector-

ates, innovations of ritual, with consequent disturbances, and finally, the defection of a small portion of the people who desired "Catholic practices." When Frank Spalding arrived upon the scene St. Paul's was not the thriving, missionary parish it had been. The vestry apologetically urged their former rector, the Bishop, to persuade his son to accept their call in spite of the reduced salary which they offered. Erie had grown, but St. Paul's had neither grown with it nor adapted its work to the new tasks and problems of the modern city. To make a modern parish of an old church was the mission of Frank Spalding in Erie.

With his usual humor he writes to his cousin, daughter of a Presbyterian minister.

JARVIS HALL, May 1, 1896.

What do you think of my living in Erie? I am not sure about it myself. But there was nothing else to be done. If you happen to be going along Seventh Street I wish you would drop in at the rectory and see what kind of a place it is and whether there is any furniture in it. If not, I'll have to borrow some blankets and camp out until I can buy some. I am afraid I'll shock those people with "wild western ways." Rev. Mr. H. who is a great dude, told me that it would do me good to go east for awhile to polish up, so remember that you have to help accomplish that difficult job. There is one good thing about being in Erie; I can do what I can, though possibly it is little and hopeless as well, to stop the further growth of Presbyterian heresy and schism which you are spreading there. I hope to see you July 1, or thereabouts."

Spalding finished his work at Jarvis Hall with the June commencement, and, in characteristic fashion, straightway entered upon his new duties on the first Sunday of July. The church was filled both morning and evening with mem-

bers of the congregation and other admirers of the new rector. Preaching without notes, he spoke in the morning on the unity of faith and work in a modern parish, and, in the evening, on the knowledge of the Son of God as essential to the perfect man. It was into the work of preaching that he threw himself that first year.

To His Mother

ERIE, 1896.

I preached in the morning an old sermon and in the evening a new one. I do not know yet what I am going to preach about next Sunday. I will be rather glad to have Advent come so that there will be special subjects.

I am preaching sermons on the Temptation which I wrote at All Saints' and they seem to me to be just as good as anything I can write now and the people speak well of them too. Probably they are good because they were suggested by good books. We had splendid congregations yesterday both morning and evening.

I find that with my address and Bible class I can not get up more than one sermon a week. This afternoon I did what I hope I shall never do again, preached an extempore sermon pure and simple, on Phil. I: 5. I had been so busy through the week that I really did not have time to get up a sermon, and I did pretty poorly. There is so much to do that I hardly get time to read.

. . . . . .

Mr. A. disappointed me on Thursday and I had to preach an old sermon. I selected one that I had preached in the Cathedral on one of the Sunday evenings I took the Dean's place. I remembered it and thought it was good, but when I came to read it over I discovered that I had changed my opinion about some things in it and so I couldn't very well preach it just as it was, and in its changed form it didn't go very well.

1897.

I would not feel so good for nothing if it wasn't for the preaching. Do you know that I have made 240 sermons and addresses

since I came here, and last year, according to the convention journal only 170 were made by the three ministers in Calvary Church, Pittsburgh. It makes me ashamed of myself to think what a gas bag I must be, and yet I do not see how it can be stopped. I sort of feel as if I was saying nothing at all in the sermon. It is certainly harder to preach extempore than simply to read. I know I am improving as far as use of words and flow of language is concerned, but in the matter of the sermon, I sometimes feel as if I said nothing at all, and that I had said all I know or can know and I do not seem to have much time to learn more. That silly woman who writes to you about my sermons makes me tired and all the more uncertain of myself. Can the sermons really amount to much if they only appeal to old women?

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Don't think I am an invalid and need a rest for I do not think that I do. Only the preaching is a worry for I want to set a high standard and not fall below. And sometimes I wonder what in the world I am going to be able to say next Sunday. I admit that I usually find some text before Sunday comes but I worry a little more than I should. I wish I had a more general reading than I have and it is my own fault for you used to try to make me and I wouldn't read good things.

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I got along pretty well on Sunday, though I used, I think, my very last old sermon, fit to use, and now I will have either to use again in the evening last year's morning sermons or get up two a week.

I am not sure that my way of preparing sermons is wise. When I have preached at Trinity in the afternoon, I always preach that sermon better at night, and if I could in some way preach off every sermon once before delivering it I would do better. I am going to be more careful about delivery; I think, though, that I am improving some.

It seems very strange that often people say the sermons upon which the least time is put are the best, which convinces me that

the complimentary things people say are rather worthless judgments.

In answer to a letter from his sister teasing him for being unable to say no and for thinking he could talk on any subject, he wrote:

"All you say is true. Both the reasons you propose are correct. I am both weak and conceited, although I hope it's more the first than the second, for I do try to be humble and though I may do all this talking and preaching no one knows better than I. I know that the most I say is simply rot. But, Sallie, what is a man to do? I climb a mountain in Wyoming and write out an account of it. Mr. Taylor at Warren tells me it will be a great help to him if I will tell the story to the people there. He has been kind to me and I want to be kind to him. I tell him honestly that I do not think it will be worth hearing and I mean it. He thinks differently and so I go to Warren. Uncle Rob asks me to deliver the same thing before the Chestnut Street Church. He knows what it is and says the people want to hear it. You yourself would be too weak to say no to Uncle Rob and so I do that. Miss Mary Selden comes and says the newsboys are anxious to hear about climbing the mountains. I know what self denying work she is doing and by this time I am forced to think the mountain climb is interesting. So why shouldn't I go?

The Rev. Willis K. Crosby is doing really a good work among the working people in the east end of Erie. When times were so hard two years ago he got up a factory and let as many unemployed as wanted to run it on the co-operative plan. They made a patent dust pan and so a good many had a living out of it. He gets the men together to study interesting facts. He asked me whether I couldn't come some evening and talk to them on some subject. I told him I did not know anything. Finally, he suggested some travels. I had lectured for Uncle Rob about mining in Colorado and I asked him if that would be any good and he said it would. I have also told this tale several times.

G. C. is one of our communicants and a fine boy. He is in charge of the boys' department at the Y. M. C. A. A little while ago he had an offer to go to St. Louis and do the same work and get a lot more pay. He came to me and told me that he thought he ought to stay here, that the work was just beginning and that it might all fail if he left, and I told him he must stay and said I would help him all I could. So he asked me to tell the boys on a rainy Saturday afternoon about mining for gold in Colorado and Idaho. He also asked me to speak at the boys' meeting. You know I like to talk to boys and it was a pleasure to speak to 180 boys the other Sunday. When Mrs. —— came to ask me to speak on art, it struck me as a big joke and just to have it on Elisabeth I thought I'd say yes. It was very very silly and I felt ashamed of myself afterward when I saw how well prepared the others were.

You know one likes to be useful. It seems so little to do what other people want you to do when they think your doing it will help them, and besides I know I get along better if I am very busy. If I have lots of time to myself I get to thinking about things which make me unhappy. If one has a lot of things which must be done then he simply has to do them and his thoughts are not on himself. As to preaching better, I know I ought to but I am afraid that I have not got in me the power of application which will ever make me a great preacher. I do not seem to be able to get into the heart of things but only little bits of the surface. Father once told me that I would never be able to write anything unless it was a novel. And so isn't it possible that this shallow talking is what I am made to do, and if it is not useful it is because I am not intended to be useful. I suppose no one could doubt for a moment that a man who paints a great picture of a great subject is a greater painter than one who makes a lot of pretty illustrations. But where there is one who can do it, there are a dozen illustrators. If I could by studying harder, by refusing to see the people who come to call, by never making any speeches but just my sermons, really preach great sermons then I would be justified in so doing, but I know I cannot

preach great sermons and, knowing that, I can possibly be more useful in just doing the feeble things I am doing.

But in a way it does help St. Paul's, surprising as it may be, for the Sunday evening congregations are growing and many of the men who come are those whom I have become acquainted with when I have been gadding about. I will try to be more humble about it for I know that I am getting conceited and I hate that more than anything else.

The size of the congregations at both morning and evening service grew steadily. One of the vestry, of whom another member said, "whenever he takes snuff all the vestry sneeze," decided that the immediate need of the parish was the enlargement of the church, and, on his own initiative, accordingly had plans made. Spalding, however, had been studying the needs of Erie and he decided that what the community needed was a well-equipped parish house and the service to the boys and girls which it would make possible. "I have just had a little experience of the delight of St. Paul's to fight," Frank wrote to his father, "I can see that if this Parish House is built and every one kept peaceable I shall have to be very wise and very harmless." And then he told in detail of his vestryman's inconsistency and his demand for an apology from another vestryman. "The whole thing is an attempt of —— to boss the whole job and that's right enough if he does it well. But it is going to be hard for me to be bossed by him or any one else if he don't want what I want. And I do not think I can take from him or anyone else what T. took according to his own account. Well, there is no cause for trouble yet but I confess I begin to understand where other rectors had difficulty in uniting the parish. Though it is amusing too. A. C. puts a financial value on everything; — the only good man to have on the vestry or in the church is the man who will

give." While everyone was talking of the size of the congregations and the vestry were planning enlargements of the building, Spalding quietly had the people counted. He was himself disappointed with the discovery, but it was an effective demonstration of his contention. In a Church which seated seven hundred the largest congregation at any one service was three hundred and thirteen!

In the light of these figures the talk of enlarging the church was absurd and the vestry unanimously decided to build the parish house. His suggestion that they investigate the whole matter of parish houses received cordial support and he was sent to Philadelphia and New York to see what other parishes had done. It was characteristic of him that when he had a hard problem to solve he first solved it himself and then before announcing his conclusion turned to others for all the light they might be able to throw upon it. He found in Philadelphia "much money spent but not many ideas, and in Germantown an idea or two." In Brooklyn he stayed with Dr. McConnell who was himself building a parish house, and was deeply impressed with his advice not to let parish work interfere with preaching and the study which good preaching required. He visited various types of parish houses in New York and discovered that a skilled workman can make good use of any tool and the best tool in the hand of a poor workman is useless. He returned to Erie with a clarified idea of the type of building which could be built on the lot 53 × 70 and the kind of parish work which could effectively be done in it. The vestry followed their rector's suggestions and the parish house began to take definite shape.

Meanwhile, Spalding devoted all his energy and time to the pastoral and prophetic work of his parish. "It is getting so that I have no time to myself alone and I am going

to have office hours just as soon as I can decide which will be the most convenient. I have had seven calls since I began this letter." The rectory was on the way between the office district and the residential section and the club where many of his men took lunch, and they had a way of dropping in going and coming. There were many sick people and because of these sick calls the general calling on the parishioners progressed slowly. On Wednesday evenings he had a Bible class; on Saturday afternoons in Lent he told stories to the children of the parish; and on other days had a daily service. As soon as he got an assistant he had a children's service at St. Paul's Sunday afternoon; he had two Confirmation classes to prepare in one year; on Sundays, there was an early service at 7.30, and, once a month, at Trinity, followed by Sunday School at 9.30, Morning Prayer and sermon at 11, afternoon service and sermon at Trinity Mission, evening service and sermon. In addition to these regular demands there was frequently a funeral on Sunday or an address before the Y. M. C. A. Then, too, he had a large correspondence which he carried on with his own hand. "This is the tenth letter this A.M.," he writes. "I wish I could get more time for reading and study, but it is hard work doing anything. So many sick and so many other things to attend to." In spite of the incessant interruptions and the urgent demands upon his energy, he wrote home, "After Jarvis Hall this is a perfect snap, the people are so easily satisfied. One's sense of duty is a funny thing. I have not yet got to feeling quite as if I ought to have left Jarvis Hall and it seems to me that I have come to such an easy place."

In the pressure of such activities he found no time for physical exercise, other than walking on his parish calls, which was not enough for a man of his physique and vital-

ity. Mr. Montgomery who became his assistant at this time, says, "While writing I should say that his brain was working under great pressure for he would draw in his breath like a man straining with his muscles." At the end of the week, however, he broke away and found relief and recreation in his favorite game of foot-ball. "I played foot-ball on Saturday and got the prettiest pair of black eyes you ever saw. I wore my spectacles on Sunday all the time and they were pretty well hidden, but on Monday they were even blacker and to-day they are going through the yellow green stage. I enjoyed the game, though, and know that it did me good. You see there is so much sick visiting and talking to women and holding babies that to get out with men in hard manly sport is refreshing. I do not mean that the other is not manly but one likes a change and the sterner, rougher side is needed. It has made me acquainted with more men than in any other way I have been able to find." While Spalding was on the foot-ball field there was less swearing and quarreling and he was certainly doing as much good as if he were calling on the sick, of which he had enough to do.

Interested in men and believing in the manliness of Christ, Spalding was a fisher of men. As a boy he was an enthusiastic fisherman and as a minister of the Galilean he carried the boy's enthusiasm and skill into the pursuit of men. He gathered a small group of men together to form a chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and set them also to fish for men. "We got our brotherhood started on Thursday night with Mr. Shacklett for Director and Mr. George Barber for Secretary. I hope it will go. If it gets the young men of the church really interested what a shaking up it will give old St. Paul's Church! Some of the men are dead in earnest and mean really to try to get men to

come to church and if they come there will not be room for Mrs. —— to occupy a whole pew, and several others who do the same. Possibly it may lead to free seats which I believe in with all my heart." Like a good fisherman he knew that all fish do not rise to the same bait, and he arranged a series of Sunday evening subjects to catch men to whom the regular morning service did not appeal. With the Brotherhood extending a personal invitation to individual men and the preacher giving them something when they came, there was indeed a shaking up of old St. Paul's. By vote of the congregation the seats were made free at the evening service in order to seat promptly all who came in the best seats and to assure them of a hearty welcome on the part of the parish.

Though a man's man, Spalding was the minister of all, women as well as men, rich no less than poor. What his real feeling was is shown in the following letter.

To His Mother

"Got home from the dinner at midnight and will write you a line or two. The —— house is most magnificent. I was never in such a place. It is like the English castles, only everything is new and beautiful, and, I should think, in wonderfully good taste. But I would rather live in a shack against a rock up the Platte than in such a place. The dinner beat anything I have ever seen. The table was nothing but silver and gold. You must not think that I am getting to be cynical and critical and uncharitable about everyone, for I don't think I am. But you are the only person I can express my candid sentiments to and it is a relief to do it.

It's a relief to go and see poor people and sick people, they are so glad to see you. Did you ever know ——? She used to live on a farm and come in to market and yesterday afternoon I went to give her Easter communion. The real religious joy of that old

lady, nearly eighty and so crippled with rheumatism that she can not walk, made me feel happy enough to get cheerfully through Mrs. ——'s grandeur and deadness."

One of the memorable institutions in St. Paul's during Frank Spalding's rectorship was the children's service. It was held on Sunday afternoons in the church, and the choral part was rendered entirely by boys and girls; even the versicles were intoned by a boy chorister. Boys also took up the offering. In place of a sermon Spalding told a story. He made use of children's historical novels, telling the tale and, after the fashion of serial stories ending at an exciting place with "continued in our next." In this way he covered the entire period of Church history. On the special feasts he would tell stories that had the special messages. Children came in large numbers to the services and found them interesting and at times exciting. The series of children's services came to an end each year on Ascension Day, when, after the festival service, there was a grand supper in the parish house.

Though fully occupied with his work and plans for St. Paul's, Frank Spalding never forgot that he was a missionary and his field was the world. His interest included the diocese and the work of the general Church. Recognizing his interest the Bishop urged him to be the "reviver" of the convocation of the northern part of the diocese which had not been held for four years. That invitation he declined on the ground that he had been so short a time in the diocese and did not want to seem to tell other men their duty. The West particularly was uppermost in his thoughts and he not only kept it before his own people as worthy of their financial support but he spoke about it in many churches and before the diocesan convention. He was appointed a member of the Ecclesiastical Court and was elected alternate

deputy to the General Convention of 1898. "I don't want to hear any more objections to my orthodoxy," he wrote to his sister. Clergymen asked his advice on all sorts of questions which perplexed them, and profited by his clearness of thought. As early as 1898 Frank Spalding was looked upon by some as a possible missionary bishop. Bishop Tuttle nominated him for that office in the House of Bishops, but his time had not yet come.

In September, 1898, after many vexatious delays, the new parish house was opened. It was the most complete building of its kind outside of the great Eastern cities. It had gymnasium with baths, an auditorium seating 500, rooms for classes and guilds, a large game room for boys and a reading room, kitchen and dining room. St. Paul's was now equipped with the necessary tools for effective service in a modern city.

In building the parish house Spalding had in mind the work of the organizations of the parish and the needs of the community. The Sunday school was first. What he had learned as the principal of a boys' school he applied to the religious teaching of children. Religious education demanded as efficient machinery as secular education. The parish house was the school house. There was a daily free kindergarten. The Woman's Auxiliary and other guilds which had met in the rectory or some private residence were now properly housed, as was the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The physical, recreational and social needs of the children were also in his mind. In the gymnasium and play room the church was to serve the boys and girls on the six days of the week as in the auditorium and elsewhere it would minister to them on the first day. A branch of the Girls' Friendly Society with a membership of fifty young women was started. Young men were reached

by means of a men's club, the St. Paul's Club, which within a short time had two hundred members. The parish house and church, standing side by side, were a symbol of the desire of the Church to serve the whole man, body as well as soul, soul no less than body, and to meet the needs of the community, not one day but seven days of the week. As in the villages of New England the white church beside the Common, where it was seen of all men, was a vital symbol of the place of religion in the life of the village, so the parish house with its manifold ministry became a symbol of the place of religion in the life of the modern city.

VII

Spiritual Growth

Frank Spalding, as we have seen, entered the theological seminary a High Churchman by inheritance. College aroused in him no doubts nor, apparently, any desire to restate his traditional faith in terms of modern thought. In the Seminary he was presented with Catholic teaching, which, like that of the Scribes and Pharisees, was based entirely on tradition. Something in the very construction of his mind rebelled against this dogmatism, and he graduated from the Seminary without any theology which sprang spontaneously and naturally out of life and experience. For the first four years of his ministry he was engaged in teaching boys; a fruitful apprenticeship, but one which naturally did not conduce to the development of religious experience and a corresponding theological interpretation. It was when he entered upon his rich and varied ministry in Erie, with its intimate contact with mature religious experience and its wider reading of books dealing with modern problems, that he found his intellectual self.

A certain bishop once confessed to Spalding that he found no time to read anything other than the Church papers. Spalding straightway resolved that he would profit by this example of intellectual torpor. He accordingly set for himself a schedule; the early hours of the morning were to be devoted to reading, and he would read

in that period worthwhile books, new and old. Professor Kemper Fullerton, of Oberlin College, a lifelong friend of Spalding, writes, "I think all who knew Spalding after he entered his life work were amazed at the amount of reading he was able to accomplish, engrossed as he was in the practical affairs of his parish or diocese. It was not reading of the predigested sort which too many clergymen gradually come to rely upon and which is to be found in the weekly religious newspapers. He read the great quarterlies and reviews, and books that required a real mental effort to assimilate. It was a constant source of surprise to me, when we met together for our annual summer vacations, to discover the extent of his reading during the previous winter, much of it a highly technical character, but all of it well digested, the real kernel of a book or review article having been skillfully picked out of its shell. It was in this way that Frank sought to make good the loss which he had suffered in his college and seminary days."

To His Mother

March 21, 1898.

I am sorry we can't agree about the Bible. I don't know I am sure why I came to think about it as I do because I haven't read very much and you taught me to think as you do. But without any violent change, without any doubts, I have sort of gradually passed over into a different way of looking at the whole subject. I am sure it does mean a lot to me while the old view didn't mean anything at all for I didn't think for myself then. I can't believe that the Devil has tempted me, for really I know God is more real to me now than he ever was before and I haven't any doubt about Him and His help and what my own duty is. And surely that help doesn't come from the Devil. I'd ten times rather think of Abraham as a splendid pioneer, believing in one God and yet tempted all the time to adopt a lower form of

living but bravely resisting and proving faithful to the end, than to think of Him as different from other men and in some way especially helped and taught as God does not help and teach me.

As to Higher Criticism, I don't know anything about it. I can't even find out much, but it does seem to me that this talk of disagreement of authorities is not justified for there does seem to be agreement upon a great deal of the criticism. But the point is that one does not wish to hang his belief in inspiration and revelation upon something which is bound utterly to give way if the Higher Criticism is true.

It almost frightens me, however, when I write down what I actually believe progressive revelation must involve about Old Testament miracles and communications from God.

Nevertheless, Spalding did write down what he thought, and read it as an essay before Convocation. The subject was "The Bible and how we must think of it to-day," and he divided it into three sections: (1) The Bible is a progressive revelation; (2) The men were inspired, not the Book; (3) The Church produced the Bible and not the Bible the Church. The paper stirred up the brethren and an exciting discussion followed. Spalding wrote to his sister that some of the brethren were interested not in "How to think but how to get along without thinking. But the Bishop made a good closing speech in which he approved of the paper in fine shape." He sent the paper to his father and awaited his answer with some anxiety. Bishop Spalding found fault with the essay because of its attitude toward miracles, inspiration and typology. "Are there no types in the Old Testament, are events and persons never typical?" Frank replied that the typology of the Old Testament as taught in the General Theological Seminary reduced historical characters to puppets. To his father's charge that the paper was pure rationalism he replied,

"You surely wouldn't prefer to have it irrational, would you?"

In the Episcopal Church many men accepted the results of the new study of the Bible because the seat of religious authority for them was not the Bible as with men of other Protestant Churches, but the Church. It was their contention that the Church produced the Bible, not the Bible the Church. When driven to define where in the Church the authority resides, they fell back upon the Ecumenical Councils, which they vested with infallibility. In reply to such arguments Spalding held that "the General Councils were no more infallible than the Lambeth Conference. I do not believe that absolutely infallible authority ever comes in. We walk by faith and not by sight." When the advocates of an infallible revelation asked, "Where, then, are we to find ultimate truth," he replied, "The only test of truth seems to be time, — the survival of the fittest."

To His Mother

March 1, 1898.

I am reading Dr. DuBose's book on the Ecumenical Councils. If I had read it before writing my paper I could have had some other quotations for he is guilty of the same inconsistency which I object to. On page 36 you will see that he makes all depend upon the moral argument. If one says that to him Jesus Christ is the way, the truth and the life, and that he does not believe that miracles happened, what are you going to say to him? Especially after you have insisted that Christianity and miracles cannot be separated. There are a lot of people who are just in that position and lots more who really are but do not admit it.

About this time one of Spalding's classmates in the Seminary resigned from the ministry. He was the victim of the General Theological Seminary. It had sent him

into the ministry unprepared to work out his own intellectual salvation. A man of fine mind and earnest spirit, he tried to meet in isolation the perplexing theological questions which any adequately equipped seminary would have presented to him in the midst of his fellows and under the direction of older and scholarly minds. Spalding tried to help his friend by letter, but as he was going through a like experience, he began to fear that his writing did more harm than good. He felt very badly when the final word came from his friend that his resignation had been sent, but he believed that he had done "the only honest thing." In his heart, however, he thought that his friend's "trouble was lack of trouble. 'Before I was troubled I went wrong.'" His was a suburban parish apart from the pressing problems of common life and he spent more time than is good for a man, in time of doubt, on the intellectual aspects of religion. Frank Spalding gradually passed from a transcendent to an immanent conception of the Divine Life, in the midst of the common life where the demands of all sorts of men kept his spiritual balance true.

When one is meeting men who have no faith in God or man and determine their lives by no standard of right, following expediency and seeking success and pleasure, he is compelled to be constructive and affirmative. It is only a man of conviction who can restore faith. Spalding found that no one was helped by what he did not believe. "One wants, if he can," he wrote, "to put it so that it will help." He therefore preached his convictions. But, while positive and affirmative, he did not ignore the corollaries of his proposition; he let men understand where he stood. One of his vestry, a young man like himself, would frequently come into the vestryroom after one of his sermons, exclaiming, "Another prop gone." What he had been

thinking essential as a support of religion Spalding took away Sunday by Sunday, leaving him, however, with a firmer appreciation than ever of true religion, the love of God and the neighbor.

"It seems to me," he wrote, "one wants to include all partial statements in a bigger whole, not to take the time to refute them." Thus when he wished to preach against sacerdotalism in the Church he chose for his subject, "The Universal Priesthood." All men and women in the Church are priests and priestesses, as all are kings and queens in the American state. "A priest offers sacrifices, and we are all to offer the sacrifice of ourselves. The priest brings down God's blessing, and so shall we all, if we only offer ourselves to God so that He can bless us." For clerical assumption and episcopal arrogance Spalding found no place. "I sometimes wonder," he writes his mother, "whether the English notions of a bishop as a great man living in a palace isn't growing so that bishops in the East who think themselves great men and do keep up fine establishments don't want to enlarge the class too much for fear a bishop will be a less wonderful and honored being. Having the exalted views of the temporal dignity of the episcopate, they let the money question stand in the way of electing more. I never could understand why a bishop must have a salary of $3000. The danger of course is that rich men are elected just because they are rich and so the episcopate becomes a matter of purchase. But I am sure every good man who was called to be a bishop would not think of the salary at all, if bishops were not expected to make such a fair show in the flesh. It seems as if, in order to be truly apostolic we ought to have bishops everywhere. General missionaries and archdeacons ought to be bishops if they really could do better work having authority

which priests cannot have. I suppose you will think this disrespectful."

Spalding's mind was concerned not merely with the externals of religion, but sought reality even at its heart, the life of prayer.

To His Father

Jan. 4, 1895.

Do you really believe that prayer is more than a subjective thing? I am beginning to feel as if it could not and is not intended to be more. This is not saying that prayer is useless. I could not have stood at all the past eight months, if I had not prayed. To be able to pour out one's soul to God, to tell Him what you long for, and ask His help to make you brave, brings with it a relief and power without which one simply could not exist. But do you honestly think it does anything more? I don't see how it can — for God does not move people against their wills, and when our prayers are prayers which involve the actions of other free agents, how can God answer them?

About that fixity of interpretation? I do not see what they or rather you meant. For example, "The Resurrection of the body." We believe that article of the creed but there have been great differences of interpretation as to what the words mean. So also with, "For us men and our salvation," many views of salvation have been maintained. So I should think that it was not fixity of interpretation that is the essence of creeds but rather that the essence of truth, variously interpreted, is that for which creeds stand.

We had an interesting discussion at the ministers' meeting on Christian unity this morning. None of the parsons were hopeful of complete organic unity and most of them doubted whether it would be a good thing. I insisted that both the prayer of Jesus and the analogies He used about the kingdom showed that he asked for organic unity and that the Episcopal Church insisted upon the Historic Episcopate because it was the only form

of government and life which could be in any sense organic and that by it unity for hundreds of years had been realized. My remarks, however, did not create any interest except for a young Methodist who wants to read something on the Historic Episcopate as he knows nothing about it.

The ministers' meeting, to which the above letter refers, was the weekly gathering of all the Protestant ministers of Erie. Spalding accepted an election to its membership on going to Erie and remained a member of the group until he was consecrated Bishop of Utah. The meeting brought together various types of men and points of view, upon a basis of good fellowship, and made for a better understanding and for united action. "I think that association is a very good thing and, without in the least compromising one's principles, one can learn a good deal, and I think also have some influence." Among the Erie ministers the Rector of St. Paul's was known as a radical in theology. Logical in his mental processes and always frank, he gave utterance to opinions which frequently shocked the more conservative, but the statement of which always commanded their respect. He insisted that the group should be as inclusive as the church in Erie. When an attempt was made to limit the membership to evangelical Christians, Spalding took the floor and declared that if there was no place for the Unitarian minister in the group there was no place for the rector of St. Paul's. The Unitarian minister was, accordingly, elected to membership. In most of the discussions the Unitarian, Spalding and a liberal Presbyterian found themselves together on one side with the majority lined up on the other.

Frank Spalding had at this period of his life an experience of far-reaching importance. In later years souls undergoing deep loss or disappointment marveled to find

in this successful man of action and vigorous mentality delicate sympathy and rare insight. His spiritual discernment was born of personal disappointment.

To His Mother

ERIE, May 13, 1898.

That piece of poetry by Longfellow is very nice but do you know that philosophy doesn't seem to help much. The highest appeal is not a promise of reward in any shape, here or hereafter. It is rather an appeal to do our best to bear for God what God sends, whether you are going to see why or not. Pain, as far as we can see, is necessary, for men would be hard and pitiless without suffering. But think how hard it must be for God to have it so! But He has to for the higher good of man. And so those who suffer are sharing with God His heaviest burden. He gives to them who suffer undeserved pain the glory of the fellowship of His sufferings, — helping Him to do what it is hardest for Him to do. That way of looking at it helps most any way. The hard part about it all was that my sorrow seemed such a selfish thing when I knew that I *was* or at least I honestly try to be unselfish. But some way this view of things helps me to see that suffering is not selfish. It's helping to fill up the measure of His sufferings. Bearing for God for the good of the world, God's heaviest load. I don't know whether you can understand. Even if it doesn't lessen the pain, it helps one to be braver about it and that is comfort enough.

Don't worry about me, for I am sure that I don't want anything that God doesn't think best or that would make me a bit less useful. There is lots of use for single men in the ministry and if that is what he wants me to be, then really I am perfectly willing. You surely do not think I ought to be able to say that it wouldn't be beautiful the other way. I wouldn't do that, I think I would be very wrong if I could. You say that because God took Ned it is all well and you submit and do your best without him, but do you not think you ought to be able to say,

"It would have been fine if he had lived and grown up the splendid man he must have been." I know that you don't feel that you should not say that.

. . . . . .

I am writing father telling him that if he wants me to try Jarvis Hall again I will. Of course I don't want to leave Erie for it is giving up a very appreciative people, a useful work and a hope which I simply can not quite give up. But to have father struggling with those schools and no one to help him, to have to lose all that property for the Church without a harder fight doesn't seem quite right.

The mountains ever brought to Frank Spalding healing and inspiration, and in the summer of 1898 he spent his vacation climbing the Grand Teton in Wyoming, 187 miles from the railroad, — a peak never climbed before or since.

This peak, 13,800 feet high, towering over precipices with a sheer drop of 3000 feet, and surrounded by glaciers and great fields of snow banks with hidden crevasses, is to the Rockies what the Matterhorn is to the Alps. Here is Spalding's description of the most difficult section of the climb, given in an interview to the Cheyenne *Republican*.

"Naturally, the north side of any large and supposedly inaccessible peak is supposed to be the hardest climb. But the Matterhorn is climbed most easily by the north side, so was the Grand Teton. We decided to stick to the north, and cautiously made our way along our gallery until the man in front suddenly drew back with the remark that it ended in a precipice that shot sheer down for 3000 feet.

Below the gallery and jutting out from the wall of rock were two large slabs, probably six feet in length, which had been sprung out from the main wall by the action of the ice and rain. Behind those, after lowering ourselves to them,

we crawled along a distance of twenty feet, which brought us to a little ledge under an overhanging rock. The ledge was so narrow that we were forced to crawl on our stomachs.

"The consciousness that a fall would land us 3000 feet below gave us a decidedly creepy sensation. We had to dig our fingers in the rough granite in places to pull ourselves along. We encouraged each other by keeping up a natural conversation, but it was with an inward feeling of relief that we left the ledge and came to a sort of niche with a small overhanging rock. Over this we threw a rope — an action that required a cool and steady hand and a keen eye. We pulled ourselves up and out over this 3000 feet of space and continued up on the niche to about 50 feet. It was so narrow that we had to use our feet, elbows and knees. All of the rock was slippery and we could not go too carefully. When we reached the top we went on another gallery for a distance of nearly 200 feet to the west; then up another ice niche, in which we were forced to cut five steps. It was sixty feet high and led on to a ridge. We followed a snow ridge for 200 feet, and then over the sharp, jagged, eruptive rocks, so noticeable above the timber-line, clambered with a shout to the top. We had been climbing for eleven hours. It was a grand sight, one of the grandest on earth."

Something within the man found outlet in that hazardous adventure. With a deeper knowledge of himself and a clearer vision of God, Spalding returned to Erie to adventure all for Christ and His Church.

VIII

His Approach to the Social Problem

There is a vital relation between the new theology and social reform. The medieval view of life which sees the true state beyond death and regards existence here as a mere prelude can not seriously undertake the reformation of society. The Protestant Reformation led to the Political Revolution, historically, and the reformation of the Reformation leads, spiritually, to the social revolution.

In the soul of Frank Spalding, as a microcosmos, the cosmic drama was unfolded. Not suddenly, but little by little, did he awaken to the significance of the new day which had dawned for America. Shortly after his going to Erie he spoke one Sunday afternoon to the prisoners in the penitentiary. In his audience he noticed there were boys. On inquiry, the former schoolmaster who knew how impressionable boys are, was shocked to find that it was the custom to put little boys into the same cells with the old criminals. At the ministers' meeting the following Monday he described what he saw and told what it meant to those boys. He became from that moment a social reformer. He brought the subject of prison reform before the Erie Reform Club, telling of the movement in America to lead the prisoners back to a life of moral and physical health, and describing in detail the efforts being made at Elmira, N. Y. He wrote a paper on the subject which was printed by the Federation of Churches and circulated

throughout the county in as many papers as would print it, with the result that the County Commissioners provided quarters for juvenile prisoners and others not hardened in crime, separate from the quarters used to detain those who were classed as incorrigibly depraved. He led the self-respecting people in a protest against a professional prize fight which was forced upon Erie after Buffalo had cast it out.

The free silver question, in which Spalding took such deep interest, had led him to think of the social problem on a national basis, dealing as that question did with the relations between a creditor class and a debtor class. "I have just read Fulton's article in the Church Standard on the political situation," wrote Frank to his father during the presidential campaign of 1896, "and it makes me so angry that I hardly know what to do. He ought to be answered in a calm and judicial way but positively and emphatically. The way Fulton is writing about Capital and the abused money classes makes you wonder if the paper is subsidized." It was the silver question also that opened his eyes to the growing social discontent in America. "If you think the present all that it should be," he said in an address, "ask the millions of unpaid and ill fed educated men whose cause has not been pleaded, but whose rights are really just; ask men who a year ago were rich but whose wealth has taken wings and they will tell you that we are not living in the golden age, and that these United States of America cannot be called ideal." When Spalding went to Erie it seemed to him that the root of all this trouble was the "money power given to the banks to expand and contract as they please. It is simply monstrous."

In Erie Spalding came to see that, "Free silver isn't enough but I had better be a Socialist or something stronger."

What was radically the trouble with the social structure he did not see, until his eyes were opened by the working-men of his parish. In Trinity Mission, the work of St. Paul's in a new part of Erie, the men were day laborers and mechanics. These men were greatly agitated by the plans of the company to install mechanical hoists on the docks. The contact with these men led their rector to inquire for himself whether machinery helped the working class. He found that machinery was the working-man's rival in that particular instance, whatever may be said for it in the long run. It did not cheapen prices for the men; it took the bread out of the mouths of many of them. The money which formerly went to labor now went to the machine, that is to capital, for capital and the owner of the machine are one and the same person. "What is the laborer going to do for his living?" was a vital question not only to the men but to the rector and his mission work. By facing their problem with his parishioners, Frank Spalding awoke to the fact that in modern society the tool-owner, that is capital, had the tool-user, that is labor, at a disadvantage.

When in the Spring of 1898, Eugene Debs, beloved of the working-men in and outside the Socialist circles, came to Erie to lecture, Spalding was invited to preside at the meeting. He declined the invitation "as out of his sphere." But after his experiences with the labor situation, above referred to, he became convinced that labor in all its phases was very much his concern and the concern of the Church. When, then, he was invited to give the Labor Day oration the following September he accepted. Had Spalding been asked to address the employers he would have accepted and, undoubtedly, would have encouraged them to work out their moral problems and pointed out their short-

comings. Speaking to the labor men, he criticized certain faults of theirs at the same time that he expressed sympathy with their situation. That was always Spalding's way. He was primarily the prophet and spoke in order to tell men what they needed, not what they wanted to hear. The particular indictment which he drew against the unions was that many men had recently been allowing their wives and children to work in the factories, not to supply their necessities, but to increase their luxuries. This angered many of the men but stirred the consciences of others. The next day many of these men forbade their women to return to work. The shop most seriously affected belonged to one of the vestry of St. Paul's Church!

The sequel of that Labor Day address revealed to Frank Spalding that the Church is committed to the labor problem, but on the side of the employer. St. Paul's Church was preëminently a parish of employers rather than of employees, and at once opposition to his pro-labor activities sprang up from within. He was charged by the employers with having incited their employees to strike. The member of the vestry whose women employees gave up their jobs, sent in his resignation, without even giving his rector a chance to explain. The Spalding who had gone straight to his college mate when he was told of his disaffection, and had sought to give the attorney the facts in the Jarvis Hall case, now sought an interview with his resigned vestryman. He found him obdurate; he would have no explanation and insisted on the acceptance of his resignation. The business of the Church was to preach the simple Gospel, and he refused longer to be responsible for a clergyman who didn't stick to his job. "I started for the door," said Spalding, "disheartened, when an idea occurred to me. I turned back and said, Mr. A., you have resigned from the

vestry because of the effect you assert my speech had upon your workmen. What effect do you think your resignation will have upon B. (naming a certain labor leader) when he hears that it was because you thought I took the side of your employees against you. Do you think that will lessen your difficulties?" That was a poser and the resignation was withdrawn.

It took no little courage and conviction for Spalding to adopt the position he did in these labor controversies. Erie had been his old home and his course brought him into collision with his personal friends and the connections of his family. Frank Spalding was condemned later in life for assuming the existence of social classes in America. He knew at first hand in Erie that there were two classes in America, a class that owned the means of production and the class that were wage earners and nothing more, and that between the two there was no social intercourse, and neither understood the other. It is but just to say, now that the causes of friction have long since passed, there are no greater admirers of Frank Spalding nor any more loyal to his memory than those same friends and connections. No one could be angry with him long, even when differences of opinion were pronounced. His motives were so obviously sincere, his unselfishness so transparent, there was such a complete absence of the demagogue in him, his espousal of the cause of the working-man was so thoroughly idealistic and so genuinely Christian, that it was impossible not to respect and admire him even when one failed to agree with him. Perhaps it is only fair to add that his absolute sincerity and straightforwardness prevented him from adopting anything like diplomacy. Diplomacy seemed to him too much like compromise and compromise of conviction was abhorrent to him. The result was that in these earlier

struggles more especially, he may have appeared at times to those who differed from him, to be intolerant. In reality nothing could be farther from the true spirit of the man. Undiplomatic he may have been at times, intolerant never. He was ever eager to get at another's point of view and to learn from an adversary. The intolerant man is always a contentious man. He regards the expression of a difference of opinion as a personal insult and always expresses his own opinion in such a way as to reflect upon the good sense of his neighbor. However deep Spalding's convictions were, in debate he always occupied a certain objective attitude toward them. The consequence was that debate, which he dearly loved, never degenerated into bickering. It was an intellectual exercise, never a quarrel. As for his lack of diplomacy, it sprang from one of the most beautiful traits that a strong nature can be possessed of, a simplicity that was almost childlike. In the deeper convictions of his life he was so sure of the truth of his positions and so unconsciously supported by the purity of his motives, that he failed to realize at times that one could differ from him or would mistake his criticisms for personal denunciation. He was apparently totally unaware of the way others who did not agree with him might construe his utterances. Some of his friends wondered at his audacity when they should have admired his simple truthfulness. Maturer years filled out the finer proportions of his mind as it did the angularity of his body, but he never lost the enthusiasm of his convictions, which so often we find associated only with youth. To those who knew Spalding intimately his lovableness was always as clearly a basic element in his character as his strength. But as his strength became more assured, his convictions deeper and more balanced, the innate gentleness of his spirit shone through his strength more conspic-

uously. This did not lessen his strength, it made it more serviceable.

As the industrial problem became more clearly delineated to his own mind he sought to inform his people through sermons as to its significance and meaning. He gave a series of addresses on Social Problems, Charity, Wages, Bargaining, Speculation, Gambling, Extravagance and Social Equality. The Ten Commandments, in their application to modern life, formed a second series of sermons in which he sought to enlighten and guide his people. He dealt also with the family life, the social life and the business life, from the social point of view. He was reading at this time Dean Hodges' "Faith and Social Service," which had just appeared, and was learning of the Christian Socialists of England through the Life of Charles Kingsley. He worked up a lecture on the "Workingmen of the Middle Ages." The sermons which he was preaching disturbed many of the people of St. Paul's, and there was a demand that he should preach the "Simple Gospel"; that is, the Gospel which did not raise perplexing questions for the conscience of the employer and the men and women who live on profits, rent and interest.

To His Mother

Oct. 19, 1899.

I have started a class for the study of social science. We are to meet on Tuesdays and are to read Giddings' Sociology. We had seven to begin with and I think it will be a helpful thing. They were all working-men but I hope some of the other class will come in soon and that it may help to bring a little better understanding between capital and labor, for some of the firms here are just on the verge of strikes, and it is dreadful how soon a man who is getting ahead begins to look upon the men who work for him as so much machinery.

Everyone is getting rich apparently in Erie, though I am sure it will not be long before there will be terrible trouble with the labor question. As the men become more intelligent they want more wages and they need more and they ought to have more.

If there is anything I pray to be delivered from it is the love of money, and there are lots of people who have it. A. is getting really a sad object. He does want to get rich so badly. It is awful the way people estimate everything in terms of money.

I am having quite a controversy with Mr. Taylor of Warren on Socialism. He is out of sorts with it, for the crowd down there who are interested in Socialism are unChristian and out of all patience with Christianity. I do not know very much about Socialism. I notice that in the *Outlook* James Bryce, in noting the great books of the century, puts down Marx's Capital as one which has by no means spent its force.

To His Sister

Oct. 1, 1900.

I really do not know what to do about the Church History. I put a lot of time on it, at least four hours of solid work, and there are only a very few come. It is of course well for me to review my Church History and it is very interesting for I always loved history, but I feel I might be putting that much time on more important things. Still, it enables me to do something for some of those society people who are a part of my flock and yet whom otherwise I would not be doing anything for as they never come to any religious services except funerals.

The conditions of labor under the present system are dreadfully hard and the rich seem to be as much injured as the poor.

I am going to vote for Bryan because I believe he is honest and independent and progressive. But to say with Dr. —— that he is socialistic is absurd. He is an old fashioned Democrat who believes in downing the trusts in the interest of private competition. All the Socialists here are opposed to him as bitterly as they are to McKinley. I confess I think there is a principle at stake in the imperialist policy. We ought not to have colonies;

a republic cannot have subjects. And we have too much to do at home to think we can do more outside. It's like a woman with a big family of uncared for children adopting some more.

I guess I told you that I asked Lyman Abbott why the *Outlook* didn't have a series of articles on "America's Working Churches" like Spahr's article on "America's Working People," the idea being to send a good observer into typical places to find out the most successful church and then tell its methods, etc. Dr. Abbott thanked me for the suggestion, as interesting and valuable, and hopes to carry out the plan which I have outlined.

We have been reading St. Francis aloud after breakfast and are nearly through it. It is certainly beautiful and I am much obliged to you for sending it to me. I expect that's the way one ought to live but the hard thing is to interpret into modern life just that spirit of absolute self-sacrifice. Nowadays it can hardly mean a wandering life, a patched cowl and begging for bread. I wonder just what it does mean. Mrs. A. who is a society woman pure and simple, I should think, was talking to me about Bishop B. and how much she thought of him. She said he still kept true to the old vows of his order, that he wore a shabby hat when she last saw him and he said, "You know I always buy the cheapest," which seemed to impress her greatly. And yet surely there is no harm in trying to keep one's clothing good, and in all probability the buying of the cheapest hat meant the patronizing of firms which paid the lowest wages and were hardest on their employees. It must have been a good deal easier, in a way, in simple primitive times to leave all and sell and follow, than now, not but that one can equally have the will, only it is hard to see the way. It was fine how broad Francis was in founding the Brothers of Penitence too. The question of celibacy came up in the Church History class a while back and I was amazed to see how strongly all women seemed to feel that the ideal priest of God, the really unselfish man, must be unmarried. Mrs. C. said that in time of plague only Roman priests were ready to stay and bury the dead, as if burying the dead was a test of the value of one's service. When I urged that to be

the husband of some woman, or the wife of some man took more grace than to be a monk or nun, and to walk the floor with a crying baby more Christianity than the vow to poverty, they could not answer. And when I argued that the example of a Christian family in times of ordinary life even if they did move away in time of plague, might be of more value to social righteousness than the celibate's solitary selfishness even though he stayed when cholera came, they had no answer either. And that makes me think how distorted our ideals of man become and how artificial our standards of morality. Its very hard for each one to see that the state of life into which God has called him gives him opportunity of living a truly Christlike life and probably his best opportunity.

I am glad Aunt F. liked Fr. D. Please write me all about him and try to find out why he wears the clothes. It seems such a cheap way of making yourself conspicuous. I have often thought of making my own bed when a guest at a house, but somehow it has seemed to me that if I were the host I'd rather make it than have my guest do it, so I've not done it. You know one of the wise things my mother taught me when I was young was to make my bed, so I could do it.

With the increase of wealth in Erie there was an increase of luxury. Spalding was told of society women, members of St. Paul's, who were in the habit of going to a certain social club and there drinking with men, not their husbands, until long after midnight. Sunday morning breakfasts and poker playing night after night were indulged in by men and women who were communicants of his parish.

To His Father

Sept. 3, 1900.

I have been thinking of some plan like this, I'd like to hear what you and mother think about it. The St. Agnes Guild is made up of the society set. You know the Church History was

quite a fad for a year, and it's because that succeeded I have thought possibly this would too. Call the Guild together by writing a personal invitation to each one and tell them that they are social leaders and members of St. Paul's Church and then ask them to agree to come to the Parish House every two weeks in the winter to listen to a paper which I propose to prepare myself, or get some one else to prepare, on the question which their behavior proves them to be doubtful about (1) gambling (2) the proper observance of Sunday (3) drinking (4) the theatre (5) novels (6) proper treatment of servants (7) gossip (8) purity (9) gluttony (10) social responsibility (11) marriage and divorce (12) religion. One cannot preach on these things in church but they need to be spoken of very plainly. I would get them all to promise to come. Let the Guild take the responsibility of making them a success.

The St. Agnes Guild expressed deep interest in their rector's suggestion and all the members agreed to attend and to distribute invitations to others. Three patronesses for each lecture were chosen and the course started with every promise of success. The attendance went far beyond his expectations, as many as three hundred being present. But the society people for whom the lectures had been planned were conspicuously absent!

"It is surprising how many Presbyterians come and that is the hard thing to understand. They seem really more interested than our own people. The Guild who promised to come have no principle whatsoever and most of them stay away while those poor unconfirmed sectarians are most anxious to hear."

The purpose behind these lectures was to persuade the rich and well-to-do to be generous and intelligent and public-spirited. Spalding thought that "society" was what it was because of the men and women in it, and, if these men

and women could be changed, "society" would become a moral force. His failure to reach the rich — through sermons, lectures, Bible class, personal intercourse — refuted his theory.

To His Mother

Dec. 9, 1900.

I preached about Diocesan Missions. The pledge system wasn't a very great success, we had about fifty dollars promised and about fifty dollars in the plate. I told them very plainly how things stood and how ashamed I was that since my coming the offerings had very steadily fallen off. This is the record which I read to them: In 1896 for Domestic Missions $127.00; in 1897, $100.94; in 1898, $49; in 1899, $33.29. For Diocesan missions, in 1896, $476; 1897, $348; 1898, $400; 1899, $300, and so far this year $101.

I wonder what the trouble with me is any way. They all pretend to like me and they say I am doing them good and yet that's the financial result of my work. They raised my salary last Spring and then didn't pay it for three months, and when they did pay it went to the bank and borrowed the money, and that money hasn't been paid back yet. I told them that they had no business to have raised my pay and that I would not take it, and so next Sunday, if in the meantime my salary is paid, I intend to put back $100, which is the amount of raise they gave me since the salary was increased. It isn't that they haven't money for they are all living most extravagantly, but it is that my preaching utterly fails to do them any good, I am afraid.

So I wonder — as the Lord looks at it — so far as actually getting at the people and influencing them, I am not just as big a failure as I have always been. First, All Saint's, then Jarvis Hall and now St. Paul's. What ought I to do? It seems as if the more I do the less every one else does, as if when I worked hard, instead of the others following, the others just rested and let me do it all. I wish I could reform. There must be a weakness about me, and, if I only knew it, perhaps I could

overcome it. This is not in a very thankful strain but I've been thinking a lot about things.

The gym is now doing nicely and that is an encouraging thing. Mr. A. has been very generous in that respect and he is going to be more so, I think, in the future. Mr. B. makes me tired too. We asked him to order the new Hymnals and Prayer Books we needed and he brought in a bill for the books at higher cost, actually, than the regular retail price, and he regularly charges the church more than any other printer in town for all he does. And yet he likes to hear me preach! It doesn't seem as if the Lord heard my prayers even, for I pray for them all as well as preach to them. If they are such a hardened lot I suppose I should feel that Erie was an excellent place for me to be, for there is work enough. But I wonder whether some one else couldn't do it all better. How did father get them all to working?

I am getting statistics about conditions in Erie. It's actually harder to get facts from the men in our congregation than others. X. Y., I really believe pay poorer wages and are harder on their girls than almost anywhere else. They actually worked them all Thanksgiving and last Sunday.

While the failure to persuade the rich threw him at first into a mood of introspection and sense of failure, he was too healthy-minded to remain in that mood. It simply made him, as he says, "think a lot." Here were the working men and women of his parish, with as good a right as any man to the fullness of life, without the ghost of a chance; the possession of ambition and self-respect, which he thought would save them, really disqualified them, because, even though a few might find their way out of the ranks of the manual workers, the system required others to take their places, who were not ambitious and therefore discontented. On the other hand those who reaped the profits of the competitive system were morally and spiritually injured by them. He was therefore forced to the con-

clusion that the competitive system is wrong and must be made to give way to an industrial system based upon co-operation.

He went to Philadelphia and preached at the annual service of the Sons of the American Revolution in Christ Church. After the manner of Mr. Sheldon, he wanted to find out what Washington would do to-day. The revival of military patriotism is largely useless. We do not believe in war, we have great peace conventions to do away with war and yet we talk about the warrior as if he was the only patriot. We want to find out what the spirit of '76 will do in 1900. And what that spirit demands is industrial independence, a new social order, Christian Socialism.

To His Mother

PHILA., Dec. 16, 1900.

I am sending you a copy of my sermon. I suppose you will not care much for it because of the socialism, but the sermons they sent me as samples were so tame that I thought I'd try to get something new and preach the Declaration of Independence. I do not think it was inappropriate to the occasion. Indeed I believe anything else would have been wrong for me, and I do not think the views cranky or peculiar.

I got your good letter when I returned from the service at Christ Church and I tell you it comforted me greatly for I didn't do very well. Mr. A. said that Mr. B., the chaplain of the order, was to meet me, and he described him so that I should know him but we could find no such man, and so after waiting quite a time we took a car. In the church I inquired my way to the vestry room and there after a while Dr. C. came in, said that the carriage was there, etc. but I did not know which and he was sorry I came in the car, but I told him not to worry for that was the kind of a carriage I usually rode in. But he is the most doleful man I ever saw. Dr. S. when he came in was worse yet. He knew father, he said, and was glad to see me but I didn't like him a

bit. We marched in, keeping six feet apart, which seemed to be Dr. C.'s chief concern in ordering the service and the whole reading of the service and the quibbling over little points of who should go first, etc. made me sick and quite put me out of sorts, only I felt that I wanted to preach like fury the simple Gospel. I never got into a service which seemed to me so utterly unreal. D. read in the most drawling sanctimonious tone and C. was worse yet. The result was I did not preach very well. I forgot part of the sermon and put in part that wasn't extra good. — The reporter wanted my picture for the papers and I gave it to the *Inquirer*. I wonder how much they will print of it. The Rev. clergy didn't have much to say about the sermon. Dr. D. said he was interested in the subject but though one or two members thanked me for it, most abstained from telling untruths.

When God vouchsafes a new vision of Himself to a man He dooms that man to failure. The same voice that bids him, "Go tell this people," sooner or later reveals to him that their ears are heavy and their eyes are shut and they will not understand with their heart nor be healed. Every prophet of God wants to succeed, but God brings him to see that success is none of his business; he is to speak the word God gives him and to do His will. Spalding was such a failure. Even his mother did not sympathize with the new development of his soul, but earnestly urged him not to be peculiar and say queer things. To which gentle chiding he replied, "I simply have to be myself. I suppose it's a weakness not to be able to get out of myself but I can't help it, and it's honest any way."

IX

Called to Be a Bishop

In January, 1902, Frank Spalding had typhoid fever and was compelled to abandon his work for a whole year. He had overworked. In addition to his two regular sermons in St. Paul's each week, he was giving two courses of weekly lectures, which demanded considerable preparation, made on an average twenty-five calls and superintended the varied organizations of the parish house. "I wonder if all ministers have to drudge so," wrote his sister Sarah, who had gone to Erie to live at the rectory and teach. "I tell him he ought to have a long vacation for he works longer than any laboring-man, at least twelve hours a day, every Sunday and most holidays, Christmas, Good Friday; and Washington's birthday he worked just the same. Sundays alone ought to entitle him to fifty-two days of rest in summer. I am afraid of a physical breakdown, he did look and was so tired last night."

Even his strong and athletic constitution could not stand such continuous labor with no exercise. The mental excitement of lecturing and preaching robbed him of sleep. Then he fell victim to grippe which was prevalent that winter in Erie. At that time his physician advised six months rest, but Spalding wrote home from Atlantic City "that he didn't know what he was talking about. Your first born does not propose to die sooner than he has to and he is going to try to go back to Erie and forget if he

can and try harder than ever before to do his work better, taking enough exercise to keep him in good physical shape. "I am going to play golf. It is a good way to spend Monday morning. Though the game seems stupid and silly I want to know how it is done seeing other people find it so interesting." Each time he played golf, however, he found it "exceedingly stupid and even more absurd. I am afraid I am becoming too practical, for I couldn't help thinking what nonsense it is this knocking a ball into a hole in very scientific style and using as many instruments as it takes to cut a man's leg off and doing it all with as much care as if it were really vital. But it was a glorious day and the fields and trees and sky were beautiful and so I enjoyed it and slept well last night but I do not think I shall go crazy over the game." The game was gradually crowded out of his life by the pressure of work.

He was in constant demand from all sorts of people. To his sister's chidings he quoted Phillips Brooks that the man who wanted to see him was the man he wanted to see. Judge Walling of Erie has said that no man took so much trouble to follow men up, that he came into court oftener than any other minister, and people the Judge thought no good at all Spalding would not give up. "I really don't think I am often fooled about people but the puzzle is, what are you to do with people whom you know are unworthy. I may and usually do know perfectly well that a man who comes to ask me for help is a dead beat, but aren't dead beats God's children too and so what is to be done but to try to do something for them."

To His Mother

On last Thursday night the door bell rang. I jumped up and went to the door in my night gown and opening it, found a man

who was so overcome by emotion that he could hardly speak. I thought he must be drunk and hesitated about letting him in, but decided that was rather mean and so asked him to excuse my appearance and to come into the parlor. He came in and told me his story; that he was so desperate about his wife's leaving him to go off with one of St. Paul's congregation — never mind who — that he was on his way to the lake to drown himself but something told him to stop and talk with me — whom he didn't know but had only heard of as one who might help him. He was a Roman Catholic but his priest hadn't sympathized with him in the right way. I had a long talk with him and he promised to go home and to bed. He stayed about an hour, two to three A.M.

I had received a message to go to Wellsburg to baptize a dying woman and had to start at 7.30.

I didn't get to bed on Saturday until 1 A.M. Sunday (an Irish bull isn't it). I had to try to find one of Erie's young gentlemen (?). The family were worried because the head of the household was away and the young man got drunk and disappeared. He went into the disreputable part of Erie and I got a constable and searched for him but did not find him. I saw sad things, though they claim to have closed all the bad houses.

I went to the jail to see T. The Methodist preacher has persuaded him that it is his duty to die a Methodist as he had been brought up that way and adopt him instead of Spalding as his spiritual adviser, and T. thinks he ought to. He was afraid Spalding might be offended and said he thought he could get me in to see his execution too. When I assured him that it was an unspeakable relief to be excused from a duty which I would of course assume if I had to, he said he knew I was an unselfish man and was relieved to hear me say so. But he said he was not quite satisfied with this Methodist minister because he feared he was seeking notoriety. I do not myself think the man should be hung because he is not mentally strong and because I don't believe in capital punishment.

I think a clergyman's life is full of variety and he has so many

chances to be useful, that surely he ought to be happy in spite of all his personal disappointment.

To-night I am to have quite a dinner party; have invited six young fellows who belong to our church and who work here and board in boarding houses. It's the only chance of getting better acquainted.

Spalding was a deputy to the General Convention which met in San Francisco in 1901. "I wish I could go to the General Convention," he wrote home the previous year, "and get on the Committee on the General Theological Seminary and report the truth of the thing." At San Francisco he was put on that committee and labored hard to get the truth before the convention. But the Church had accepted the Dean's money and the Committee would say nothing which reflected upon his administration. Spalding had taken no vacation the previous summer, arguing that the General Convention would be a three weeks' rest, but at the close he wrote, "I shall be glad to get to Denver and rest. The Convention has done little but it has kept us so busy that I have not been able to see any of the sights of the place and will have to go away without going to Palo Alto or Oakland. To my mind none of the fellows are very big men and if the Church of the future is to be what it ought to be, greater men than I have seen among the young fellows will have to be raised up to take the places of the great old men in the convention. Moir was easily the best man of the crowd in personality and force. Why X. was made a bishop I cannot understand except that he is good and pleasant and big. C. D. W. says that it might be a good plan to call it the 'oly Katholic Church, leaving off the H shows that it's English and spelling Catholic with a K is most ritualistic. Then it could be shortened into the O. K. Church which name would

take with the masses. Did I tell you that convention is to adjourn on the 17th? This means that I can have a first rate visit in Colorado. I find that Convention isn't vacation a bit and I'll be glad of the rest." At the end of two weeks he was back in Erie. One month in summer was his idea of a rest.

To His Father

I am reading Moberly's book on Apostolic Succession and it is fast destroying every atom of belief I ever had in that doctrine. It seems to me to be a reductio ad absurdum of the theory which it is intended to support. Every argument would be equally valid for the divine right of kings. If the President of the United States is a lawful ruler and called of God then, by the logic of Mr. Moberly, it would seem to follow that a Congregational minister must also be and vice versa. If the Congregational minister is not a lawful minister then the President of the United States is not a lawful ruler. The book is proof to me that an Englishman is incompetent to write a book on the ministry. He is blinded by the strength and culture and standing of the established Church to the value of Dissent.

After this burst mother will be glad that she assured the Rev. M. (who wanted to nominate Frank Spalding as Bishop Coadjutor of Colorado) that I was just the right kind of Churchman before this letter arrived. But if anybody in Colorado wants to know what kind of a Churchman I am you can tell them that I'm a Broad Churchman, if you have to use terms at all, for I am not a High Churchman or a Low Churchman. However, nobody will probably be interested in knowing.

A. says that the reports that he is not strictly orthodox are counting against his getting a call to a big church. If I were only orthodox you see who knows! As I do not wish to be a bishop I guess I'll preach more heresy.

I am going to the gym three times a week for I'm going to keep in good condition if I can. I suppose if you were here you would

scold me for doing outside things, but surely to speak before the Board of Trade on the business man's relation to the morals of the town is a chance to do some good and you yourself favored my going to the Central Labor Union. Mr. D. wants me to speak at the High School, and as the children of our church are very anxious to have me speak some morning, I told him I would.

B. is the last man almost of my acquaintance among clergymen whom I would think of as an active hustling Western missionary. A very gentlemanly man he is of course and a fine preacher, but the ideal rector of a fashionable city suburban parish, used to social life among wealthy society people and not to long railroad journeys and mining camps. But of course there is no telling what the new duties may bring out of him. He is certainly very conservative in his churchmanship and very wise in his speech. He can keep silence even from good words as I know from his conduct at the General Convention, but I doubted then if his silence was half as much pain and grief to him as it was to me. He is that type of a man which I simply cannot admire — a smug, sleek rector of a rich, fashionable church who writes poetry and keeps solid with the rich and influential, and that's more than enough on the subject.

Sallie, thinking to make me out very sick, sent for Dr. Goeltz and he has just been here and gave me some medicine but had nothing much to say except to take it easy. Sallie thought I was going to have typhoid fever or some dreadful thing.

Spalding did have typhoid fever. For nine weeks he lay in Hamot Hospital, Erie, bearing without complaint and even with cheerfulness, its ravages. The family came on from Denver to be near him through the crisis. His father saw Frank twice and talked with him, and then himself grew worse (for he had been in failing health for several years) and died in his old rectory after an illness of three days. Frank was not told of his father's death until his own recovery was assured. During his

illness also his most intimate friend and room-mate in the Seminary, Will Moir, died from appendicitis. When able to travel he went to Virginia Beach to recuperate, and later to Colorado. There he had a relapse which left him with serious complications. It was January, 1903, before the physician permitted him to return to his work.

To His Mother

Easter Day, VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.

How will it seem for you to decipher this handwriting again after nine weeks of relief from the strain. I tell you its good to be able to do it again even if it is hard for folks to read. We had a very nice lay-service here to-day. When I saw it was only a lay-reader I felt like offering my services but certain pains in my back suggested caution. I suppose Sally wrote you about the doctor. He didn't want to charge anything but finally made it $75. which he took under protest, so my hospital will cost less than the $500, I thought.

Your fine Easter present I am glad to have. I intend every day to read one passage. It ought to be very helpful for Bishop Temple is such a level headed, sane man and so many books of devotion are mystical and beyond me.

April 10.

Isn't it fine to be able to write again. I'm sending you Jack Ward's splendid letter about Easter at St. Paul's. I wasn't needed a bit. Just think of the splendid offerings and services! I was afraid the Sunday School would fall way behind but it beat last year's record! And think of Trinity giving $80. Jack has certainly done wonders out there. It makes me long to get back to work but there is no use thinking about that until I can really walk. I am anxious to get strong enough to carry my camera.

I am very much interested in reading Canon Henson's sermons on Christian Unity. He hasn't much use for the doctrine of Apostolic Succession, and it's a comfort to read it after that

book of Moberly. We have also a novel to which I gave the name, "The Grace of Orders." Sarah has read it but I haven't got up courage yet. Dr. Goeltz told me that Mr. Sell was telling people that I was the hero. Think of being the hero of a love story — the hero mind you and not the doleful failure, though not all my hope is quite gone.

April 17.

The House of Bishops is to elect a bishop of Salina to-day. I wonder what poor man is fated to try to build up the Church in the desert of Western Kansas. Wouldn't it be a dreadful field, and yet I voted to have it set off.

I've finished "The Grace of Orders." It's a heavy book but at the risk of having to pay extra baggage I shall bring it out. The young clergyman is certainly a beauty.

I am very sorry to be disobedient but I am sure it would make me much worse if I did not write you my regular Monday and Thursday letters. I am making good progress. This morning I weighed 162 lbs. in the light suit I bought in Philadelphia. I wonder whether you will object to my wearing such an unclerical suit when I am in Denver. We have two Roman priests at the hotel and they do not wear clerical vests, and so it must be the thing to lay aside the uniform when off duty.

April 24.

On Tuesday we went to Hampton Institute which I think is about the most wonderful place I ever saw. Mr. Robert Ogden of New York who is the Financial President, brought down in a private train a party of 80 influential people and for their benefit all the departments were in full swing. It is especially an industrial school. Over a thousand Negroes and Indians are taught farming, brick-laying, lace-making, tailoring, blacksmithing and everything useful. Dr. McConnell was one of the party and when he saw me he came up and insisted on taking Sally and me under his wing. He introduced me to a lot of big guns — H. W. Mabie, Dr. Percy Grant, Albert Shaw, Walter H. Page. He spoke so thoughtfully of father, said he had not

realized how old he was, thinking of him only as the wonderfully strong and active man of Erie days.

It was a fine sight to see them march in to dinner, led by their own splendid band. We went in and heard them sing their grace, —

Thou art great and Thou art Good,
And we thank Thee for this food.
By Thy hand must we be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen.

You can imagine how it sounded, — over 800 negro voices. In the afternoon we went to hear the speeches. They had short reports from graduates of what they were doing. They were wonderful. They seemed all of them to be full of the sense of service and they told most simply what they were doing for their race and how they were prospering. Then came speeches from the visitors. Dr. Felix Adler made a most interesting speech on the advantage which the students of a disadvantaged race have; then the editor of the Philadelphia Press, Mr. Talcott Williams, an eloquent man; and finally a long winded old fellow from Boston.

After dinner we went to the Folk Song Concert. Sallie and I both agree that it was the event of our lives. It was an attempt to reproduce exactly the old days of slavery with its songs of religion, toil and lastly of freedom. The lullaby song was one of Harry Burleigh's. Sometimes the voices sounded like an organ. The basses were marvellous. At the end came the Indians, in absolute contrast. Instead of the emotional negro, the absolutely calm and collected Indians, and his songs the monotony wails we have heard in Colorado.

I don't think I am the worse for it though I am glad to get back to this haven of rest.

After a rest of several weeks by the Atlantic, Spalding went to Denver, where he had a relapse which was more serious than the disease. To turn over in bed, he said,

was harder than to climb Pike's Peak. He slowly regained his physical strength and peace of mind. Not until January 1, 1903, did he return to Erie. Although still somewhat handicapped by the spinal and internal trouble, he took up his work at St. Paul's.

To His Mother

St. Paul's Day and the reception on Monday night were the best we ever have had. There were lots of people, lots of enthusiasm and good reports. It is splendid the way Jack has kept things going. A. B. was here and made himself as agreeable as he could. But something is wrong. He talks perpetually about himself and his troubles and how people do not appreciate him, and never seems to think that he may be a little to blame himself. He is a chronic whiner and when I think how much whining I have done in the last five years I am ashamed of myself and am not going to do it any more. Erie is the best place on earth, its people are the most loving and appreciative and F. S. S. has more cause for joy and thanksgiving than anybody he knows. So if I whine again, you may disown me. A. B. has taught me that.

Jack's ability and loyalty have been wonderful and I mean this week to write to his mother about him and tell her what a good son she has. It is fine to feel that one is useful again.

Dr. Goeltz is going to New York and wants me to go with him and consult Dr. Janeway who may know something about my back, which while no weaker does not seem to be any stronger. I had got quite worked up to going when C. became so bad that of course I cannot go unless she improves. However Sarah says that you would say that it is all providential, which means, I suppose, that to protect me from threatened danger C. has to be made sick, which is rather hard on C.

D. asked me to work for him as professor at the G. T. S. and I wrote frankly declining to do it as I did not think him competent. He took it kindly and I was very glad as I was afraid he would be offended and yet I could do nothing else.

E. invited me to visit him at Nyack to attend a conference on the second coming of Christ, and when I wrote declining he replied in a long letter telling me to trust in Jesus. I wrote this A.M. telling him he was a religious loafer and ought to get to work.

The people of St. Paul's were indeed appreciative of their rector, and in his sickness and absence rallied generously to the support of the work. For several years the parish had run behind at the rate of $600 to $800 per year and had accumulated a floating debt. Spalding took the ground that such financial matters were vestry business and said nothing about it, though it worried him quite a little for there was no excuse for it. Great was his joy, therefore, when shortly after his return one of the members of the church came to him and said that he was greatly worried about the floating debt on the parish and offered to go himself among the people and raise the $3000 needed, if he had the rector's consent. By March 1 he came to Spalding with $4000. The debt was paid and $1000 was added to the building fund for Trinity Mission which had long needed a church.

To His Mother

March 3.

We are all very happy in St. Paul's parish. Dr. Magill has succeeded in his attempt and has paid over to me $3955. Just think of it! Everybody gave generously, everybody told him how much they loved me, everybody is enthusiastic and cheerful. If only we can get Trinity built won't it be fine. We have about three thousand dollars toward it and no one can object to the project on the ground of having a debt on the church. You can imagine how happy it makes me for the people have been so loving throughout it all and show now they appreciate all that I've tried to do and how unjust I've been in saying they were unappreciative.

I am going to preach on "love" in Lent. (1) God's love for us (2) our love for God (3) our love for the brethren (4) our love for humanity (5) our love of ourselves (6) our love of enemies. It is a great relief to have one's subjects selected. It's half the battle.

I went yesterday on invitation of the superintendent of the Erie City Iron Works to listen to an arbitration between the moulders in Erie and their employers. It was very interesting and gave me even more sympathy for the men than I had before. It seems to be just a case of which side is the stronger. Justice and fairness are not spoken of as results but as simply conditions of the battle.

I suppose Holy Communion on Saints Days is a good thing but so few come and those who stay away seem rather the most substantial people. Those who come do not represent a very virile sort of Christianity.

At the Diocesan Convention in 1903 Spalding was elected a delegate to the Missionary Council, which was to meet in Washington in the fall. "I was pleased with that," he wrote home, "I think I'd rather go there than to the General Convention." One of his friends wanted to go to the General Convention and, as both could not be elected, Spalding withdrew his name and so elected his friend. At Washington Spalding met his old friends and classmates — Knight, Jones, Wills, Kirkus, Swett, and they lunched together and visited the seminary at Alexandria. "Bishop Tuttle made one of the greatest speeches I ever heard. Justice Brewer spoke eloquently on the Home Missionary as a Patriot, and Bishop Restarick made one of the finest speeches on his work. The President shook hands very cordially and Mrs. Roosevelt looked very sweet and pleasant. It's fine seeing the old fellows and hearing all the great men. Wasn't it dreadfully sad about Bishop Leon-

ard. What a job ahead of some poor man to take his place, for it always seemed to me a particularly hard field." Little did he dream that he would be asked, before another year had passed, to take that very difficult field.

Frank Spalding felt that he was a failure in reaching men with the Gospel. He was himself manly, his preaching was intellectual rather than emotional and yet dealt with life and its practical problems, he was human and genuine, simple and straightforward, without the least artificiality and conventionality. And yet, with a humble opinion of himself and the highest ideals before him, he often felt he failed. Or shall we say, men failed to appreciate him? The fact is that many of the most virile men in this generation have no use for the Church, and many of the men who do attend it prefer a clergyman who acts the part most theatrically. His failure to reach men with real religion worried Spalding, as many of his letters show.

To His Mother

Nov. 28, 1903.

N. handed me just before I went into church last Sunday a list of names of forty men who were supposed to belong to St. Paul's with the question, "Why can't you fill those men with zeal and enthusiasm for the Church?" He throws that up at me constantly and, though I don't think he means it as a hint to resign, he shows that he thinks I have failed to meet the real problem here. I feel sort of ashamed having come home full of enthusiasm for the winter's work and then be made to feel like a man butting his head against a stone wall, so early in the season. I know you would tell me that Mr. N. isn't the whole thing but the trouble is that he is about the only man who will stand behind me in real religious work and he keeps sticking pins in all the time.

I am thinking seriously of having a mission and asking

Fr. Huntington. Perhaps this may arouse the people, for I am almost in despair.

I went to Z. to preach for Mr. X. X. is the greatest dude I ever saw. He has the most affected ways. He is about as unmanly a man as I know but for all that his church is doing splendidly. He has more men out than I can get at St. Paul's. He has lots of helpers among the men. I wonder if it is I or Erie. Last night E. dropped in and he knows X. and thinks about him just as I do. I asked him why I couldn't get the men to come to church as well as X. He said it was because I worked too hard and did not take time to go among the people socially, etc. I wonder if he isn't right. You know, by the society people of Erie, I am treated as a complete stranger. When one does go and see the poor and the sick and the dying and I seem to have plenty of that to do, one gets dreadfully serious and I guess I am getting that sort of a reputation and it has separated me from the lives of society people and I have little influence over them, and yet they need help the worst way.

Spalding never despaired of solving any problem. He sought first of all to see clearly just what was to be solved, and then he gave to it his entire attention. He held no mission. A mission is frequently the shifting of the clergyman's responsibility to the shoulders of other men, brought in for the purpose. And the men who do that sort of intensive spiritual culture are, for the most part, men who dress peculiarly and express the reactionary and traditional forces within the Church, though personally full of religious zeal and mystical fervor. The mission appeals to certain types of men and especially to women, and when the missioner has gone the task of the parish minister is increased threefold in difficulty. Many people fancy that the success was due to the type of churchmanship of the missioner or other external things, and forget that it was the personality of the man that counted. Spalding deter-

mined to make Lent a time in which to try for men particularly and he called upon the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to coöperate with him. He solved his problem and men came to church in increasing numbers.

To His Mother

I've been getting the Lenten cards ready and it is not easy after one has been in a place for seven Lents to think of new subjects. On Sunday evenings I shall speak on the "Inadequacy of Worldly Wisdom," contrasting such Proverbs as "Let well enough alone" with "Be ye perfect," "One good turn deserves another" with "Give expecting nothing," "Nothing succeeds like success" with "I lay down my life," "Where ignorance is bliss, etc." "Grow in grace and in the knowledge." I want to make these sermons good for men for the Brotherhood to work on.

I am busy now with my paper for the ministers' meeting. It is on miracles and I am afraid you will not like it so I shall not send it to you to read. As you said in your last letter you have to let rash youth do its own thinking, though I am not very young being now nearly 39. Think of reaching but one year of 40! It is my contention that though we might ourselves believe in all the miracles just as recorded we have no right to say that those who are inclined to explain them in a natural way can not be Christians.

I got a letter from Bishop —— telling me that A. had really failed in B. and been asked to resign. So I wrote him a very frank letter telling him that he must not deceive himself into thinking that he was an intellectual giant when he was really just a simple failure in that kind of work and that he had better accept the situation frankly. It made me a little provoked when he wrote as if because he could not believe this and that doctrine that therefore they could not be true. It was like a little spy glass saying, "Because I can't see those stars the big telescope has discovered, they do not exist."

In his rectory at Erie, one was always meeting humble people, people who seemed to feel at home there. Many notable lecturers also spent the night when they visited the city. F. Hopkinson Smith, Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Dean of Ely and other distinguished men were at such times Spalding's guests. He frequently presented the lecturer to the audience. "I am to introduce Lyman Abbott and am hard at work preparing a short and pithy introduction. I think I'll say —

'Ladies and Gentlemen: Some years ago in a book which many of us read it was prophesied that the time would come when we should not have to go to church or lecture hall to hear the words of great preachers or teachers, but stay comfortably at home, possibly lying in bed on Sunday morning, could by means of telephone or phonograph or other instrument to be invented hear and even see the preacher in his distant hall. As we read the prophesy I think we felt that even should the future give such opportunity to us we should want at times at least to see with our very eyes the preacher and hear his very voice. In a way not thought of by the author of 'Looking Backward' has one great teacher fulfilled the prophesy. By means of the Outlook Magazine his sound has gone out into all lands and his words to the ends of the world and yet I am sure, delightful as is the other way of receiving his message, we are delighted to hear and see him in the old way. I have the honor of introducing Dr. Lyman Abbott.' How will that do?"

To His Mother

To-night we had a Trinity vestry meeting. They want the new church to be a memorial to father, which I thought was very nice of them for they proposed it themselves. We have a

fine committee out there and are working up interest among the people of that part of the town.

Yesterday was a fine day and we had good congregations at all services. I preached on foreign missions for all I was worth in the morning. We sent out letters which the Board furnished and got $70. which I thought was pretty good. The text was "The Field is the World," and I tried to prove that not to be interested in foreign missions was to be no Christian at all.

I think we are going to have at least 40 confirmed which will make us nearly seventy for the year, which beats our record. Every one is most willing that the new church should be a memorial to Father.

For Diocesan Missions we have but $320.00 — we ought to give $400. I really do not see how I can get any more out of the people for I have begged until I am tired and sick of it.

The Summer of 1904 Spalding spent in the Rockies, "the best place of all." In spite of the warning of the previous year he took but the month of July for his vacation, and was back again in Erie for the first Sunday of August. He tells of a baptism in a house of a society family, because of the illness of the mother, and then writes, "It seems almost wicked for such frivolous people to take such promises. I asked A. what he meant by promising to bring the child to hear sermons when he never came himself, and I really think he saw how inconsistent it was. I have completely failed to interest personally in the Church the well-to-do people. Alas, Alas." He went to the choir boys' camp and there joined in all their sports and told stories around the fire at night. He built the Holiday House, paying for most of it out of the wedding fees, and putting on the roof with his own hands. With September the winter's work began in church and parish house.

To His Mother

Oct. 1904.

I am going to preach five sermons on what Dr. Fairbairn calls the "Foundation Pillars for a truly scientific life of Christ." I hope it will instruct the people a little better for some are going off to Christian Science. What an advantage a Christian Science reader, with a little group whom he can see often, has over the busy rector of a big church who simply cannot see all the people frequently. I have been wondering how it would be to get up a class in Christian theology. It might offset the effect of the Christian Science. It means a lot of extra work but I suppose that cannot be helped.

I went to see M. to-day and talked theology. She has many doubts about the creed, but after my explanation she is going to try the Church a little longer. I also attended a gathering of Unitarian preachers, a sort of convocation, and heard a really fine paper on the Psychology of Religion. They were a most self-satisfied and elegant crowd.

They seem to be having a grand time in Boston, but I really don't think I care much to be there. I got pretty tired of marriage and divorce in San Francisco.

Something indeed was happening in Boston, all unknown to Frank Spalding, and yet profoundly affecting his future career. In the House of Bishops, Bishop Scarborough nominated him as missionary bishop of the District of Utah. He was really put forward by Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, bishop of Southern Ohio, who was an Erie man and had held him as a baby on his knee in the old rectory when his father was rector of St. Paul's. Bishop Vincent had invited him to become the Dean of St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Cincinnati, in 1901, and knew the work which he was doing in Erie. In deference to the wish of Bishop Scarborough, the senior of the two, who was a friend of Frank's

father, Bishop Vincent gave way and seconded the nomination. Out of ten nominations he received the majority of votes. Before the House of Deputies was informed of the choice of the House of Bishops, as frequently happens, the information was given to the newspapers, and Spalding was told by telegraph of his selection.

To His Mother

Oct. 19, 1904.

Mr. R. telegraphed first and after that the others which I enclose. It was all so sudden that I hardly know what to think. Of course it must be ratified by the House of Deputies but I suppose that will follow. It is just what I didn't want as you know, for it is so hard being a bishop, so thankless, and Utah is the hardest of them all. You know I don't mean by this that I'm afraid of hard work if it's the right sort of hard work, but I know from father's life what the hardness of this is. It always seemed to me that a missionary bishop's business was to preach the Gospel to the regions beyond and not to beg money for others to do it, and so if I'm to go it must mean go to stay. And they surely didn't elect me because they had any reason to think I would be a good beggar. I talked with Mr. M. in Philadelphia a little about Bishop M. and his chief disappointment seems to be that "he didn't get the money."

When his name came before the House of Deputies it met with serious opposition. It is the custom of the House, when nominations are received, to go into secret session and to hear from friends and opponents about the man. Dr. Baker, who knew Spalding at Princeton where he had been a lay reader in his parish, and Major Reynolds, senior warden of St. Paul's and deputy from the Diocese of Pittsburgh, spoke in his favor. Then arose Mr. A. of Denver who declared that Mr. Spalding was a good man but that "he did not believe Moses wrote the Pentateuch nor does he believe

in the Revelation." Rev. Mr. B., of Nebraska, took the platform and said that he understood Mr. Spalding was not sound in the faith. Dr. Fiske, of Rhode Island, a ritualist and a broad-minded gentleman, assured the House that he had heard there might be trouble about Mr. Spalding, and so had taken pains to find out, and he could testify that he was sound in the faith. Whereupon the gentleman from Denver said that he would withdraw his objection. The deputy from Nebraska remained obdurate, and Fond du Lac followed his lead and voted against confirmation. One of the deputies from Pittsburgh wrote Spalding that "a few belated cave-dwellers objected to his selection, but as for his robbing the Church of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, it was like an accusation of clothes-line stealing against the Presiding Bishop. Not half the clergymen in the House believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch."

The Living Church came out with an editorial, approving his election and saying that he was a "broad-minded Churchman rather than a Broad Churchman." The people of St. Paul's bewailed his election, declaring that his going would be a death blow to their parish, that he was too brilliant to go to Utah, that he was too good a preacher and ought not to sacrifice himself, as a bishop need not be a good preacher. His sister wrote to their mother, "When they get Frank in the House of Bishops they'll have a new article, one who does not care for rings or crosses or robes. The people here are sort of stunned and don't want him to go. What do you think? Must he accept? Frank would be an ideal bishop, for he has had good training and knows what a bishop ought to be. It is so nice to have it come as such a surprise, no interviews or overtures before hand. Our relatives seem to think more of the honor than the Church people here."

To His Mother

Oct. 26, 1904.

I wrote to Bishop Tuttle and asked him several things I thought I ought to know before reaching a decision. Bishop Leonard, the last thing before he died, signed a mortgage for $30,000 on the hospital. Then there is a debt of $5000 on the bishop's house. The Bishop and the Dean did not get along and the Dean and his friends had a strong party and expected that said Dean would be chosen bishop. I asked Bishop Tuttle how much money had to be begged in the East and how many friends Utah has.

If I'm to go I'd like to get at it as soon as possible for hanging on here will be very hard. If the vestry will call A. in my place, I feel that everything would go on nicely. As you know, I have felt for some time that I could help St. Paul's by going. It was too much Spalding and too little the parish and I did not seem able to help it.

The people here are very sorry to have me go. Many who have really taken the trouble to come to church assure me that I am much too great a preacher to be buried in the deserts of Utah. If, however, I hadn't been elected to Salt Lake I am given to understand that I might have been elected bishop of Central Pennsylvania, and I guess I am better fitted for the West.

I wish I could feel as you do about bishops, but I don't. I never thought much of them as bishops, and I don't see how I can think very much of myself.

It will seem strange to give up pastoral work just when I am beginning to know how to help people and become an ecclesiastical peddler, and yet you actually want me to do it. I don't quite understand what you see in it.

Oct. 30.

I've quite decided to go and I told the vestry last night though my formal resignation is not to be given till next week Friday when there is a regular vestry meeting.

I wish St. Thomas' Day wasn't so near Christmas for I al-

ways was fond of that old doubter and it seems necessary to have the consecration on a saint's day. I might ask —— to preach though I don't want a man who would waste much time over apostolic succession as Bishop Cox did for father.

It seems that my election was a keen disappointment to the Catholic party, though the Living Church comes out handsomely, informed by a young friend of mine who happened to be in Milwaukee at the time. He went to see Mr. —— and found him in the dumps because he thought I was a Unitarian, etc. and cheered him with the good news that I believed the creed!

The two things I've done here, preaching and pastoral work, are worth little in a bishop, while the things I've failed at, money getting and winning workers for the Church, are all important. The only reason I'm going is because the Church must have a man out there and she has asked me to be that man whether I like it or not. And I don't much like it. The honor is nothing. The idea that all bishops are equal is only amusing. But having burned the bridges behind me there is no use belittling the land I must travel through and so I'm trying to believe with you that it is a great honor and a grand country and a perfect life.

Nov. 3, 1904.

How hard it is to do anything for the rich. That part of one's life, I suppose, stops when he becomes a bishop.

Talking with Miss —— makes me see what a definite step I am taking. There are two directions in which a man may grow. He may develop as a parish priest and preacher, and hope sometime to be rector of a great parish like Dr. Dix or Dr. Huntington, or Dr. Floyd Tompkins. Or he may be a bishop and try to be a great bishop like father was. The lines of development are quite apart. I've been sure for a long time that a bishop has definitely to stop running parishes and confine himself to shepherding priests or he would be steadily unhappy. Now I've so far tried to be the pastor and preacher and I'm changing into

the bishop and administrator and I really wish it had not been so determined for I like the first best. But I see the change must be made and if I have any preaching gifts they will not hurt me as a bishop.

Nov. 7, 1904.

I'm going to Princeton on Friday and see the game and forget all about being a bishop and Salt Lake and the Mormons and all the rest of it, and I don't care who knows it. Then Monday I'm going to New York and call at the Missions House.

Bishop Whitehead says I may have a confirmation before I go and perhaps in that way I can get a lot of men and women who have been shy. A. made me very happy by telling me that he expected to be confirmed. I've been seriously thinking of trying to raise $4000 and pay off the Trinity debt and have it all clear before I go. It might be good practice for the future begging I must do. I have never asked anybody before and if I really went at it I might succeed, and it would be great not to have father's memorial in the hands of some new man who could not feel toward it as I do.

I'm just praying for grace to keep my temper and my self control so that I can leave here without any word except of gratitude and love. One of the compensations of being a bishop is that I shall be absolutely free to speak my own mind and have my own views.

The chief thing about being a bishop seems to be getting a ring and a pectoral cross. Of course they are all kind but somehow the thing seems so small and petty when you take in all those frills. Taylor said the parish would bring forth the best robe and put it on me but the clergy proposed to put the ring on my finger. I tried to head him off but it seemed to have gone too far. I positively declined to accept the pectoral cross. The whole thing is rapidly making me sick. One would imagine the Acts of the Apostles read, "The Holy Ghost said, 'set me apart Barnabas and Saul, giving each two sets of robes, a ring and a pectoral cross.'"

I'm trying to obey your instructions and let them give me all they want to but it is a bitter pill to swallow, and if they let me go away without having paid the floating debt on the church and helped on a good bit toward Trinity I will feel as if everything I take from them was like robbing the Church. The whole thing is ridiculous. I am expected either to pay all the expenses of the consecration myself or beg it from my people, so Bishop Tuttle says. I shall certainly not beg one penny of it. I guess I shall have enough all right, though it will cost a lot. I do hate the red tape. My, but I shall be glad when it is all over with. May God save me from ever caring for such things.

Spalding went to Princeton, saw Yale defeat his team, and read the lesson next day in the church where he had been a lay reader and chorister seventeen years before. He visited the Basin where he had conducted service as a student, and, in spite of slush and rain, gathered together two children and two adults and preached to them his sermon on "God is Light." That night he spent with the boys in a college dormitory. He had thrown off old cares and new responsibilities and was a boy again. Then he went to Cambridge Springs for a few days of quiet preparation. Meanwhile, the parish brought forth money as well as robes, and paid off the floating debt on the church and the $4000 on Trinity, as a sign of their love and appreciation.

The consecration took place in St. Paul's, Erie, on December 14, 1904. His friends, Arthur R. Taylor and E. J. Knight (who was his classmate in the seminary), attended him, Bishops Whittaker and Talbot were the presenters, and Bishops Tuttle, Scarborough and Whitehead the consecrators. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Southern Ohio, who spent no time on apostolic succession, but taking as his subject "the Prior Claim and the Larger Duty," stressed the apostolic call as a missionary call to

serve the whole world and bring it to Christ. He reminded the parish that twice in the same generation it was offered the privilege of giving its rector to the missionary episcopate, a father and a son, almost to the same field. He told the people and the bishops present that the missionary bishop had an element of honor not given to the diocesan bishop. He is the chosen of the Church in the most representative gathering and is regarded by the Church as her true hero. Bishop Vincent said most truly, as all the records of the first years of Christianity prove, "A bishop is never so truly a bishop, after the apostolic model, as when he is a missionary bishop." He told Spalding that he was wrong when he said, "I am only a pastor and try to be a preacher; I am not good at raising money," but he was right when he said, "If I had not been willing to go, I should not have been worthy to stay." The new work called him to gather and care for scattered flocks, send them shepherds and preach the glad tidings. "Go, then, dear brother, in the faith and strength of it all, as your father went before you, and as the first Bishop of Utah, here with us to-day, went before him. Go! and never cease to hear your Divine Master's reassurance: 'Lo! I am with you always even to the end.'"

X

The Church in Utah

The missionary district of Utah, where Frank Spalding was sent by the Church as its bishop, comprised the State of Utah, and parts of Nevada, Wyoming and Colorado. From Tonopah, Nevada, the most westerly station, to Durango, Col., in the southeast, by the shortest railroad route, he had to travel two hundred miles further than from Portland, Maine, to Omaha, Nebraska. The traveling was over all kinds of country, mountains, sandy deserts, sage brush plains and fertile valleys; and he had to go in all sorts of ways, railroads, broad gauge and narrow gauge, besides all manner of stage coaches and automobiles.

Spalding arrived in Salt Lake City, at the beginning of the new year, three weeks after his consecration, where he received a cordial welcome from the Church people and citizens. He straightway set about familiarizing himself with the work of the Church in Salt Lake City; which consisted of two self-supporting parishes, a well-conducted school for girls, Rowland Hall, and a hospital, St. Mark's, in need of repairs and heavily in debt. With the three Church clergymen of Salt Lake and the physicians on the hospital staff and the teachers of Rowland Hall, the new bishop was delighted. The only thing which made him homesick was the "Episcopal residence — so empty and big and ugly." After Erie, it seemed strange to walk about and know nobody. The work seemed to him immense and

the responsibilities tremendous. "I'll need a lot of praying for, if I'm to make it go but I'm going to try." After his preliminary survey of the Church in the city Spalding set out to visit all the stations of his district.

In every town where there was a clergyman he was met at train or stage, whatever the hour of his arrival. The mornings were spent in visiting every church member, the afternoons in holding a conference with vestry or committee and the evenings in preaching. In places where there was no resident minister he would have as many as a dozen baptisms, and frequently confirmations. There were towns where the mission had been closed and there he would inquire from door to door who had been members and bring them together for a Communion Service. In communities where there had never been any organization of church people he would borrow the use of some church building, always generously lent, and gather together the Churchmen. On such occasions the Methodist or other minister generally read the lessons, and every one present was invited to come to the Lord's Table. Spalding regretted that he could not bring himself to beating a drum on the street and when a crowd had collected, preach to them. There were three distinct kinds of communities to be reached: the Indians on the reservations, the rich farming country and the mining camps.

In the letters from Frank Spalding to his mother, written on his valise as he waited for trains or on a hotel bar at night, there is a vivid picture of the task of the western missionary bishop and of the courageous way in which he went about his work.

Jan. 24, 1905.

I'm at Echo, sitting on my grip, waiting for the train for Park City where I am to preach to-night, spending the day calling on

church people. Bishop Tuttle did a lot of good while he was bishop pro. tem.

I got no further when the train, half freight and passenger came along. I had as company on the very slow trip a drummer and a Mormon, both intelligent men. The Mormon declared that he abominated polygamy and the drummer said he worshipped no God but the almighty dollar, and wanted to know how long I'd been "peddling salvation."

I called on twenty-five people and have still some others to see this morning. They haven't had service since Dean Eddie came up last Spring. The little church was crowded last night. I baptized one baby yesterday and am to baptize two more after the communion service to-day.

I wonder how long the Board of Missions expects a man to live on nothing. It seems a very strange arrangement not even to ask if he needs any money but to expect him to pay his consecration expenses, his fare out and his living for three months, I think I'll write and find out when some money is coming to me.

GRAND JUNCTION, COL. Jan. 29.

The little church was crowded with people at both services. The people love and respect Lyon. They need a new church badly. The Lyons have the dearest little girl and I got on very good terms with her by showing her how to swallow a dollar and have it come out of my shoe. I'm inclined to think my sleight of hand is one of my most valuable gifts. The Lyons get only $800 and I'm going to try to persuade the vestry to raise him more money for he ought to have it. Last night we had a grand reception and the whole town turned out. The editor of the paper is a Princeton man.

EVANSTON, WYOMING, Feb. 6.

There is a fine church, attractive rectory and splendid parish hall here. The women didn't like the last man because he let his wife work too hard and the men had no use for him for he spent most of his time off hunting with the boys. It's pretty

hard to please everybody. It's a small town and a young man wouldn't find enough to do, but for a middle aged man and his family it would be a fine place in which to settle down and be a father to the whole community.

I travelled with the superintendent of Methodist missions. He has 25 clergy in Utah and $16,000 for his work. Think of the Church giving me but $4000! We certainly do go a great deal on our name and on distinguished ancestry.

LOGAN, UTAH, Feb. 8.

I've called on all the people. It's a Mormon stronghold, there are but a dozen communicants and yet it is in a most fertile valley of 20,000 and the town has seven thousand. Here is the Brigham Young Academy where they educate young Mormons to go on missions.

PROVO, UTAH, Feb. 12.

We have at this place a shy, timid Irishman studying for orders, out here for his health with his sister a very bright pretty girl. When I arrived at 5.30 P.M. they asked me to have tea with them, and I went up supposing at that hour tea was supper even though it consisted of tea and crackers. And so I sat and talked on till 7.30, when he said with blushes, "Really I must tell you if you don't go to the hotel you won't get any supper." I was trying to cheer him up and all I succeeded in doing was to keep him from his supper.

The church is a little box of a place, an old dwelling fixed nicely inside. There were 23 out in the morning, 11 at Sunday School and 29 at night, 12 at Communion. On the way back we met the throngs coming out of the Mormon tabernacle. We looked into the building, a big hall, sloping floor, gallery and organ and choir seats, room for 2000. I tried to encourage the vestry committee but only two came to church and they were hopeless.

SALT LAKE, Feb. 17.

I am to preach at the Cathedral at both services on Sunday. I am glad of the chance to preach to a larger congregation and

I hope I can do well for a good deal depends on holding the interest of these Salt Lake people.

I find that every one who knows the country thinks this is a good time to go to Vernal and the Indians. I go by rail to Price and there is a stretch of 10 miles by stage to Ft. Duchesne where Mr. Hersey meets me.

RANDELL, Feb. 27.

We had grand services at 10. The Indians all came early to call on Mr. Hersey, who is a regular hero whom they call Ta-ta-put or "Good Talk." I confirmed thirteen, two men and eleven girls. I don't know whether they understood me or not, but Hersey said to talk as to children, and I did.

I really think some good was done. Capt. Hall, the agent, thinks the results were unusual for my service was just when the Indians received their annual payments and this time not a single Indian was arrested for drunkenness and usually when they get their money there is a good deal of drinking.

Mr. Hersey has a little infirmary next to his house, but it is almost impossible to get sick Indians to come into it. They are so superstitious that they think it is sure death to go to bed there. The one thing he has accomplished is the destruction of the old custom of burying the child with the dead mother. A good many mothers die and they did not know how to bring up a motherless infant and besides they said the mother's spirit needed it. He has saved some of them and he has cows and gives them milk and now they bring the babies to him.

WHITE ROCKS, March 2.

Hersey drove me here, twenty-five miles in five hours over rather bad roads. In the last eight years he has driven one of his horses over all kinds of roads and in all sorts of weather 35,000 miles. Miss Carter and Miss Murray gave us a cordial welcome. They have adopted two little motherless Indian boys, very cunning youngsters. We had service at eight o'clock with a good congregation of white people and a few Indians. The Indians have just been paid their annuity and they were gam-

bling it away. They never cheat and never quarrel when they lose, but it is a perfect passion with them.

Bishop Leonard once gave magic lantern pictures of the crucifixion for the Indians here. They were much moved, but said "White man he kill God, we no want his church." And they would not have it for years. At two the crowds began to assemble, first the children from the government school, then the Indians, old braves and young, squaws and papooses, and dogs. It was the biggest gathering they had ever had. The White-Rocks Utes are said to be the most uncivilized Indians in the United States. There were men and women in the building who had taken part in the Meeker massacre.

Johnnie Reid, a half breed, was interpreter and Charlie Mack, an old Ute chief who knows English, helped. We repeated the Creed, and Lord's Prayer and some other prayers. Then Mr. Hersey spoke to them, Johnnie repeating it in the harsh Ute tongue. He told them what the building was for and that it was for them as well as for the whites. He told them that, as the white man has brought peace and food, so he wanted to tell them about God. He told them that if they had a nice clean blanket they would not like to have it all muddied and so God did not like them to stain the hearts he had made white. Then came my turn. Johnnie got along all right until I said, "when you hear the rush of the wind and the noise of the thunder you think of God as there." It seemed to me that was quite Indian, but it was too much for Johnnie and so he asked Charlie Mack to do it and Charlie rose and interpreted. They are a stolid lot and one can't tell whether they understand or not. After I got through, Charlie Mack rose again and made a long speech, which Johnnie said was mine over again as much as he could remember, for he said it was a good speech and the Indians should be made to understand it. It was a most remarkable experience.

March 5.

The Indians began to assemble at Mr. Hersey's about nine. They quite filled the house, sitting on chairs, until they were

occupied and then on the floor. There isn't much conversation. Hersey says he and the Indians have a good heart to heart talk often by sitting silently for half an hour saying not more than twenty words. They haven't much idea of time, having no watches, and so it was past ten when we went to church. After service, for my special benefit the young men gave an exhibition of horsemanship. When they ride ordinarily they have American saddles or saddles they made themselves, but when they race or show off they ride bareback and horse and man seem one. It was a little like horse racing on Sunday but as H. said they were very innocent in their intention to please the new "Big Good Words."

Old Shovenagh came to see us after the service. He wants to go to Washington on the delegation to see about the opening of the Reservation to white settlers and he has been overlooked. He thought since I was such a great man I might have influence. Hersey feels that he ought to go, for he is a fine peace loving old man, and so we wrote the Captain a letter. On Monday Shovenagh came beaming like a school boy. He had received his orders to get ready to go to Washington. He took Mr. H. aside and said that when he reached Washington, he would tell the President that the "Church very good." And then he borrowed $13.00 of Mr. H. to buy a new hat and trousers. Isn't that civilized for you?

To His Mother

SALT LAKE, April 4.

I'd like to see that letter of Sarah's for she must have drawn very largely on her imagination. I did lose my overcoat with a good pair of gloves in the pocket. They told me that they found it about two miles down stream buried in the sand, that they hitched a horse to it and pulled it out and I naturally said I really did not care for it and I hope some Indian may dry it out and keep warm in it. The real facts are as follows: There were three passengers on the stage, myself and two nice men from Kansas. I joined them at Mr. Hersey's, they getting on at the

Fort (Duchesne). We rode comfortably the first 14 miles to Ouray where Mr. & Mrs. C. keep a store and are sub Indian agents. The river was still high but clear of ice and we had no trouble at all crossing in a row boat, indeed I rowed the boat myself. The water had run off the desert a good deal and so the road itself wasn't as wet as it had been when we drove the other way but in the streams and "washes" the water was high. It got higher toward afternoon when the snow melted fastest. There is one wash, usually a dry bar of sand which the road crosses three times. It drains a lot of country, however, and after a rain there is sometimes quite a stream. Well it was full of water but we crossed it twice easily, the water barely coming into the wagon. The last crossing is at the dinner station called Chipeta after the squaw of old chief Ouray. Here the water was running strong but the stream was wider and divided by an island into two parts. We felt it was risky to cross with two horses and the buckboard we had been using, so we borrowed from an Indian a big Bain wagon and we fastened on four horses. The driver held the reins and took another fellow to whip, the mail was thrown on behind and we stood on it and I held my grip for fear the water might come into the wagon. We went famously half way to the little island, the water barely coming into the wagon. Then we started over the other stream. It was deeper and swifter and the current had so washed the other bank that it was very steep and the horse balked. The water was about six inches deeper than the top of the wagon box which caught the full force of the current and turned over throwing us all out into the water. I hung on to my grip all right and lit on my feet, one of the men scrambled out on the farther bank and one of them got mixed up with the wagon and he did have a hard time for he lost his head and was carried downstream perhaps 150 yards when the Indians rode in and got him out, wet but not hurt. I waded to the Island. It was no more dangerous than trout fishing. I first thought I'd just go back across the smaller stream to the house and dry up and so I shouted to the other passenger, whose name was H.

to go downstream to where the drivers were for they had scrambled on that side and let the Indians help him across. But he said nothing would make him cross again but that he was going to walk to the next station, Bonanza. As that was on ten miles at least without a horse between it did not seem right to let him go alone and so I got an Indian to fasten two lariettes together and throw me the rope. He did it splendidly and I wrapped it around my waist and waded across. It was pretty swift near the bank but with the help of the rope I made it easily. Of course I left my bag and overshoes on the island to be brought on by the stage. Then H. and I struck a lively pace for Bonanza. The road was, however, wet and muddy most of the time and we had to wade four streams over knee deep, but the brisk walk kept us fairly warm. In the meantime they had telephoned to Bonanza for a wagon to meet us and after we had travelled about five miles we did meet a team. At first I thought we had better keep walking as it was getting cold and dark (the trip over was in broad day light) but the road got so wet and muddy and snowy that we climbed in and rode the rest of the way. There was a stone house at Bonanza and a stove. Here we did nearly have an accident for in his zeal to make the fire burn the man threw in some gasoline and it nearly blew up the stove. Well I took off my clothing and by 11.30 had my underwear dry. So I slept in that, on a bunk with plenty of bedding the rest of the night. Next morning we got a good breakfast, for in another part of the house the man's wife lived, and we found the rest of our things were dry so we rode on to White River, got a team there and made Dragon and the R. R. by 4 P.M. I arranged for service and had a fine crowd out at 8 P.M. and the next morning came on to Salt Lake feeling absolutely none the worse in any way. Now please remember that this road is unpleasant only in time of high water. The unusual amount of snow this year made the trouble. Usually it is a beautiful ride.

One hundred miles by stage to the railroad brought the new bishop out of the Uintah country. He next visited the

stations in Western Colorado which took him over ground his father had sown with seed, and then hurried to Salt Lake. After a few days, spent in writing letters, he was off again, this time going West to Nevada. One of the letters was from his successor at St. Paul's asking advice. "A. wrote me a nice though rather pious letter asking my advice. I've just written telling him I'd help him in any way in my power but saying that I thought he better go it blind, that he ought not to try to do just as I had done as the parish needed a leader not an imitator, but that I hoped he'd not decide hastily that it was over organized, for all the societies seemed fitted to the needs, that the choir was really a big boy's club, etc."

To His Mother

This is the most lively mining camp in the world, like Leadville in 1879 and Cripple Creek in 1890. I got in after a long trip this A.M. at one, and luckily got a bed, in the Annex, a neat place with six beds, curtained off in a tent with board sides. I am writing this at the bar of the Palace Hotel, there being no other writing room. There isn't a tree in sight and yet the bare hills are beautiful. Two of the Poes, of Princeton foot-ball fame, are here. Johnnie Poe will help me Sunday in the choir and pass the plate.

I waited in line at the post-office and got my mail. The P. O. is in a bad way. Nobody wants to be postmaster. It only pays $30.00 a month rent and the building is in demand at $175. The government only pays $70, and nobody will work for less than $4.00 a day. So the postmaster has resigned and wants to be relieved for he is steadily growing poorer.

April 2.

I went to the hall early to get the seats arranged. About fifty orders met there. It is strange how much sooner these societies

get a hold than the Church. The people began to come early and at the service there were many more women than men. Most all knew the places and responded. There were twenty-two at communion. In the evening we had a big crowd and lots of men. Johnnie passed the hat and the offering was $27.06.

The wife of the auditor of the railroad is building a club house; she proposes to raise $10,000 and build a fine reading room and gymnasium, and the project seems a go.

One meets all the while graduates of Whitaker's Hall. It is a great proof that the Church school does far reaching good.

Spalding visited Goldfield in an auto where he looked up all the people whose names had been given him and found many more. People told him the town would last but he had suspicions. The old deserted camps were most forlorn and he was puzzled to know what to do for them. Places where millions of dollars had been taken out of the ground he found almost deserted, with their greater smelters rusting and rotting. After a church has been built, if the vein of gold ends the people pack up and move to the next strike. Tonopah, Goldfield, and Bull Frog were new places, with 10,000 people, and many idle men, crowded streets, saloons and gambling, few good buildings and many tents.

LAS VEGAS, NEV.

You ought to see this hotel. A long tent with a double row of beds down the middle aisle and canvas alcoves next to the wall. Mine is in the corner.

There is water here and there will probably always be a town. If we can get land for a church we ought to, I suppose. If Nevada only had water! Right in the midst of the Sage brush desert you come upon the most beautiful meadows and ranches. It is a climate which will produce most everything, water only needed.

I wonder whether it is moral cowardice or a decent modesty

which prevents me from standing on the corner, gathering a crowd for a while by beating a drum or yelling, and then preaching like the Salvation Army people. I have spent the time calling. I found a Presbyterian who runs the Mercantile Company. He said they had had two Presbyterian ministers, both poor, and he had written the superintendent to do better next time. The first man had a pain and thought it was the bubonic plague and ran away. The next man preached against the Masons and was starved out.

It's wonderful how simply and gladly they talk about religion. Only one man said gruffly, "Religion is a thing that never gave me any trouble." When I told him it never gave me any either and that I did not think it was for that purpose, he cheered up and "reckoned he was a sort of a Unitarian." At last after looking every where I found the poor old dilapidated Methodist minister. He ought to be resting in riches and honor instead of being in that doleful place. He said it had been a real treat to talk to another minister. If I can't get Church clergymen out here I'm going to be some good to the others. Isn't that the real meaning of Catholic?

I asked the proprietor of the hotel whether he didn't think it would be wiser to take the price tags off the sheets and pillow cases, then one would think they had been washed within a month. "You are most unreasonable," he replied, "when we put those sheets on the beds a month ago they took the place of blankets that hadn't been washed for eight months. You don't know civilization when you see it." But he wouldn't charge a cent for my board and lodging.

CALIENTE, NEVADA.

I came here in the afternoon and Mr. Bentley, the Methodist parson, showed me all over the town. There is a hot spring and the part God made is fine though man's improvements are vile. It is about the most miserable place I was ever fated to spend time in. Perhaps it is a comfort to know that I had seen the limit. The editor of the Caliente Express, wrote an article awhile

ago entitled "What Caliente Needs." There were a church, city water works, a fire department and a system of sprinkling the streets to cool things off, and a bath house. A friend of his in Montana, also an editor, commented on this editorial as follows. "We beg to call to the attention of the editor of the Express that the needs of Caliente are identical with the needs of hell."

I spent the night in the Culverwell House. As the landlady said, it wasn't just arranged for a hotel because the only way to get in and out of our room without going through Mr. and Mrs. ——'s room was through the window. All night Mr. and Mrs. —— conversed and it was hard to realize that any partition was between. Such a Caudle lecture she did give him! Finally he arose and swore by heaven that he was innocent and if she didn't shut up he would blow his brains out, etc. All of which was not conducive to sleep.

I was glad to start for Delamar, thirty-two miles away. And indeed the ride was so beautiful that I quite forgot the ——. First we went through a most interesting canyon. Curious conglomerate rocky walls hundreds of feet high with the strata tipped up all sorts of ways. Then out on the high ground with wonderful views of distant blue mountains and into stretches of white sandy desert. We went over to the Hot Spring for new horses and water. The stable made me instantly think of Bethlehem for its a cave running into the hillside, propped up with rough timbers, looking for all the world like the picture in the Chapel in Erie. It runs back about one hundred feet and at the end is a most delicious spring of the purest, coldest water. The man who dug it all hoped to find water enough to irrigate a ranch but there wasn't enough, barely enough to water stock and he committed suicide, going mad with the loneliness of the place. With the new horses we climbed the next divide and saw even more wonderful things. I counted forty-three different kinds of flowers growing in that desert and some I'd never seen before, are especially beautiful like a lady-slipper with the most delicate perfume. As you go over the last hill but one, you come out into a forest almost of yucca palms, they call them.

The Bishop's next trip, the fourth task he had set himself, was to Northwestern Colorado.

RIFLE, COLO. June 23.

What a shame it is that our Church got so behind in all these places. There is a flourishing Methodist and two Campbellite Churches and really no room for ours. It does not seem right to put a church in where there is too hard work supporting those already struggling. There is no chance to have a service in Rifle this time, but next time I hope I can, for it is a good thing for the Church to be seen and heard once in awhile.

There is an amusing old man here who is trying to get money to establish a grand Consumptive Home at Salida, Colo. He is trying to raise $50,000 by selling at fifty cents apiece an engraved souvenir of himself on Abraham Lincoln — Lincoln, the Destroyer of the Black Scourge and B. the Destroyer of the White Scourge of consumption. He told me that he was in the theatre in Washington when Lincoln was killed, helped carry him out, saw a drop of blood fall on a program, picked it up and saved it. The souvenir has a picture of this blood drop too. He told me that book learning is no good in preaching, only the simple word from the heart. "But if yer preach, do it so that you'll blister 'em. Nothing else will help them."

MEEKER, June 26.

The stage started at eight, with a nice young driver, a hardware drummer and a young woman, perhaps a school teacher. The driver talked to the four horses in the usual affectionately blasphemous way. We reached Meeker at 5.20 and Mr. George and Victor Moulton met me.

The church is beautiful and the music really wonderful. A Mr. Ritz, an Englishman, is choirmaster and the voices were fine. They sang "O Taste and See" in the morning and "O Rest in the Lord" and "As pants the heart" at night, and did it all very well. We had lots of work, early celebration, Sunday School and talk to children. Morning Prayer and sermon, service at four with sermon, and confirmation at night. Twelve

boys and two girls, five pairs of brothers and two of sisters. Mr. George is very proud of having more boys than girls in his school. I think we also called on nearly every person in town. I got away pretty tired. We had splendid meetings, however, and all are encouraged.

XX Ranch, Arial, Colo.

Mr. Iles with whom I am stopping, is a thinker and saves up hard questions for the Bishop. We have been discussing the resurrection of the body and the Virgin birth and the credibility of the Gospels, etc., etc.

There was a murder down the road night before last. A man named Wright was killed. The stage driver said it served him right for he was "awful disagreeable." I have learned that the county officials have visited the spot and decided that the man was shot, that they don't know who shot him and that they don't think it is worth while finding out. But Mr. Iles agrees with me that for the honor of the county more investigation should be made.

This is a regular ranch, a cattle ranch, with many cowboys about. The house is a dirt-covered log cabin. Every body helps cook and wash dishes, and they are very hospitable. The people like to have their guests talk a good deal to them and so writing is not easy. I must stop and be pleasant.

Hayden, Colo.

You are to admire this hand bill for I did it myself. The printer wasn't in town and Mr. Wood let me use the type and I did as well as the rather limited assortment would permit. It's wonderful how all one has learned, even in fun, comes in handy some time.

The Yampa or Bear River, for Yampa is Indian for bear, is a big slowly flowing stream, and all along the valley are ranches, some of them very fine — "Richmen's Hobbies." Thompson, the stage driver, said even the mosquitoes had a pedigree. He also told me about the people I'm to meet. If they were ap-

proved by him he calls them "real common." Mr. P., he said, was "real common, just as common as an old pair of shoes."

We had a church quite well filled and a brother of the man I was good to in the hospital helped get the crowd. You see how far reaching good is. Mr. Heyse, the Congregational minister, gave me the church very willingly. The Congregationalists boast that they are no sect or denomination but just a collection of Christian people of all churches. I wish we could only make them see that such an idea is impossible except in theory, for all the thinking and teaching is thrown on *one* man, while the use of the Prayer Book with its catholic teaching and its accumulated experience of the religious life of the past is a protection from sectarianism, not a mock of it; the difficulty is that so many of our own men fail to see this and in spite of the Prayer Book are sectarian. I consider that an extreme ritualist, for example, is just as sectarian in his whole spirit as a Seventh Day Adventist.

I leave for Steamboat at noon — thirty miles more — which will make one hundred and forty-eight miles from the railroad.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS,
July 5, 1905.

The only part of the road that wasn't dusty was when we forded the Elk River and that was quite exciting for the water was high and swift and the river quite wide. The editor of the Routt Co. Republican was a passenger and was very interesting, knowing all the news of the world and all the wonderful resources of the country. Upon the coming of the railroad everything depends and that is the sole topic of conversation. Where will it run, how soon will it be built, etc., etc.

It is nice to be in a house where napkins are clean and one has silver things. I had a fine sleep in a clean hotel bed.

The Methodist minister is very kind and I held services all to-day. I preached horribly, but what is one to do when on the front row are three deaf men with hands to their ears. Nor can I get quite used to noisy babies. The result was I tired myself all out shouting.

I spent Saturday calling on the few Church people. It seems so wicked that our Church should have held the first services in this town and in most of the towns along this river, and now be left behind by even the Seventh Day Adventists. There are about ten communicants and they represent little financial strength. As one woman expressed it, "The town is badly overchurched now."

Both the Methodist and Congregationalist preachers are cordial and broad-minded, so I can have a church whenever I come here. I'll have quite a tale to tell you when I go East. There is a man here who used to be a hard-drinking, fighting, gambling cow-boy, who was converted some years ago and seems to control the religious life of the district. He has started several chapels and his followers have gone to all sorts of extremes — Holy Rollers, Perfectionists, etc. I wonder if that sort of thing isn't characteristic of every new country. But think how much religious loss might have been saved if the Church would only do her duty.

We went to the Grove by the river to hear the Fourth of July exercises. Brother Campbell of the Christians was to pray and Bro. Travis of the Methodists to give the oration, but Brother C. didn't appear and Brother T. asked me if I would pray or if he should pray and I should speak. I told him I'd rather speak if I had my choice though in a pinch I could pray, — but I hoped I'd get out of it. However, he prayed and prayed very well too, I suspect getting in a good deal of his speech under the form of praise and thanksgiving. The presiding officer then said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, you remember the story of the old maid who prayed for a husband, and an owl in a tree cried — 'who — who,' and she thinking it was an answer to her prayer said, 'Oh good Lord anybody.' Since poor Brother Campbell who was to have spoken is also away, it is a question of anybody. And I take pleasure in introducing Bishop Spalding who will address you." As there was no help for it, I mounted the platform, thanking my stars that grandmother had been patriotic and given me a five dollar gold piece for learning the Declaration

of Independence, which I could recite until I got my wits collected, and then I waved the stars and stripes quite gaily before it was over.

YAMPA, July 5.

I was the only passenger for quite a way. The stage driver, called Lou, was not much of a conversationalist except to his horses, to one of which he gave much attention, saying that he had a "thick skin and a short memory." I was humming to myself and he said, "sing a song to pass the time away." I protested that I didn't know any but he said, "give me one of them religious songs. Course you can't do it as good as if it was in a house but I like to hear it just the same." So I caroled lustily while we pulled up a long hill when he said, the going would have to be slow and quiet.

Going over what is called Yellow Jacket Pass the flowers were simply wonderful. The columbine seemed three feet tall and wonderfully large and beautiful; and so many wild roses that the air was sweet with them.

We had service at 10.30 and there were eight communicants and I confirmed a girl whom, strange to say, I had baptized in Central City.

MONTROSE, July 9.

We drove to Olathe a new town of perhaps fifty or one hundred inhabitants and two churches, a Baptist and a "Christian Unions," of which I had never heard before. The pastor of the Christian Unions runs a big ranch too and was riding the ditch; but we had a nice call on his wife. She said we could use their church whenever we wanted to. She asked if our Church was the Methodist Episcopal and when we said no but the old and original Episcopal, she was much puzzled; she said that she had never heard of that Church before! When we reached the Baptists he was conducting a Bible Class to study the Sunday School lesson. There were four present and they invited us to join, which we did, and they asked us to give our opinion of the passage under consideration in which the Lord gives to Hezekiah

the sign of the shadow going back ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz. Not an easy subject though the old man had a very interesting explanation based on sun dials, etc. which he had seen.

Had I known that my mother was going to send me with her approval a clipping by T. K. Cheyne, who is the most radical of the Higher Critics, I would have told them that the whole story was probably an idle fairy tale, written many centuries later.

The church here is beautiful and the people like Lyon. He has certainly worked hard. He laid the floor and did a lot of the carpenter work with his own hands. It is necessary if a man is to be contented out in these little places that he be pleased with small things, and yet he must be a big enough man not to be satisfied with them, and it is a trouble to find that combination.

Is there a place in Denver where a little brass tablet can be made? I'd like to have this for father's pulpit in Erie, just his simple name. I do not care for Rt. Rev. and D.D.

"In loving memory of John Franklin Spalding, a preacher of Christ and His Righteousness. He founded this church and lived for its members."

To His Mother

D. & R. G. R. R., July 14, 1905.

The people of Mancos are easily the most amusing folk I've so far met. You know the town isn't far from the cliff dwellers and I guess the present inhabitants have rubbed off some of the queerness from their progenitors. Everybody in the town is jealous of every body else. There isn't any church, they do not own a foot of land and will need every cent they can scrape together to buy land. But Mrs. A. has made up her mind that a memorial window comes first and she is raising money for it!

Mrs. B. said, "We all know Mrs. A. and of course we make allowance." Mrs. A. has already told me that Mrs. B.'s father had died in an insane asylum so that nobody took her seriously. Nobody remarks nowadays, "See how these Christians love one another," but instead, "Watch these church members scrap."

I hurried to the hall after dinner and put on my robes in the

open before the place was full. A boy came saying that Mr. D., who was to have ushered, was hunting his cow which had strayed away. So behold me in Episcopal vestments, ushering the people, passing books, hustling chairs from one end of the room to the other, and failing to raise windows. I must have preached a remarkable sermon, for a Methodist said it was a regular Methodist sermon and a Roman Catholic declared it was a regular Roman Catholic sermon. Mr. E. said he would give a dollar every time "we put a sermon on in Mancos."

I have an idea for an article on the Sunday question. I'm afraid my mother might not think it orthodox though. This is my proposition. It is no longer possible to combine a day of rest and a day of worship. In the rush of modern life the rest day mostly consists of pleasure and recreation, which are incompatible with religion. On the other hand we are to-day honest and search for motives. We discover that what we have called religion was rather pleasure or business as the case may be. Most men are nearer to God in their work than in their play. A working day is more of a religious day than play days. The special services of the revivalist, Brotherhood noon-day meetings, Phillips Brooks in old Trinity, all prove it. The conclusion is that the Church must provide new ways of feeding souls, ways closer allied to work than to play. And when we come to the Bible we find that Jesus and St. Paul both paid little attention to days. The sacrament is a meal. "I must work the works of him that sent me." "Whatsoever ye *do*, do all to the glory of God." What do you think of that? I have been talking religion to a lot of men and I am convinced that it consists with them far more in honesty, industry, working hard for wife and children than it does in hearing sermons or prayers. Indeed the motives which make many of them belong to the Church will not bear close examination.

Oh! but the country is beautiful. The other night going into Telluride was simply marvellous. The green of all shades, the great red cliff, the snowy part of the San Juan range — so sharp and gray and white, the blue sky and the snow white clouds.

A wonderful afterglow and all shading into the dull silver of the moonlight. There E. isn't that quite poetic?

His next trip was into Northern Nevada where he had work among the ranches.

CLOVER VALLEY, NEVADA, Oct. 9.

Well, it is a poor little town which makes one want understandingly to call it "God forsaken." I dined with Dr. Olmstead who doctors there for miles around. The soul doctor was starved out last week and the only church — a Presbyterian — is closed. They seemed glad to see a new man. This valley is about twenty miles wide and 30 long with a strip of three miles wide which will grow anything. We stopped at all the ranches along the way to say, "How do you do." Our's is the only mission and all the people are in some degree connected with the Church. We passed the Hall, built by the community for all sorts of gatherings including Sunday School and Church. It is beautifully placed. Behind, the great ragged, jagged mountains rise perhaps to a height of twelve thousand feet and in front lies the broad valley. It is all bare now but must have been wonderful with the green alfalfa and the waving grain.

I came at rather a bad time for the cattle buyer has just come and the men were busy rounding up the cattle. However, there were about fifty out, including children and two babies who never made a sound. The singing was fine. They have a little organ that shuts up into a box, for the mice and rats eat the inside out of the other kind. After church with a lot of guests we went home to the typical Sunday dinner — chicken, cake and jellies.

In the afternoon Mr. Weeks and I went to the round-up. I tell you "The Virginian" idealizes it. I never realized what a brutal, brutalizing trade the cattle business is. First we watched the weighing. Over the platform of the scales is built a pen into which as many of the poor frightened creatures as possible are driven, from five to seven, and weighed. They average from

eleven hundred to twelve hundred pounds and are paid for, three and a half cents per pound. Then I went to see the branding.

Mr. H. who owns a big cattle ranch of one hundred and seventy-five thousand acres and forty thousand cattle was buying yearlings. The poor struggling, frightened brutes were driven into a sort of trough, two at a time. When in, the sides are chained together with ropes so that they are packed in and then branded in two places and their ears cut. The dust and cries and the struggling and the burning odor and the blood made it an awful ghastly sight, and I was glad to get away.

At night we had another good service and in spite of the fact that the men were very tired several of them came. I am to spend the next three days going about calling and dining. Did I tell you Mr. Taylor of Warren sent me $100 for my work, from one of his laymen, and just in time to help get Smith out here where he is much needed.

I never saw more hospitable people. Everybody is always welcome and to stay as long as they please. Visitors seem to be a luxury in Clover Valley.

EUREKA, NEV. Oct. 19.

Got here this A.M. in a regular blizzard, snow right in our faces. Ought to have arrived at 2 A.M. but it was 4.30. Had a big thick coat, borrowed in Ely and gunny sack about my feet and didn't mind it. The people here were glad to have me and I was just in time for a funeral. The funeral was dreadful; undertakers in town may be officious but those in the wilds are unspeakable. This man jumped into the grave to pull up the straps and put the cover on the box.

I send you the letter from President Wilson (asking him to preach in the Princeton college chapel). It is about the biggest honor I've ever had. I wish I might accept it, but I am more likely to get money for Utah in Trinity Church than in college chapel.

We had fine services last night. Wonderful with no clergyman.

It really seems that two or three earnest lay people do more good than a poor minister.

I go to-morrow noon to Austin. It is only seventy-five miles over the country but nearly three hundred as I have to go. One does spend so much time just "getting there." The people in the east do not understand what a lot of time it all takes, as long to go from Eureka to Austin as from Chicago to New York.

AUSTIN, NEV. Oct. 22.

We had a fine service. The Methodists shut up shop and the preacher, a very nice man, read the lessons for me. The church here was for years the first in Nevada. It had a pipe organ and beautiful walnut furniture. How I wish we could get enough money to have a clergyman. The rectory had been abandoned and was in ruins when Captain G., a fine Churchman, who has lived here for years, moved in and has fixed it up in "ship shape." That phrase means a lot to him for he was once a sea captain. The house is neat as a pin. Bishop Leonard doesn't seem to have come oftener than once a year and some times not that. It is the great distance that takes the time. Stage riding is a dreadful waste of time, for one can neither read, or write, only talk and think. And besides when one is alone with the driver he soon learns all that individual knows.

I had quite a time last night. The train from Eureka to Battle Mountain is a little narrow gauge affair and was late. When we reached Battle Mountain I couldn't get a bed, not even a cot, for the races were on in the town. So I sat in the hotel room by the fire. About one o'clock a man came out of one of the bedrooms and asked me why I didn't go to bed, and I laughed and said that beds were a scarce article! He said, "You can take mine, it's clean and I'm through for the night." I protested but he insisted and so I went with him and tumbled in. There were two other men in the little room, but I got some sleep. I have a good bed here at the rectory and I shall make up for lost time.

I confess I had forgotten about the year ago excitement. Its wonderful how one drops into the new life and sort of takes it for granted that it has been that way always. On account of the horse races they have decided not to run the railroad train! It puts me out of all my other appointments, but it gives me a good chance to answer all my letters and visit the public school here.

ELKO, NEV. Oct. 29.

I had a most interesting experience in Battle Mountain. Mrs. Jenkins, an intelligent English woman, told me there were fifteen Church people in town and only three Methodists, and they were longing for a Church service, and that Dr. Polk, the physician was a Churchman. I went to see him and found him a splendid fellow — a Cornell and Columbia man who has worked four years with Bishop Hare. He is just the kind of a Churchman you like to meet — took the Church Standard and knew what he believed and loved the Church. We hustled round and got the loan of the Methodist Church. Posted notices and at 7.30 had a fine service. When I was leaving Dr. P. gave me $10 for missions, saying he hadn't had a chance to for a long time and wants to help. I'll get off to Salt Lake to-night after service.

SALT LAKE, Oct. 30.

Home safe this A.M. Feeling well but rather tired of traveling. I'm to preach twice to-morrow for Mr. Perkins. It is the 25th anniversary of the church. My text is, "Speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward."

I've had another letter from President Wilson. He is certainly taking a lot of trouble to get a poor preacher.

I have been pretty well over the district now and I know just about what it is going to mean. There are two courses open to me. One is to be a superintending kind of a bishop, to try to stay a good part of the time in Salt Lake and go to confirm and all that. If I were married I'd have to be that kind, as father was, for I'd have a duty to my family. But there is the other

kind, the missionary bishop. It would require me to be on the go all the time and, if I am not to be married, I think that is the kind of bishop I ought to be, the kind this district really needs unless it is divided. While it is its present size and while we have so little money to work it, the bishop could easily be away ten months of the year.

It grows very clear to me sometimes that I would be a most unsatisfactory kind of a husband for any woman to have, for if I am to do this work well, I shall have to be away so much that to ask a woman to marry me is to ask her to be very lonely. I ought almost to say, "Will you be my widow?" I guess the Lord knows what He is about for I haven't time to be anybody's husband.

WHITE ROCKS, UTAH, Nov. 10, 1905.

One sometimes wonders whether what Mr. Chesterton says about the book of Job isn't true, that it tells us that life and the world and the whole of it is "one huge divine joke." If that be true then it's the gift of humor which helps us see the job a little and that saves us. And I confess that my sense of humor does come to the relief of my poor old heart sometimes, for I must seem to the angels like a man chasing his hat when the wind has blown it off; just when he has caught up with it it takes another spurt and he goes on ridiculously down the street. He really must try to catch up with it if he can or get a hard cold in the head and be rather absurd without a hat. You are a lot younger than I am, I guess my youthful enthusiasms are all gone.

There have been men who coveted the distinction of the missionary episcopate and loved to be called of men "bishop" and "Rt. Rev.", but who, when confronted by the petty tasks, the hardships and the magnitude of the problem, soon sought transfer to an established diocese or some place of comparative ease. Such men are popularly known in the Church as the bishops *from* such and such a place. But when a man faces the task of the Church

in the new country and endures hardship as a good soldier, he deserves, whether or not he receives, the distinction not of a bishop, but what is infinitely better, of a hero of the Church of God. Frank Spalding went to Utah, as he wrote his mother, "to stay." From his knowledge of the Western country and of his own father's life, he knew what to expect. The stage driver into the Uintah country said of him, "When I first seen him I know'd he was no tender foot." Depressed he might be, after surveying his field, and giving utterance to his mood, for he was ever outspoken and frank, but never overcome and defeated. He said to his own soul, as to the people of St. Paul's, "Speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward."

XI

Salt Lake City

To His Mother

Salt Lake, July 30, 1905.

I've been writing a lot of notes to rich men in Salt Lake, asking them when I can have a short interview with them and if they reply I shall have to get up my nerve and go for the money. It will show how good a beggar I am. I've surely a good cause and I'm going to do my best. It takes all the grit I have to do it. It is so much easier work to give than to make other people give.

The good cause, to which he refers, was St. Mark's Hospital, Salt Lake City. St. Mark's had been started by Bishop Tuttle when such a thing as a hospital had never been thought of in Utah. The Mormons believed that prayer and the laying on of the Elder's hands availed for cure, and felt no need of expert medical science. With the discovery of the precious metals in the mountains of Utah the population increased rapidly, the newcomers engaging in more dangerous work than farming, which was the only occupation the Mormon leaders encouraged, and the need of a hospital became urgent. Started in a small adobe house in two rooms, in seven years St. Mark's cared for two thousand three hundred and eight patients at an expenditure of $64,870.98. Until 1904 St. Mark's Hospital kept up this remarkable record of self support. Its gifts for the erection of new buildings and the purchase of

equipment had amounted to less than $25,000 and of that amount $21,000 was given by five generous Western men. In the year 1903 $30,000 was borrowed for the erection of the north wing, with its greatly needed operating room and kitchen. In the meantime other churches followed the example of the Episcopal Church. The Roman Catholic Church opened a hospital and the Mormons erected the Latter Day Saints Hospital at a cost of $1,000,000. The patronage of St. Mark's fell behind, and Bishop Leonard, as one of the last acts of his episcopate, signed a mortgage for $30,000. When Bishop Spalding went to Utah the hospital was unable to pay interest on the debt and was badly in need of a nurses' home.

To the distasteful task of raising money Spalding set himself with a will in the first summer of his episcopate. He knew that the large sum needed would have to be raised outside of Utah but he believed that every effort should first be made in Salt Lake City.

To His Mother

June 10, 1905.

Dr. B. is kind enough to agree to go about with me this summer and try to raise money in Salt Lake City to repair the hospital, and I cannot tell him that I will not do it, when he is willing, for it is very kind in him to go. The hospital is really in a very serious condition. We have tried our very best to get the trustees to act and they will not do it, so I must. I went all through the new Mormon hospital the other day. Everything is just as it ought to be with the great Mormon Church behind it to pay any deficit. And just think of it, the will that began that hospital was written by a sick man in St. Mark's! I know if we are to keep the doctors we must make many improvements and we cannot do that without money. I expect I shall have

to spend many weeks in the East next winter appealing for money for the hospital but I cannot honestly do that until I have tried out here.

July 28.

I made my beginning yesterday as a hospital beggar and had no success. Mr. H. never answered my note and Mr. W. turned me down hopelessly. But in all great wars except the Russian-Japanese the losers of the first battle won out in the end. I must stop and spend the evening making calls. I suspect it is to be mostly up to me. Dr. B. is slapping me on the back and telling me to "go it."

E. told me with great enthusiasm that he had collected fifty-three dollars for the hospital. Mr. H. came in saying, "Did you hear what E. did?" "Yes," I said, "he made a creditable contribution." "Yes," said H., "he sent me fifty-three dollars and with it a patient with typhoid to be paid for with the fifty-three dollars as far as it would go. The hospital will therefore probably be poorer for the interest of E."

When Bishop Spalding finally went East after making every effort in Salt Lake he raised $53,000 which paid in full the indebtedness, and erected the Bishop Leonard Memorial Nurses Home. The decline in St. Mark's patronage was only temporary. In September, 1914, just before his death, he reported two thousand eight hundred and fifty-three patients cared for and the hospital revenue amounting to over $84,000. There were thirty-two physicians on the staff, consulting, active and associate, thirty-nine nurses in the training school, five supervising nurses and at least six graduate nurses always in attendance on private patients. St. Mark's had at that time $16,000 endowment; three ward beds were endowed with $5000 each and a gift of $1000 provided for the upkeep of a private room. Of this endowment $1100 was given

by Eastern friends. Beginning with absolutely nothing, St. Mark's not only paid its own way almost entirely, but built a plant worth over $100,000. Churchmen outside of Utah contributed in that time to the fabric and endowment less than $70,000. St. Mark's has almost a unique history of self-reliance and self-support. It was the work of Frank Spalding, taken up with no confidence in his ability to raise money but pushed with all his grit, that restored St. Mark's to its place of usefulness and service to all sorts and conditions of men.[1]

The last article which Bishop Spalding wrote before his death was about St. Mark's. In it he said that though St. Mark's was ministering to more patients than either of the other hospitals in Salt Lake City, the time had come when a new hospital must be built. "Of course the St. Mark's of the future cannot build itself. God only knows where the hundreds of thousands of dollars it will cost will come from. But if St. Mark's is doing His work they will surely come." In that faith he labored and in that faith he died. Those who knew of his faith and labor have proposed that the new St. Mark's shall be a memorial to him. If the Church at large knows of it, beyond doubt generous Church people will make his last dream a beneficent reality.

To His Mother

SALT LAKE, Oct. 6, 1905.

Rowland Hall is fine. The new teachers are very nice looking and the school is bigger than ever; thirty-eight boarders and I don't know how many day pupils.

[1] In one month 209 patients were distributed as follows: men 176, women 33; Irish 4, Greeks 23, Americans 146, Finns 12, Austrians 5, Swedes 5, Japanese 4, Italians 6, Scotch 1, German 1. Episcopal 14, Roman Catholic 24, Mormons 30, Presbyterian 9, Disciples 2, Baptist 3, Greek Church 22, Lutheran 7, no church connection 98.

Before the public schools of Utah were improved and passed under "Gentile" control, the Church established day schools in towns where it had missions. After that much-needed reform in the public school system the Church wisely closed its schools. In Salt Lake City, however, the girls' school had been partially endowed and had received several scholarships from generous friends in the East. This school was Rowland Hall, and when Spalding went to Utah it was entering upon its twenty-fifth year.

Rowland Hall had an excellent record of scholarship. Its graduates frequently went to the leading colleges of the country and there found that they had been well prepared. But what especially interested Bishop Spalding was the school's contribution to the home in the small town and on the ranch. On his first visit to the outlying missions of his jurisdiction he found here and there a graduate of a Church School and saw its far-reaching influence. It was women receiving such training who kept up the Sunday School in towns where no clergymen had been sent, or assisted the clergymen or who worked up a congregation for the bishop.

In 1905, when Bishop Spalding reached Salt Lake, Rowland Hall faced a critical year. It became necessary to erect a new building, and the "Brunot Bequest" of $38,000 had to be used for that purpose, thus depriving the school of what had been for a number of years an endowment. Building materials increased in cost during that year, so that although the original plan of having a chapel connected with the school was abandoned, and parts of the building were kept unfinished, yet a debt of $12,000 had to be incurred. Instead of having the income of $38,000 to apply to the expenses of the school and the assistance of needy pupils, the school had to pay from its income the

interest on $12,000. The scholarships amounted in that year to $1045, while $2115 was spent in helping girls who could not stay in the school without help. Under such conditions the school could not exist long.

It was proposed to meet the critical situation by increasing the tuition to $500, but Bishop Spalding set his face against it. The school was ever in danger of becoming a select private day school for the daughters of well-to-do people in Salt Lake who could well afford to send them to expensive Eastern schools; whereas he had ever in mind the girl on the ranch and in the small town. It was this girl who in all probability would, after graduation, go back to her home and become influential, either as teacher in the school or as mother of a family. The students usually became Churchwomen before graduation, and thus through them the high standards of Christian womanhood were carried into the valleys and mountains. Therefore Spalding determined to give the education to the girls who needed it and would make the best use of it. It meant, however, that he must raise the money to pay the debt and finish the building. He believed there must be those who were interested in the education of these girls and the Church work in the far West, who, when they knew of the need, would furnish the money necessary to relieve the embarrassment. There were no Church schools in Utah, Montana, Nevada, Wyoming, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and the girls from western Colorado and eastern Idaho could reach Rowland Hall more easily than the Church schools in their own states. Where Mormonism was intrenched Spalding felt that it was essential that Christian influence should surround the girls of both city and country. It was a lamentable fact that a large number of Gentile girls were being educated in Mormon Church schools.

When the burden of the hospital debt had been lifted, Bishop Spalding put his strong shoulders beneath Rowland Hall. He had appealed to Utah and the East for the hospital, he would appeal to Utah and California for the school. The great tide of population as it swept westward leaped the mountains and settled down on the coast where it increased in wealth and culture. The Pacific coast was draining wealth out of the Utah mountains as was the Atlantic, and Spalding felt that it had a corresponding duty to the mountains.

To His Mother

May 10, 1909.

I am going to the Pacific coast to try to get money for Utah and stir up missionary interest. I have been working this idea up for some time and when at last Bishops Keator and Nichols and all agreed to it I felt I had won quite a victory. I send you herewith an article I wrote for the Pacific Churchman which gives the argument. When I speak of the Middle States I do not mean the old middle west of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, &c. but I mean the western middle states, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, &c. There is great wealth along the Pacific coast and unless we begin to develop a sense of missionary responsibility there, we shall, I feel, be making a great mistake. I know it will not be easy and that I may not make even expenses and yet I believe for the good of the Church in the West some one ought to make the experiment, and I'm going to try as they all seem to think I am as well fitted to do it as any one else. I hope you'll feel that I'm not altogether wrong about the Pacific trip. John Wood was very happy about it, and indeed it seemed a fine step forward for the whole Department. It will not do for us all to feel that we must help only ourselves and they all realize that Utah is an especially tough proposition. It is very kind of Mr. H. to want me but of course I wouldn't consider it even if I could under the canons. I think a missionary bishop ought

to stay. It seems to me that is the real value of the bishop. He is there for life and so becomes thoroughly identified with the State, believes in it, and represents it. This he cannot do if he thinks of the missionary episcopate as a stepping stone to something better.

As a result of his labors East and West, the debt of $12,000 was paid, several scholarships for the payment of the expenses of worthy girls were contributed, and a beautiful new chapel costing $8000 was built, and $4000 was given to finish the unfinished portion of the new building. Thirty-two hundred dollars came from the Missionary Thank Offering of 1908. To-day Rowland Hall, with its dignified chapel and its well-equipped building, stands upon its hill, looking out over the stronghold of the Mormons and the great valley of Utah, a witness to Bishop Spalding's faith in the Christian education of womanhood. He made a great point of building as beautiful buildings as it was possible to do, regretting the many cheap and ugly edifices which represented the Church in so many little towns throughout the West.

The University of Utah, the State University, brings together in Salt Lake City each year a large number of students both Mormon and Gentile. The separation between Town and Gown was in Salt Lake as in every other college center. Spalding came into contact with the students of the University the first June he was in Salt Lake, when he preached the baccalaureate sermon before the Class of 1905. How to reach the students and surround them with the protection and inspiration of religion was a problem which deeply interested him from that time. When he found himself free of the burdens which he had inherited he took up with enthusiasm the solution of the student problem. It seemed to him that a club-house similar to

the successful work for students at Logan, would do for young men in the University what the parish house had done for the children and young people of Erie. A house with dormitory, swimming-tank, reading-room, billiard-room and chapel would bring together, upon a social basis, Mormon and Gentile students. In the exchange of opinion and the common interest of work and play, student would influence student, and a better understanding would result. So the Emery House was built, adjoining the University campus. At its very center, as the source of its life, is the chapel with its daily prayers, attendance at which was entirely voluntary. There are rooming accommodations for thirty-eight men, a dining-room big enough to accommodate the residents and others, a swimming-tank, which is used on certain days by boys of the neighborhood and by the students. There, in the reading-room is found to-day the library of Bishop Spalding and the desk and chairs which he used in his Salt Lake study. The daily influence of this house upon the students of the University is great and from the day it was opened it has been taxed to its utmost capacity. The Emery House was made possible by a gift of twenty-five thousand dollars from one generous Ohio woman who had followed the career of Frank Spalding with motherly interest and found in this work for college men a beautiful memorial to her own boy who had died while a student in college.

Bishop Spalding's influence in the city was exerted through the pulpit even more than through the institutions of the Church. During the summers he frequently took duty at St. Mark's Cathedral while the Dean was on his vacation. Every Lent, when he could arrange to be in Salt Lake, he gave a course of lectures.

To His Mother

Aug. 6, 1905.

There was a good congregation this morning and I preached a new sermon which I had written out, on the Transfiguration and had a good time preaching it too. It was about Peter's proposal to build three booths, etc. I tried to show that we all needed to get out of the rush and sin of life, up with Christ and Moses and Elias; that Christ stood for a new grasp on the worth of man and the love of God, Moses for a new hold of the eternal principle of right and wrong, and Elijah for a sense of duty though all the world seemed against one. But that the real proof of Christ's divinity was not in his being on the mountain with raiment white and glistering but his taking the strength he got there and going down to the plain with it to heal the sick and cast out the devil; as Gerald Stanley Lee says, "to love ordinary James and try again with Judas and be Peter's brother until he died." And here I took a shot at two tendencies; the selfishness of culture — which wants us to be children of nature in a forest of Arden, build booths and stay there; and the Christian Scientist, who bids one live up on the heights so completely that you are to hypnotize yourself into thinking there are no suffering, sinning men who need you down below.

It is nice to spend Lent at home and have regular addresses to deliver. I've undertaken a good deal in the lectures at St. Paul's and St. Mark's. It is harder than it used to be for they make a bigger fuss over a bishop's addresses than they used to over a rector's, and that makes me nervous. We had a church full at St. Paul's last night and the people listened very attentively. I am also lecturing to the Rowland Hall girls on the Bible, Fridays at 11.45, for forty-five minutes. It makes a good deal of work for they seem, especially at St. Mark's, to expect a good deal from the Bishop. I am working very hard over these lectures and only wish I had more time.

His lectures dealt with such important subjects as, "The Personality of God," "The Divinity of Christ," "Inspiration

of the Bible," "Credibility of Miracles," "The Authority of the Church," "Prayer — Is it Reasonable." On special occasions such as Labor Sunday he arranged special services, making use of prayers such as those of Professor Rauschenbusch and rearranging hymns like "Onward, Christian Soldiers," making it read, "Onward, Christian Workers."

April 10, 1908.

I finished my last lecture — on Socialism — last night to a church crowded to the doors. The lectures didn't please everybody and yet I think they did good for they brought a lot of people to church who haven't been there for years, and I suppose one's influence and the Church's influence is increased as the Bishop is known to all sorts and conditions of men. It is wonderful what big crowds we have had at the St. Paul's lectures.

Saturday Night.

I have a busy Sunday ahead of me but I think I have my sermons pretty well in mind. I'm going to preach at St. Paul's in the A.M. on St. Matt. 27 : 5, 6, 7. The text is so odd that the people will look up and listen but the moral is clear. When we sell our master, the Christ within us who is our only hope of glory, remorse is sure to follow, and we shall find the silver — the pleasure — worthless and will fling it down into the temple, and it is fit for nothing. Had we stood for Christ, our example would have made things live. But the treason is good only to make graves.

And then at night in the Cathedral, on St. John, XI. 51, 52. How Christ's death unified the world, as Maurice said, "What the Roman eagle was expected to do, the cross succeeded in doing." If we want brotherhood and peace and unity, we must cultivate not the force and power and cruelty of the eagle, but the unselfishness and the love of the cross.

Preaching in a place once a year is certainly different from

preaching in a parish to the same congregation each Sunday. It is a pleasure being at St. Mark's twice in succession.

Preaching to a handful of people in the towns isn't very good practice for eloquence and choice diction, for though of course I try to use as good words as I can, to keep their attention, one is compelled to be conversational and simple.

In Salt Lake City Spalding was ever at work, trying to understand and encourage some group in its struggle for better conditions, or help on some noble cause. He was President of the Utah Peace Society, and the Archæological Society and belonged to the Salt Lake Playground Association, the National Consumers' League, National Committee of One Hundred, Anti-Tuberculosis, American Association for Labor Legislation, Intercollegiate Socialist Society, Sons of American Revolution, American Sociological Society, the Y. M. C. A. He always accepted, when possible, invitations to speak for these causes, he wrote letters to office holders in behalf of useful legislation; he paid the dues and tried to read their publications.

To His Mother

March 31.

Yesterday I spoke to the D. & R. G. strikers, giving them a review of Carroll D. Wright's book on the "Battles of Labor." He delivered the lectures in Philadelphia Divinity School.

I began my lectures on the Bible at the Y. M. C. A. last night and had a good sized crowd, the room full. It was fine having all those men to talk to. The Y. M. C. A. certainly does a lot of good, for that great building is full of men and boys all the time.

I've been so busy that I couldn't write and have had several rather interesting adventures. I called on President Joseph F. Smith and met him in his room surrounded by several of the apostles or counsellors. I wanted to get him to use his influence to prevent the sale of liquor to the Indians, and they all promised.

March 31.

I have been asked by Mr. Orson Whitney to be one of a Committee to hear him read a new school history of Utah which he has written and which he proposes introducing into the Utah Schools. I really don't know what I ought to do about it; though it would be very interesting and it will be very delicate, one would like to help make the history truthful and that way invites unpleasant relations with the Mormons. But I think if I can get in the time I'll do it, for what am I here for if not to do just such things.

The papers of Salt Lake uttered a simple truth, known to all men, when they headed their accounts of the terrible accident of September 25, 1914, with these words, "Salt Lake has lost a great citizen."

XII

Mormonism

Bishop Spalding was the first missionary among the Mormons to make a serious effort to understand Mormonism. His exposition of the theological system of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, based as it was upon a first-hand study of the Book of Mormon and other authoritative literature of the church, was regarded by the Mormons themselves as eminently fair and true. He held that the missionary to the Mormons was under the same obligation to know their literature as was the missionary to the Chinese to know the writings of Confucius. From the day he went to Utah we find him both reading the Mormon literature and seeking to know the effect of its teaching on the every-day life of the Mormon people.

To His Mother

Salt Lake City, Jan. 16, 1905.

I made my first break. The little girls where I was dining were telling me about their dolls and when one child said 'I have thirty-two dolls,' I naturally said, 'You are as bad as Brigham Young.' The waitress glared at me and nearly dropped the dishes. When she went out my hostess laughed and said not to mind, for she was a Mormon.

There are a lot of very nice people here. One would hardly know there were any Mormons. Dr. X. of the St. Mark's Hospital told me that the whole business of polygamy was so dis-

gusting that the Gentiles had made up their minds that for decency's sake they would simply ignore it and keep it out of mind and not talk about it any more than they would talk about any other indecent subject. There seems to be a general agreement that time and development alone can cure it and is curing it.

I have become quite well acquainted with Dr. Paden, the Presbyterian minister, and he is a very nice man. He is a great Mormon fighter. Mr. Goshen, the Congregational minister, is also a nice fellow, a brilliant preacher and he disagrees with Dr. Paden and thinks that fighting the Mormons does more harm than good, and that it will in time solve itself.

In Salt Lake City the Gentiles outnumbered the Mormons, but in towns like Logan and Provo the Gentiles were a very small minority. Writing from Logan on Feb. 8, the new bishop said, "This place is a Mormon stronghold. We have but a dozen communicants — poor discouraged little folk who don't know what to do and I don't either." At Provo, while he was preaching to a congregation of twenty, the Mormon bishop was addressing 2000. In the stage from Echo to Park City he found "an intelligent Mormon who declared that he abominated polygamy."

VERNAL, March 3, 1915.

The Mormons are peculiar in their moral ideas. Nobody ever locks his doors for that sort of stealing is unknown. Here, however, Mr. Ostenson once put a hat on a stand near the door and asked any one who wanted to help the church to put in as they were minded. His ears were cheered with a good many clinking coins, but when he counted the spoil there was only ten cents. Later in the evening a young man came to ask him for a Prayer Book, said he was tired of Mormonism and deeply impressed with the Episcopal religion. It proved later that this same pious youth had taken all the money in the hat but

the two nickels, and the Prayer Book dodge was a precaution to prevent discovery. The Mormons are very polite. They always say "excuse me" when they leave the table even in the boarding house. But the Vernal opera house owner said that he would loan us the use of the house because "the Episcopals are ladies and gentlemen and don't spit all over the floor."

The Mormons never blaspheme, but they talk to their horses in language compared with which a literal disobedience of the third commandment would seem edifying. Our stage driver gave his horse what he called, "Hell fire and a down hill shove," and we went the last eight miles in the dark with a rush.

UNION PACIFIC R.R. Aug. 3, 1905.

I am reading the book of Mormon and am going to read nothing else until I finish it, or at least that is my present intention.

SALT LAKE, Aug. 6, 1905.

I am patiently reading the book of Mormon. It is terrible rot, but I suppose I ought to know it if I am to represent the district adequately. I shall be expected to be an authority on Mormonism.

Oct. 10, 1905.

I am now reading with great interest the Mormon articles of the Faith and Doctrine and Covenants and I think I shall be quite an authority after awhile.

I met on the train a very intelligent Mormon or ex-Mormon from Provo and I've had a good argument with him and intend to get some more. He seems to be a well educated man and quotes Mill, Huxley, Darwin et al, with great fluency. He was once a professor in the Brigham Young Academy in Provo, and I got a good deal out of him about Mormonism. There was also on the train a Mormon missionary. He had been preaching twenty-five months in Colorado. He said he hadn't baptized anybody but hoped he had sowed the seed. He believed in polygamy as the most perfect way but doubted whether he was good enough to be married to more than one woman.

RANDLETT, Nov. 8, 1905.

I have been getting lots of evidence for my speech on Mormonism. Out here the Mormons are at their worst and awful tales are told about their utter lack of the common decencies of life. However, I am going to be very careful not to over state the matter.

I've been reading Mormonism until I'm sick. The book by Roberts which they gave me at the Information Bureau was published in 1903 and beats them all. I shall have to go slow or I'll become a fanatic too.

Bishop Spalding made his first address on Mormonism at the Interseminary Missionary Alliance, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in December, 1905. Before going East he took his speech, carefully written out, over to the Bureau of Information in the Temple grounds and asked some one in authority for a frank criticism. The person of whom this unusual request was made lifted his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "At last we have found an honest man." Studying at Harvard at that time was a university professor from Utah who was married to a Mormon woman. He had talked on Mormonism in Cambridge and had given the impression to many that the "Mormons are all right." Bishop Spalding wanted to give a fair and accurate statement of Mormonism in his Cambridge speech, but he also felt that certain plain and unwelcome truths should also be stated. When he reached Cambridge he at once called upon the professor from Utah and invited him to attend the meeting and to hear his speech on Mormonism and the Mormons, as his one aim was to be fair to all concerned. The Bishop was greatly pleased after the meeting to have the professor come up to him and thank him for his fair and intelligent presentation of the subject.

Three methods of dealing with the Mormons were in

vogue when Bishop Spalding went to Utah. One was that of some Protestant Churches which sought to batter down Mormonism with opprobrium. The second was that of the Roman Catholic Church, the plan of building a majestic cathedral on a commanding site in Salt Lake City, and leaving the front door open. The third, advocated by Bishop Tuttle and followed by Bishop Leonard, was to avoid politics and polemic, and preach positively the historic gospel. Bishop Spalding's study of the situation led him to believe that the Roman Church contributed nothing to the solution of the difficulty. The Protestants by their numbers, energy and financial strength accomplished much through their mission schools; but their militant and derisive attitude compromised their Christian influence. The Latter Day Saints did not get, as a rule, the sympathy extended to the Chinese, the Indian, or the African race. This treatment embittered the Mormons against them.

His aim was to avoid this spirit of suspicion and hostility and to confine the efforts of the Church to positive and constructive service to Mormonism. By this method he hoped to accelerate the natural process of Mormon evolution from the state of mind which accepts blood atonement and polygamy up to that which is only satisfied with the Christian standards. Mormonism during the past fifty years has been changed, developed, uplifted by outside influences; it was gradually assuming the likeness of an ordinary Christian sect. Bishop Spalding, realizing the transformation and welcoming it, sought to push it to its consummation.

To that end, he labored, in the first place, to get the Mormons' point of view, holding that it is "all-important to get a man's point of view before we can hope to influ-

ence him." The Mormon boys and girls are taught from infancy, by parents and teachers whom they naturally trust, to believe in the divinity of the Mormon form of church organization and theological expression and in Joseph Smith, Jr., as a prophet of God. Just as soon as they are old enough they are encouraged to bear their witness to the same alleged divine facts. They do not think nor are they encouraged to think. If they have doubts they are taught to pray and work for their Church and to believe that their prayers are answered. The result is a blind, unreasoned belief in the founder of Mormonism as a prophet of God and in the truth of every claim he made. As a result Spalding knew and took joy in pointing out, that it is just as hard to induce a Mormon to change his faith as it is to induce a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian or a Roman Catholic to change his, and for exactly the same reason. Nine-tenths of the members of all churches hold their denominational creed and organization in the same unthinking way that the Mormon holds his. It followed that, to his thinking, sarcasm and ridicule were not only wanting in Christian courtesy but were stupid forms of argument. The Mormon treated them as the orthodox Christian was wont to treat Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" or Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses." He held that infinite patience, unfailing courtesy, frank sympathy and consummate tact were needed in the controversy with the Mormons.

Bishop Spalding also tried to put favorable construction upon Mormon words and acts. He steadily resisted the temptation to tell vivid tales about the Mormons, notwithstanding the pressure he was under to raise money in the East where interest in his work had to be aroused and sympathy created. Although the Mormons habitually over-

praised their own virtues and idealized their history, he did not feel that it was fair to offset their exaggeration with charges of disloyalty and immorality which are not true to-day. Many Gentiles criticized the Mormon system because the revenue is spent by the head officials without consulting the wishes of the people who contribute the money. But he said that that was the method of the Board of Missions of his own Church. The charge was also made that the people of Utah teach treason, and the temple ritual was cited as proof. That part of the temple ritual was as much a dead letter as parts of the Anglican Liturgy. As for polygamous marriage — the universal charge against the Mormon, — Bishop Spalding recognized that that had never been practiced to the extent popularly supposed, and that such marriages were not multiplying. The missionary zeal of two thousand Mormons scattered over the earth, most of whom are school boys, who look at the call to a mission quite as much as a chance to see the world as to convert it, need not be feared by the churches, "if the churches are even half awake." "It is not fair to expect young Mormons to condemn polygamy, because in so doing they would condemn their own fathers and mothers. You ask why do they not strike out the polygamy section from 'Doctrines and Covenants.' The answer is: For exactly the same reason that we can't get the 39 Articles out of the Prayer Book. Ecclesiastical societies are always most conservative. It is harder to change church law, church ritual, church organization than any other social conventions."

It was Bishop Spalding's conviction, based upon wide observation, that within the Mormon Church a leaven was at work. The Bible was displacing the Book of Mormon in the daily use of the people. The idea of God was

being spiritualized. The Mormon Church is interested in education and appropriated from its treasury for Church Schools in Utah $316,450 in one year. The desire of a young man to study in an Eastern university exempts him from going on a mission. While it is true that many Mormons who are graduated from Eastern universities remain faithful and even devote their talents to defending Church doctrine and practice, a much larger number, even though they remain in the Church, take broader views of religion and let their light shine. One of the ablest teachers in Utah told him that the president of the Eastern university from which he was graduated with honors advised him to remain in the Mormon Church as long as they would let him stay. He told him that was the best way to play the game. For the modernist within the Church, Bishop Spalding had deep sympathy, and held that in the public discussion of Mormonism those Mormon reformers should be considered.

To His Cousin

SALT LAKE, Nov. 13, 1908.

I've read carefully the whole of the Mormon number of "The Home Mission Monthly" and I thank you for sending it to me. I do not want to criticise it harshly for I know the men and women who wrote the articles are dead in *earnest* and are doing a great deal of good and yet I confess I do not approve of much that they say or of the way in which they say it. It seems to me the articles show a tendency to select the worst and not the best in Mormonism and judge the system by that. Haven't we changed our thought with reference to foreign missions and oughtn't we to-day to change it with reference to Mormon missions? When we were little we were taught that we ought to send missionaries to China and India and Japan because the people there were utterly depraved and their religion the work and worship of devils, now we deliberately try to see the virtues of

the heathen and like St. Paul we say, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." I want to think and act that way to the Mormons. I know just what the temptation is which George B. Sweazy yields to in his address, and I guess in my speeches I've said many of the things he says, but I try not to do it any more because I feel surer and surer as I go about Utah and meet the people that they no longer believe many of the things he says they believe. I refer to the statement that Jesus practised polygamy and Mary and Martha were his wives. It is awful to think that such a statement was ever made and that some people still hold it, but surely it is a cause for thankfulness that many people in Utah have deliberately rejected it. In his book "Scientific Aspects of Mormonism," Prof. Nelson, a good Mormon, says "Let me disclaim any intention of arraigning ministers of the gospel in general, save as they resemble those in Utah. These latter have declared war on us and are therefore legitimate targets for counter attack. Unable to agree among themselves on tenet and doctrine, they have yet found, deep in their spiritual bosoms, a common bond of union, hatred of the Mormons." It ought not to be possible for any Mormon to write that, and yet it has been in the past nearly true, though the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics have not been as extreme as others in their denunciations. The "Monthly" is not consistent for on page 299 I read "Many of the more obnoxious beliefs, though held by the initiated, are not taught openly, for the young people would not accept them. The Adam God theory for example, the young people know nothing of and yet it is one of the foundation principles of their religion." Now I'd rather magnify the process of giving up, than the process of holding on to the old ideas. To charge the present Mormon with all that Smith and Young taught is almost as bad as charging the Presbyterian Church with all that Edwards preached.

As to the advantages of Church Schools, we have given ours up except Rowland Hall and though I suppose if we still had them I would find many proofs of their usefulness, not having

them I find some good arguments for their discontinuance. Last night I had dinner with Dr. Buxton, the "Christian" minister. His wife was a Mormon girl who was educated in the Presbyterian school at Mount Pleasant. Now I know if we had such a result I'd boast a great deal about it, and yet I believe in the public schools. The paper you sent me admits that, as State schools, the Utah schools rank high and I am inclined to think that it is better that the children of the Gentiles, who make up the majority in the Church schools, should have to attend the public schools, for then their parents are interested in the public schools, take offices on school boards and prevent the Mormons from having a free hand. And besides this, following the example of your Church, the Mormon Church is building up Mormon schools and colleges. They have more money than you have, and they are beating you at your own game. At Logan, for example, the New Jersey Academy hasn't, I suppose over one hundred pupils but the Brigham Young college has seven hundred and fifty. At Springville, the Hungerford Academy has not over one hundred and fifty but six miles away the Brigham Young University has one thousand. Isn't it better that the State Institutions, Public Schools, County High Schools and State University, should be strong and attractive than that the Mormons should, like the Roman Catholics, develop their own educational system where they teach their doctrines and train their preachers?

In Utah and elsewhere are men who regard Mormonism with an easy-going tolerance. What difference does it make what the Mormons believe? Bishop Spalding was once asked by a visiting banker. "What harm does it do? If they love Joseph Smith and his teaching, what business is it of ours?" "Well," he replied, "I must feel about their acceptance and teaching of what is intellectually and morally untrue, just as I suppose you would feel if you knew a group of people were coining and passing counterfeit

money." The man thought a minute and then admitted, "I guess you are right, the counterfeit might pass for a time, but there would be a bad financial smash-up in the end."

With a view to revealing the Mormons to themselves and to giving to them the real meaning of their religion the Bishop and his associates prepared several tracts. His own contribution bore the title, "Joseph Smith, Jr., as a Translator." It was the first attempt ever made to apply the methods of modern Biblical criticism to the Mormon sacred books. According to his own story, Joseph Smith, Jr., found the Book of Mormon near Palmyra, New York. It was written on gold plates, and lay hidden in a box buried in the ground. Deposited with the plates were two crystals, called Urim and Thummim, by means of which the discoverer was able to translate the Egyptian characters in which the book had been written. The question which Spalding asked concerned the accuracy of Smith's translation. Joseph Smith's competency as a translator of ancient Egyptian was of course subject to proof. If, in the judgment of Egyptologists of repute, Smith had made a correct translation of the text.

Unfortunately for purposes of scientific verification, the original records were kept by the heavenly messenger who delivered them to the Prophet. There was in existence, however, the original text of another revelation, accepted by the Mormons as also divine, which the Prophet had translated. This document is the Book of Abraham, which had been purchased by Joseph Smith's friends from a French trader and explorer who had found it in a tomb near the site of ancient Thebes. The Prophet published a complete translation of the Book of Abraham, together with the facsimile, in 1842. Bishop Spalding found in this translation the test he needed of Joseph Smith's accuracy

as a translator. "If," he wrote, "in the judgment of competent scholars, this translation is correct, then the probabilities are all in favor of the correctness of the Book of Mormon. If, however, the translation of the Book of Abraham is incorrect, then no thoughtful man can be asked to accept the Book of Mormon, but on the other hand honesty will require him, with whatever personal regret, to repudiate it and the whole body of belief which has been built upon it and upon the reputation its publication gave to its author."

The translation and the facsimile were sent by Bishop Spalding to Dr. A. H. Sayce of Oxford, Dr. W. M. Flinders Petrie of London University, Dr. James H. Breasted of the University of Chicago, Dr. Arthur C. Mace of the Department of Egyptian Art of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Dr. John P. Peters of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Edward Meyer of the University of Berlin, Dr. Frederick Von Bissing of the University of Munich, and Professor C. A. B. Mercer, Custodian Hibbard Collection, Egyptian Reproductions in Chicago. These leading Egyptologists of the world, each giving his judgment without knowledge of the other, were in practically complete agreement as to the meaning of the hieroglyphics, and the meaning was altogether different from that of Joseph Smith's translation. Joseph Smith had attributed to Abraham a series of documents which was the common property of a whole nation of people who employed them in every human burial which they prepared. The facsimiles were part of the usual equipment of the dead in the later period of Egyptian civilization before the Christian era. Joseph Smith's "translation" has no connection whatever with the decipherment of hieroglyphics by scholars. "The Book of Abraham," wrote Dr. Mace, " is a pure fabri-

cation. Five minutes' study in an Egyptian gallery of any museum should be enough to convince any educated man of the clumsiness of the imposture." "Joseph Smith," wrote Dr. Breasted, "represents as portions of a unique revelation through Abraham things which were commonplaces and to be found by many thousands in the every day life of the Egyptians." "A careful study," wrote Dr. Von Bissing, "has convinced me that Smith probably seriously believed himself to have deciphered the ancient hieroglyphics, but that he utterly failed."

Bishop Spalding sent complimentary copies of his pamphlet to all the higher officials in the Mormon Church, to all the professors in Utah colleges and to the teachers in the Church and State High Schools. The manager of the Deseret Book Store (Mormon) asked for copies and sold nearly two hundred, which was a larger number than were sold in the Gentile store where the pamphlet was also placed on sale. He was encouraged by the reception of the pamphlet, although many Gentile friends insisted that this very reception was evidence of the futility of that type of criticism. The argument was read by many Mormons and over forty replies were printed in their publications. The answers dodged the real issue or confused the question. Bishop Spalding read them all with deep interest, and, instead of giving up faith in the methods of persuasion, declared that the method used by the Latter Day Saints in repelling his criticism of the supernormal wisdom of Joseph Smith, Jr., was the same method used by nine-tenths of the defenders of other religions. "The same kind of special pleading and suppression of unwelcome facts have been used repeatedly by believers in verbal inspiration in reply to the arguments of higher critics, by Roman Catholics in defending the infallibility of the Pope, by most religionists in main-

taining the transcendent importance of their own special theological emphasis. Theological beliefs, once they are embodied into creedal statements, and accepted by groups of men change very slowly. Enough time must elapse to enable the new truth to work its way into the minds of all who hold the old truth. Nobody accepts any truth until he thinks he thought of it himself."

March 14, 1909.

I gave a Mormon my article to read and asked him to tell me if he thought I was fair. I feel quite pleased and being blessed by the Melchizedek Priesthood is quite uplifting.

On the principle that "he who has the youth has the nation," the Bishop, in seeking to reach the Mormons, chose to establish missions first in the two college towns of Provo and Logan. Provo is the seat of the largest school and college of the Latter Day Saints, called The Brigham Young University. In Logan are the State Agricultural College and the Brigham Young College. He raised $5200 to build in Provo a church and rectory, and $14,000 for a church house in Logan. Into Logan he sent two young men, whom he had inspired by his words in the East to offer themselves for work in Utah. There they lived on terms of genuine friendship with the Mormon people, drawing about them by means of club, gymnasium and classes, other young men. On Sundays they preached Christian sympathy and were able to draw encouraging congregations of young Latter Day Saints to listen to them. Their audience usually consisted of Mormons, the proportion at times being about thirty of those to one Church member.

Oct. 13, 1906.

Jones and Johnston are doing splendidly. They are very happy and the people all like them. They gave me a reception

in the rectory; at least one hundred people were out, and we had a grand time. They are encouraged and I really believe will do a lot of good. I think they appreciate that it is to be slow hard work, but they see the need and are full of enthusiasm and they propose, too, to get other men from Cambridge. It is wonderful what an impression they have made on the town. It's the first time really well educated gentlemen have been sent there. I'm hoping great things for Logan.

To the 'Spirit of Missions' for October, 1912, Bishop Spalding contributed an article under the suggestive caption "Making New Friends." In it he told in detail the story of his reception in the Mormon tabernacle at Cedar City, Utah. "There," he says, "Bishop Metheson, one of seven hundred others who share with me, in Mormon land, the title of bishop — did a good deal more for me than I would have done for him had he visited me in Salt Lake." He had gone to Cedar City to preach the baccalaureate sermon at the South Utah Branch of the Utah Normal School, and was introduced by its President to Bishop Metheson. The Bishop invited Spalding to attend the Sunday School in the tabernacle and address the Parents' Class on any subject he might select. In the Mormon Church parents as well as children are expected to attend the Sunday Schools. The leader told him that they had been discussing "Home Sanitation," "Home Decoration" and kindred topics. "Being unmarried and, therefore, able to preach what I did not have to practice, I spoke on 'The way to bring up children.'" The Bishop later turned the assembly over to Spalding and gave him permission to conduct the service of the Episcopal Church. The deacons distributed the evening service books and the choir led the music, singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Abide with Me," "Rock of Ages," — hymns found

in their book as well as in Bishop Spalding's. He preached a sermon on the difference between true religion and superstition, and declared that he never had a more considerate and more attentive congregation. At night the building was again crowded, many standing. Again Bishop Spalding preached, one Mormon bishop making the opening prayer and the other one pronouncing the benediction.

In those missions, by means of the words and deeds of Bishop Spalding, the Church worked deliberately, patiently, kindly, for the enlightenment and conversion, not simply of Mormons, but of Mormonism, and received a sympathetic hearing from those it desired to help. The duty of the Church in the college town, as he conceived it, was first to help the young people in their own personal lives by giving them a Christian home while they were studying; second, to strengthen the process of reform within the Mormon Church; third, to welcome to the true Church those who would come. Statistics of increased church membership, he held, are no test of the value of the work done and the money spent. Local self-support was not to be expected for a long time. The reaction from tithe paying results in a lack of generosity on the part of those Mormons who become members of our churches, and of course those whom they hope to reach indirectly cannot be expected to contribute. The work was especially difficult because the Mormon Church was financially able to expend vast sums of money on schools, hospitals and meeting houses, and consequently much money had to be given to make the equipment of other churches dignified and attractive. Small, shabby churches made a poor impression, especially in the West where appearances count for a good deal. His aim was to reach not the ignorant, religious fanatics of the last generation but young men and women,

who have been educated in Eastern and Western universities and who are tempted to repudiate organized religion altogether or to sell their souls for the temporal advantage the Mormon Church offers. These men, said Bishop Spalding, were the intellectual superiors of some of the missionaries the various Boards thought strong enough for work in Utah. If the churches could put fifty first-rate men in Utah and keep them there for ten years, he believed they would have a far-reaching influence.

XIII

Begging East and West

When Frank Spalding first visited the Missions House in New York after accepting his election as bishop, he had what he described as a "terribly discouraging talk with Dr. Lloyd which makes me almost rebellious. He says that money getting must be my chief business, and that there is no other way. He doesn't think that making speeches, etc., is likely to do much good. It must be a still hunt. Both Bishop Leonard and Bishop Ingalls, according to him, died because the Church deserted them, and that I must learn to take things easy and be light hearted about it and not try to do more than I can do." As he became familiar with the District he found that however much he desired to shepherd men and be a house-to-house and town-to-town evangelist, he was expected to be a financial agent. The appropriation for Utah from the Board of Missions was $3000. That was just half of what was needed for salaries alone. Then there was the huge debt on St. Mark's Hospital, and the imperative needs of new buildings for hospital and school in Salt Lake, and churches and rectories elsewhere. The Church at large, no less than the people of the District, put this immense burden upon the shoulders of the missionary bishop.

In the summer and fall of his first year he confined his financial efforts to Salt Lake. In December, 1905, he went East.

To His Mother

CLEVELAND, NOV. 27, 1905.

I enclose a list of clergymen who ought to let me preach in their churches. What a dreadful job it will be.

Just a moment to tell you that the first Sunday went fairly well. Good big congregations at Trinity and fair one at St. Paul's. The offering at Trinity was the regular one for Domestic Missions so I can only hope for the specials, though I helped, perhaps, the general cause. At St. Paul's they gave the whole collection to me.

NEW YORK, DEC. 1, 1905.

Mr. McBee bragged so much about the fearlessness of the Churchman that I gave him my Sunday article. He said it was remarkably outspoken for a bishop and that he would publish it if I wished, etc. And then after all his bluster about being fearless and abreast of the times, etc. he proceeded to say just about the same things you said yourself, and my dear mother, though you are about the dearest and best thing in the world, I don't think you are very fearless theologically nor very far ahead of the times. Don't worry about me for I'm getting along pretty well and it's a great thing to see one's way clear, and at least I've done the right thing. I am clear in my own mind now that I ought not to look for gleams of hope but rather to learn to walk in the darkness. Mrs. Leonard thanks the Lord at great length that I am not married and says no married man should be sent to such a work.

EXETER, N. H., DEC. 3.

The church was well filled at ten, more than half of them boys. In the afternoon I spoke at the chapel exercises of the Academy, I talked to them about becoming clergymen. There are nearly 400 boys.

After the service three sisters who didn't want their names given came up and said they would give me $500.!!! and that night sent it around. That's my first big strike and I'm as happy and proud as a turkey cock.

The people who gave the $500 were very poor when an old lover of the mother died and left her children a million dollars.

BRIDGEPORT, Dec. 8.

I came down with a Cambridge Seminary man, a fine fellow, and I had a good talk with him. He had a lot of doubts and troubles and he said I helped straighten him out. If as big a heretic as I could be a bishop he was able to feel that he could be a priest.

There was a good sized meeting at two, and I told my story with all my might and found that Connecticut has pledged $500 to St. Mark's, so got about $1200 for two weeks work. Though at that rate it will take a good long time to make $40,000. I said that since the miners of the West had sent so much money East, the East should pay it back. And who should catch up with me and drive me to the station but a woman who said her husband had owned the famous —— mine in Georgetown.

BOSTON, Sunday, Dec. 11.

I have had a great day. I feel as if I were standing in the shoes of the great men of old. At St. Stephen's this A.M. one woman whom Mr. Bishop says always gives $100 promised to remember me. But it takes a long time for $100's to make $40,000. Then this afternoon think of standing in Phillips Brooks' pulpit! The last time I heard any one preach there he did it. I was considerably scared and did some hard praying during the hymn before. Dr. Mann said it was all right and next time he would give me a chance in the morning. There is plenty to do and the magnitude of my work ought to comfort my soul, when the work includes the whole East as well as the District of Salt Lake.

At Worcester there was a small congregation in the big, big church. I got no money as far as I can tell and Davies said nothing to me about it. He told me that John Wood made such a schedule for Bishop Rowe that he was glad to get back to

Alaska and on the long snowy journeys to rest. It seems to be quite the fad to have autographs of bishops and I've had to sign several.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 15.

I didn't have time to write in New York for the day was so full. Dr. Huntington said over the 'phone that he could see me and I rushed up there. He was very polite, said he "would bear it in mind," etc. but didn't ask me to preach in Grace Church. Then I went to Brooklyn and had a fine meeting of the Auxiliary to talk to. Then we went to see Rev. Mr. Melish of Holy Trinity and he promised "to bear me in mind." Dr. Grosvenor has invited me to preach in the Incarnation which is a fine church, one of the best in N. Y. for giving.

Bishop McVickar is much interested in missions in Salt Lake and it was through him that $2500 has been added to the Leonard Memorial fund, making it now nearly $10,000.

ERIE, Dec. 23.

I have been to call on the old, sick and afflicted, and it's a big job, and then every one wants to entertain me. I am a little disappointed for I hoped to get a rest here and I've been driven every second.

P. R. R. Jan. 3, 1906.

After a visit to the Indian Commissioner in the interest of our Indian work I spoke at St. John's. They say my addresses are interesting, etc. and I do hope I'll get some money. The only trouble is that the W. A. seem to be made up mostly of the widows and daughters of godly persons whose treasure is all in heaven.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.

I couldn't accept Miss Emery's invitation because I had an engagement with a Cambridge student who is thinking of coming out to help us in Utah, — D. K. Johnston, a Yale man. He says I stirred up Cambridge a lot and four other men are thinking of coming out. What shall I do to pay them?

Jan. 4.

I am afraid I'm getting along very slowly with money getting. Perhaps Philadelphia will do better for me, I confess I like the whole business less and less.

I'm to appear before the Board on Tuesday and give evidence as to the way "specials" are raised and whether it wouldn't be better to have all the "specials" go to the Board and let them give what I need and stay in Utah and use it. Mr. Thomas has cheered me a lot, not that I was down-hearted, only that I have not been getting along very fast towards the $40,000.

PHILA. Jan. 7.

I must send you a line to tell you about the perfectly splendid meeting last night at Miss Coles. There was over a hundred there and all the rich folk in Phila. Thomas (Rev. N.) introduced me and then I actually talked over an hour and nobody went to sleep. Thomas said I made a good speech, which I'm glad of, for they were all your friends and father's and I wouldn't like to disgrace my birth and bringing up. Last night Thomas said he thought I'd get $5,000 out of the meeting but this morning he has come down to two. Never a bishop had such a send off, they say.

Jan. 8.

I had a grand busy day yesterday. Dr. Tompkins strained a point or two, I thought, when he said, that he "accounted it a blessed privilege" or something like that to have me speak to his people. I preached to a big crowd in St. James' in the morning and the minister in charge said that it was the best missionary address he ever heard. That sounds fine, doesn't it? The only trouble is that at night Mr. M. who spoke with me at St. Peter's, told me that when he had spoken at St. James', the minister had told him it was the best presentation of the missionary cause he had ever heard. And M. isn't exciting to my thinking.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.

Just think, I've got $4500 all in one day. I honestly think there is $10,000 in sight. I'm so happy and grateful I don't know what to do. It makes me see how small and selfish my own hopes of happiness are for this joy is perhaps even greater. I guess the Lord knows what he is about for I haven't time to be anybody's husband.

Jan. 10.

My Philadelphia total is $6100. Isn't it splendid!

I gave my testimony to the Committee as to the bad effect of specials, etc. and how much better it would be to have it all one in the form of a big appropriation from the Board. And Dr. Lloyd told me afterward that I cracked the shell and he was grateful to me.

Isn't it perfectly splendid that I have over $8,000. This pays at least the floating debt. Then Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, has guaranteed $200. a year on our interest. I don't know when I am going to get time to answer all the notes and gifts, for every moment seems full. To-day I am at the Philadelphia Divinity School at 12, Dr. Bodine at 3 and at Jenkintown at night.

Jan. 12.

Mr. G. C. Thomas has given me $5000 for the Leonard Memorial to complete it. He has promised the last $5000 if I can raise the rest and any way has pledged $500 a year toward the interest. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" Now I must work as I never dreamed of working before because $25,000 will pay the whole hospital debt. And you must pray even harder than ever.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.

I must go back to Sunday morning and tell you all my adventures, as I haven't had a chance to write a decent letter. There are two assistants at —— and they called during the evening. One of them, a dapper little man, asked me if I would like to celebrate at the 7 A.M. service in the morning, and I

said I would though I feared I might not do it right for St. S. is very high. He said the only requirement was that I must wear the vestments and take the eastward position. It did seem a little odd that the clothing all the bishops are using wasn't appropriate in that church, but I thought if he made a point of clothes I wouldn't get down to his level, and so I said O.K., and the next morning he dressed me in alb and chasuble, a most elegant green thing with embroidery. I hope I didn't shock the few worshipers who came out in the early wet and slippery morning. At the 11 o'clock high celebration when I preached, a curate did it with wonderful mumbling and bowings.

In the afternoon I addressed the Sunday School of Holy Apostles — the most wonderful S.S. I ever saw. Just as many boys as girls and men as women, 1500 of them and in a beautiful building. It was missionary Sunday. Mr. George C. Thomas said he was coming that night in his official capacity as treasurer of the Board to inspect the new bishop. I preached with all my might. He seemed to be satisfied, and after service we went to his home. I never got into such a wonderful place. Among the pictures is a Millet, a Turner, and what is considered the finest Jules Breton. But you know about such things far more than I do. Among the books, The First Prayer Book of Edward, a Sarum Missal, a copy of Elliott's Indian Bible, the original mss. of 'O, Little Town of Bethlehem,' the original telegram of U. S. Grant to the War Department announcing the surrender of Lee.

I was up at six and off to Washington. Senator Guildham met me where we had an appointment and we went to the White House. Roosevelt was there and after speaking to those ahead of us I was introduced. We had quite a little talk about football reform, and he said he agreed largely with me.

WILMINGTON, Jan. 16.

I spent the day at the Alexandria Seminary. They seemed to me about the best set of men I've seen. I talked with them

and put the Dean easy as to his fears that I am a ritualist. I am having a fine visit with Kirkus and a good meeting to speak to.

PHILA. Jan. 18.

I find I have about $12,000 and a promise of the last $500 and in addition I have promised, if the whole debt can not be paid, $1200 a year interest!

On Friday I made an address in a parlor meeting in Newark. Bishop Lines was there. I like Bishop Lines. The women seemed interested in the story of Utah. There is a temptation to tell the old stories but I'm trying to be just as accurate as possible.

In the afternoon I went to Princeton. At the station a porter met me and said he had orders to bring me to the President's house. I called Woodrow on the 'phone and explained that I was going to Mr. Reid's for the night and to General Woodhull for dinner, and he said he was sorry, that he had telegraphed me at Salt Lake inviting me to be his guest, etc. In the A.M. Mrs. Reid and I went to 7.30 church, and when I reached home there was a nice note inviting us to dinner at the Wilsons. We accepted and had a fine, nice, simple family dinner.

Well, President W. came down to Mrs. Reid's early to walk with me to chapel. He is just as fine and simple as possible. I wore a gown to preach in; that seemed to be the custom of the place. I was a little frightened till I got going but then it was all right and I delivered my message for all I was worth, the subject being the future of college men as moral and church leaders. After it was over President Wilson said, "You could feel that they listened to you, couldn't you, and they don't do that unless they want to."

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.

I think I have caught up with my mail, for this is the sixteenth letter I've written at this sitting. I find I must stay in New York a week longer for after I'd made my speech to the St. Thomas' Auxiliary, Dr. Stires invited me to lunch and asked me to preach in St. Thomas' in the morning. He said it was the

first time in three years he'd asked a missionary bishop! And Dr. Lloyd says I must do it. Dr. Mottet is giving me letters of introduction. He told me he had gone into a man's house and sat down and said he would not go till he gave him some money. I can't do that.

I am going to Cleveland, the consecration of Dean Williams, as I have been appointed one of the presenters. It will have to be a quick trip but they seem to think at the Missions House I better do it.

Spalding went to Cleveland and presented his friend and fellow radical, the large-minded, big-hearted and fearless Charles D. Williams, for consecration as bishop of Michigan. When the bishops present assembled after the service to stamp the official document of consecration with their episcopal rings, Spalding came forward and pressed his thumb upon the warm wax. "There," he exclaimed, "I give you the original and genuine sign of a man." He wore no episcopal ring. On one or two occasions he used the doctor's hood which the general Theological Seminary gave him after his consecration, but that too, along with the certificate, was packed away in Salt Lake. Our seminaries and colleges have abdicated their ancient right of discerning and honoring worth, and confer degrees for winning a majority vote in a diocesan convention or the House of Bishops.

He hated "Rt. Rev." and "D.D." and only printed them on his official envelopes to please his mother. A friend in whose church he was to preach, began to tell him where to find the Episcopal chair, when he broke in with, "Where are you going to sit?" "Over on that side of the church," answered his friend. "Then," said the bishop, "I'll sit beside you." The simplicity of Christ was to him something to follow, even in church.

PHILA. Jan. 28.

After this Eastern business anything out there will seem to be a rest. Not that I'm at all played out; only it is hard going from place to place.

Miss Coles' Bible Class is simply wonderful. After it adjourned all who would remained to pray for missions. I read a litany of missions and at least 75 women joined in the service. It was a perfect revelation to me to think that all those society girls were dead in earnest.

N. Y. Jan. 29.

Oh! but I have splendid news. —— gave me to-day $5000!!! and such a nice letter. I'm not to tell her name, just say it's from a friend.

I think I have about $22,000 which is more than half.

I ought to be in Salt Lake too for the Cathedral people are almost demanding my immediate return. Still if I can get the whole debt paid it will be such a burden removed. With that debt I can not very well go forward and incur necessary small debts throughout the District where churches are needed.

My, but I've been in a rush. In addition to being bishop of Salt Lake I've had to be rector of All Saints', Denver, and St. Paul's, Erie. I've tried to help a poor woman whom I used to befriend at All Saints' whose sad story I can't tell you about, and I've written 20 letters. I got $50 for my Princeton sermon and this paid my expenses to Williams' consecration. I was going to buy a new overcoat with it for I needed it, but it must wait.

Mr. Heinze is giving me $5,000. He wants half of it to go for a church, and says if the church costs $5000 and the people pay the rest he will pay the interest on the debt. Isn't it great!

N. Y. Feb. 8.

I'm pretty sick of this begging but I must of course keep it up to the end and I am surely having wonderful success. Bishop Leonard told me that if I hadn't been made bishop I was to have

been called to St. Paul's, Cleveland. Which would you have liked best?

I went to see Dr. Stires at his request. He says he does not want me to say one word about money, just tell them about the work. He cannot be there and so he can not back me up. But he says that later in the year, before they go off on their vacations, in May perhaps, he will say to them, "Do you remember that missionary hero, F. S. S., who came and addressed you. He did not ask for money. He was so unselfish that he merely pleaded for the general cause of missions. Well, dear friends, I have learned that he needs $10,000 to pay the debt on his hospital. I want you to give it to me to send to him etc. etc." Quite grand isn't it. I gladly promised for I am sick of the begging.

I've made a speech to-day with Bishop Greer. He said it was satisfactory, and I guess he will release two Cambridge men who are willing to go to Salt Lake.

D. L. & W. R. R.
Feb. 12.

I tell you I'm living a rushing life and have no time to fall into mischief. I dined with the President of the G. F. S. She doesn't know much about the G. F. S. except among working girls and asked me a lot of questions about our branch in Erie, and yours in Denver. She said Bishop Wells told her last week that the G. F. S. wouldn't work in the West because the Western girl wouldn't stand the thought of patronage, etc. I said I thought that was absurd, no difference between East and West, and it all depended upon the kind of patronage.

I'll be glad when I can turn my back upon those great city scenes for the quiet life of the far west. I am going to see the people this A.M. that Dr. Mottet has given me letters to, and, since my interview with Mr. Morgan I confess it takes all my nerve. He said "no" at once and emphatically, so I left a little hospital book and fled.

The lunch with the Outlook editors was both interesting and

amusing. Mr. Mabie wasn't there but all the others were and they said my conversation was very valuable, etc. etc., and the lunch was pretty good.

N. Y. Feb. 18.

I'm at St. Thomas' and may the Lord help me to put it to them straight, for a lot depends upon it. From Dr. Mottet's list I got $100. I find that a will of Miss Mount leaves $5000 to Salt Lake and the money will be paid over to me at once. It must be spent for land in Salt Lake on which to build a church, so it doesn't help the hospital very much, but it all swells the amount and helps the cause. No time for more now.

Watkins, N. Y.
Feb. 21.

Mrs. —— is charming and the bishop most interesting in his conceited pompous patronage of his "younger brother." I made a good speech. That conceited remark is perhaps due not to the natural depravity of your son but to the contact with the bishop. I'll be glad when it's over and I can preach on some other subject for I am getting tired of the same old thing.

Littell and Sherman of China were there too and they did splendidly. It made my work seem pretty poor and mean hearing of theirs.

A. gave me "Conquest of Canaan." I guess it will do me good to read novels awhile and ease my brain for I have been working it hard for two months.

I'm tired of high life and long for the simple life of 444 E. 1st South and the really good company of my own family. Expect me 5.15 Feb. 28.

At the Conference of the bishops of the Department, in Spokane in 1909, it was agreed that the cities of the Pacific coast should be appealed to on behalf of the missionary sections of the Department no less than the East. This was Spalding's idea and he persuaded his associates to approve

it. He succeeded and they authorized him to beg money West. Upon the campaign, which no one had tried before, Spalding entered in the fall of 1909.

NORTHERN PACIFIC, Sept. 16, 1909.

We are pulling into Seattle on time. That is hard to believe for one who is used to the D. & R. G. To-night the work begins.

Oh, if I can only persuade people to help Utah. I think you, mother, have never approved of the scheme and yet it does seem to me some one ought to begin trying to tell those rich western cities their duty. If I fail I shall have to go East after Christmas.

Sept. 19.

Though everybody is kind nobody has given me anything or even promised it. Edwards told me that they all felt poor because of entertaining friends who have come from the East to see the Fair. Of course I expected less in this district than anywhere else because it is a missionary district, and then too there seems to be no team play between the churches at all. Bishop Keator hadn't done a single thing or arranged with a single man — said he was too busy. In spite of his outward show of interest he doesn't care.

Mr. Gowen is a wonderful scholar and though it makes one ashamed of his own ignorance to talk to him, still one can learn a lot too. He is a High Churchman and yet he takes little stock in the opposition to Canon 19, and he knows Church History too well to believe in the high view of apostolic succession. He has made appointments for me in his own parish.

Sept. 20.

Last night I got $1.50 and in the morning $5.00 but more is coming. Who should come in after service but Bishop Rowe. He is on his way home from Nome and has to come to Seattle and change boats. Indeed Mr. Gowen says it would be easier if he lived in Seattle, though of course in the East it couldn't

be understood. Sitka is out of the way and few boats for other Alaskan points stop there. So it is necessary when starting or returning from all his journeys to come to Seattle. He has been away since March and looks well and in good spirits. We had a fine long visit.

Sept. 21.

Yesterday I went over to Tacoma and Bishop Keator was kindness itself. His strong point is not arranging for things ahead but he has a fine secretary. I wish I had written to her about my trip, for she would have arranged it all carefully. My schedule now is pretty full. I spoke to a fine meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of St. Mark's and they will probably give $50 a year, to Provo.

Even if Utah doesn't get much, I believe I'm helping. Hardly any of those parishes pay their apportionment. I'm glad I've come for of course I must work for the whole Church. The rector of St. Paul's wasn't very enthusiastic but consented, so I don't suppose I shall have many out. The other men seem to welcome me.

Sept. 24.

I like the Bishop very much better. How true it is that we like people more as we know them. We had a splendid District Auxiliary Meeting, and Bishop Keator did back me up nobly. They pledged $120 to pay six months rent at Provo. I'm going to a Socialist speechifying to-night. I have about $250. from Olympia and that is far more than expenses and the people seem to think I've helped.

The only trouble is that the Tacoma papers have been very sensational. Last night I tried to be fair and charitable. There were at least four Mormons there and I've just read the morning paper "Bp. S's arraignment of the Mormons."

PORTLAND, Oct. 1.

Bishop Scadding preached in Trinity Church last Sunday asking for money for District missions and got $500. It looks

as if he wanted to get in ahead of me. Dr. Morrison thought them a little less interested because of it, but they gave $77.75. That's pretty good isn't it? I went to S. Helena's School Chapel. I'm glad Rowland Hall hasn't sisters. They are so shy and black, bowing and bobbing. The sisters will not eat with a man and when Bishop Scadding is there at meal time they send him his portion to a room by himself. The sister superior did not ask me to go to Chapel. Indeed when I proposed it she said, "It was not necessary." They do not like to have any men except the chaplain about.

The Bishop is very pleasant but I don't feel quite sure of him. He is the kind of man to want all the Episcopal trimmings going. I asked him whether I better accept the Socialist invitation and he insisted that I do, and he loaded the reporter. I sent you the paper with the unfortunate heading. That wasn't my fault but Bishop Scadding's. The article isn't so bad. The Socialist meeting last night was fine. Dr. Morrison went and said he felt sure it was a good thing I did it. I have the Woman's Auxiliary this P.M. and the Brotherhood tonight; on Sunday St. David's in the A.M. and St. Mark's at night. I think in the end I shall have raised more money in Portland than in Seattle.

Oct. 16.

It isn't the speaking and the services but the hospitality that is too much of a good thing. I don't know how in the world to escape it. People are wonderfully kind to me, but being invited out to three meals a day and each one a feast is too much.

I am more than paying expenses but not so far getting enough to pay the missionaries. I hope what they say about the value of my trip educationally is true. I do hope I shall not have to go East. I feel that I ought to be breaking into a lot of new territory. If these people here are interested in what I have to say then surely I ought to be saying things all the time in Utah for that is *my field.*

San Francisco, Oct. 18.

I went with the dining car conductor to his hotel. He said impressively to the clerk, "Give Bishop Spalding the best room in the house." As I didn't know just how good even that would be I didn't object. It was a fine room, neat as a pin with bath attached and cost me $2.50.

If the Board increases the apportionment I may make out without going East. I do want to stay at home and try to visit some new places. I had a fine long talk with Bishop Paddock. He is doing great work and is on the move all the time, just a traveling evangelist. But Bishop P. of course hasn't a school and hospital to require his attention. There are other parts of Utah besides Vernal, etc. where I want to make the Church known.

Oct. 21.

I've just come back from Palo Alto and San Mateo. The Stanford chaplain told me that there would be thirty or forty, but he boosted me as a socialistic lecturer and about 400 came out and among them the Professor of Political Economy and the President. I was pretty badly frightened but there was no getting out of it. In San Mateo I spoke to the boys in the Orphans' Home and later to the Divinity students.

I really begin my campaign next Sunday and after that have a steady run of appointments. That will seem more natural for this week since Sunday I've only made four speeches, which seems very idle for me.

Bishop Nichols is a great man and we have been having a lot of fine talks about all sorts of things.

I've struck this part of the country at a wretched time. The city is packed, 275,000 visitors, over 1,000,000 people. No chance for missions until the carnival week is over.

Oct. 25.

Bishop Nichols gave me $50 which was given him yesterday by a man who heard me at Grace Church. I preached at St. Paul's, Oakland.

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There is no G. F. S. strength here and they seem to think it *must* be the English idea of lady and servant.

I'm having just the same kind of time as in the north — everybody says it will do good, though it don't help me. The people who could give large sums don't do it and the small widow's mites, though of course most pleasing to the Lord, don't do much of the Lord's work. Had a nice time at St. Mark's Churchman's Dinner last night though it was merely used for purposes of entertainment.

I guess the salaries are safe now until after the General Convention.

San Mateo, Oct. 30.

I've been speaking twice and three times a day. In the morning I celebrated the Holy Communion for Fr. Gee, the High Churchman, for he has it every day. There were two old ladies there and only one received. I asked him whether he thought it did much good and he seemed to think it was pleasing to God even if people didn't come. I can't see that at all. Christ came to save *men*, not to please God by services, etc. "Are not the cattle on a thousand hills His?"

Sacramento, Nov. 5.

I had not expected when I made my plans to come to Sacramento as it is a Missionary District. The church is a most ambitious one of granite but quite unfurnished. We must have had 200 people out. The offering for Utah was $17.35. We are to have a business men's luncheon at 12.30 and I hope I can get a chance to tell them their duty, though probably they will be full of other matters. I think I have some good figures. The Pacific coast states in the last 9 years have grown 29%, the inner states of the Eighth Department have grown 41%. While the Pacific states have three times the population, they have five times the clergymen and they have six times as many communicants. Surely they ought to help the weaker part of the Department.

Bishop Moreland is East begging.

Los Angeles
Nov. 10.

I preached to a big congregation in Christ Church, an enormous church with a floor like a theatre, high behind and sloping toward the chancel. After service a man gave me $100 — the biggest yet at any service. At night I had another large congregation at St. Paul's. I'm to go to a clericus this morning and then to the Woman's Auxiliary. I go from here to Riverside and then to Redlands. Bishop Johnson was splendid yesterday.

San Diego, Nov. 15.

It is just two months since I started. I'm glad I came though I've not got the money needed. I think the men are all sincere in saying the addresses, etc. have helped the cause of missions. It looks as if I'd get more than $500 here in the South.

I love children but the three in this house are too much for me. They all talked at once and in high shrill voices. I feel ashamed of myself for being nervous over it and suppose it is proof that I'm tired. I'm longing to get back. Somehow I feel as if I'd said the same thing over and over again and to the same people. I'm glad there is only about a week more of it.

They seem to know little about the G. F. S. here. They have the English idea and it makes me realize what a handicap that is. "There are no working girls of the G. F. S. type along the Pacific," I hear over and over again.

Nov. 12.

I'm getting rather more money here than anywhere else and it looks as if my total receipts may be $1200 or $1500. I really feel that the campaign has helped the cause of missions anyway.

Coronado
Nov. 16.

This part of the state gives me $200 and more will come. Yesterday I went to the ministers' meeting. It was like ours in Salt Lake and the old one in Erie and makes me see that

Christian unity is afar off. In the afternoon the auxiliaries from all over came and at night we had a fine service.

SANTA BARBARA.

The rector here is a very nice man but he is timid. He doesn't want to crowd the people. He has so much trouble raising his apportionment that he is afraid to give or encourage specials, etc. etc. He is a Berkeley Seminary graduate and I'm wondering what they do with men there, for they are all alike from M—— to M——. They are nice and good but inefficient. I preached last night, small congregation and got less than $15. and all the rector's fault. At St. John's, Los Angeles, is a General Seminary man, and he is fine, as interested and enthusiastic as I am about getting money.

So far I've raised about $1500 but more may come. I'm the first missionary bishop that has ever spoken in any of these places. I think it has been useful for the general cause.

After the General Convention of 1907 Spalding again visited the East in the hope of raising $15,000 for his field. It was a year of financial panic when some clergymen were asking their vestries to reduce their salaries to save their work from loss, and devoted laymen were making unusual sacrifices. He got more money than any of the other missionaries, but it was so far below his needs, only one-fifth of what he asked, that he doubted whether it paid to stay in the East and work so hard. Moreover, he decided that the General Convention years are bad years for raising money, there being too much competition. He stirred up interest, however, in the Cambridge School and elsewhere, and one man, destined to become one of his most devoted and intelligent assistants, offered himself for service in Utah. The coming of that one man, like that of St. Andrew and St. Philip, makes financial results, however

necessary, seem insignificant. This trip judged by that alone was a triumphant success.

Again in 1912 he was compelled to go East for money. He had asked the Board to put Utah on the same basis as Alaska and the Philippines so that he might stay at home. Failing that, he had to raise himself the $3000 for salaries which were needed over and above what the Board gave; and he tried also to raise enough to pay the debt on Rowland Hall.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1912.

I inquired about a new rochet and the very cheapest is $23 and I do hate to spend it. I guess the two I have will have to do, though they are rather big and long for dress parade. Have ordered a new long coat for I find my best suit was really shabby. It will cost $28 which is dirt cheap.

I'm the guest of the Diocese of New York at the Diocesan House. They have a number of rooms and take in poor bishops.

I've just had a perfectly fine time at lunch with Bishop Greer and his family. He is just as simple and genuine as can be. Strange to say I believe he was nice to me because of the saucy speech I made in Cincinnati when I called New York provincial.

I'll be glad when this Liberal Club is over for that ends my speeches on Socialism, etc. Miss —— turned me down hard, though she may relent. She said that she had heard that I was a "spiritualist." I said I never had been accused of that before though people had called me a Socialist. "Well," she said, "perhaps it was that, do they mean the same thing? I'm sorry you are one whatever it is." And think of the Church depending on ignorance like that!

To His Sister

Jan. 19.

I was invited to address the Civitas Club of Brooklyn on "Insurgency in Religion," and I was informed that they were a very radical lot of young and old women. The President asked me to luncheon. It was a very elegant luncheon, and your

classmate sat as near me as she could, for her hat was at least a yard in circumference. She is a Socialist. I asked her when I had a chance, for she was a pretty brisk talker herself and the six others kept so steadily at it that I listened most of the time, what her husband thought of Socialism. She said rather sadly that he was a business man and though he admitted there was much truth in what she believed, still he had his living to make and that business men couldn't be expected to make sacrifices for principles like clergymen. She said that she felt that it was the high and noble privilege of clergymen to starve rather than lower their ideals of justice, but not for business men like her husband. I timidly suggested that when the living of other missionaries was dependent on some clergymen getting money from rich men to support them it became a larger matter than personal martyrdom. But she seemed to think I had no argument on my side because all the clergymen and their families ought to be martyrs gladly too. However, they all seemed to be rather unhappy about their unprogressive husbands who were so busy in business that the wives had to do the thinking for them.

I spoke to 200 women and then had a fine time answering questions just as bluntly as I could, trying to rip up whatever seemed to be faddy and insincere and they took it O.K. I'm to get $25 for Utah.

Jan. 19.

Yesterday I rose to the heights for there is nothing higher than A. at B. St. ——'s House is not a parish house but a priests' house. The priests live in it and have their confessions there. A most luxurious place. I was rather disappointed to be told that most of the money to build the house was given by the poor. All the poor get out of it is an invitation to a reception now and then or to a meal. At supper one of the men spoke of the Christian life as one of "mortification and prayer," but when I visited his room I found that he had three rooms and a private bath, rugs, pictures and a piano, and I asked if that was what they called "mortification." The poor Father laughed himself.

I went to Low Mass at the high altar and who should turn up but Fr. —— who used to be in —— and —— and nearly wrecked every parish he touched. He had merely come in to "borrow an altar" so that he could say mass. And so while the main service was going on at the high altar, he was going through the same performance at a side altar with one woman watching him. But the low mass wasn't a circumstance to the high mass, three priests, incense and 80 lighted candles. The priest made a special appeal at night for more money for the candle fund because he said it cost a great deal! After I preached and again during the Magnificat there was great incensing etc. He admitted the use of incense was a survival of the days when it was used to overcome the stench of burning flesh at burnt sacrifices. I also lectured on Mormonism in the parish hall.

There is nothing about F. S. S. to worry for — only whether he can make good at the job.

Jan. 22.

I had a wonderful time at the Grace Church service. It was packed and the service beautiful. After the service there was a big reception of old friends in the vestry — Erie people, and what do you think! Bishop Nibley of Salt Lake, Wilfred Langton of Logan, Lawyer Watkins of Vernal — all big Mormons. They said I had been fair and they wanted to thank me. There was a big account in the Times and I suppose Miss Mason and her crowd will be angry at me, but I don't care. I know most of the people who heard my sermon felt I was putting it in the right way and that my policy was better than hers, so I felt pretty good though I don't know yet about money.

Mr. Nock thinks I better send my article on Christian Unity to the Atlantic Monthly and he says he believes it is good enough to print. Wouldn't it be grand to have an article in the Atlantic. And the good thing about that is that if they accepted it it would really be worth printing.

Charley Slattery was fine! Dr. Bliss, representing the Christian Socialist Fellowship, wants me to speak again on Social-

ism and the Church, but I declined, for I'm through with that or at least will be after next Sunday night.

The report of the speech at the Liberal Club makes me very unhappy. The reporter happened to be a Salt Lake ex-Mormon and he exaggerated out of all proportion references to Salt Lake and Utah conditions.

Feb. 1.

I must confront Miss Mason and her council to-morrow at 10, and may the Lord give me grace to keep my temper and have a right judgment.

To His Cousin

P. R. R. Feb. 3.

Your letter came at a good time for I had just gone through three hours of it with your friends, "The Interdenominational Council of Women for Christian and Patriotic Service." They, too, nearly accused me of being a Mormon in disguise, and with one or two exceptions, a more bigoted group of women I never saw.

Oh women, gentle, loving, sweet,
I am not fit to touch your feet;
But when you scrap, I know, I've felt
You can't help punching 'neath the belt.

You can't believe all you read in the papers. The Times reporter was an old Utah boy whose parents were Mormons and one of the other reporters was a prominent Mormon from Vernal. On the whole they did fairly well, though they suppressed part of my criticism, which, I suppose, we would do in their place.

I am working hard as I can but not getting much money. Why is it that Presbyterians give more than Episcopalians? Perhaps they think it will take more to save them than to save Episcopalians.

To His Mother

Feb. 18.

The preaching does very little good directly. The private calls and talks are the thing. New York is already getting ready

for the General Convention. They say it will cost $50,000 to entertain us. Somehow I feel that it would be better to give us simple fare and more for missions.

I've been working at my noonday addresses in Old Trinity. Of course I can see that I'll be using old material, but why not, it's the best I have. The general subject is loyalty to Christ's requirements of us. I know it's a great chance and perhaps I ought to have stopped preaching for Utah and gone off for a quiet week, but I don't see how I could. Since I've tried to do my duty perhaps God will help me.

Feb. 26.

The first Trinity address is over. It is a wet day and the congregation wasn't very best, though they said for the day it was good. I thought I did badly, though I said all I had planned to say in fifteen minutes. There were 460 people in the church, for they always count them. The first has been a good bit of a strain, and then too I guess a little healthy disappointment of pride because it wasn't the great crowd etc. that I've sort of dreamed of. But that will make it all the easier to-morrow.

I think I've raised about $7,000 so far. I ought not to be discouraged — only it isn't like it was in the old days when I got $40,000.

TRENTON, March 2.

I finished at Trinity. Dr. Manning was there for the last sermon — for he usually doesn't come — and he seemed to think my "message" as he called it was useful. The sexton gave me these figures: Mon. 467, Tues. 636, Wed. 733, Thurs. 702, Fri. 758.

I lectured here last night and two Mormons who were there didn't like what I said. Afterwards they told me because I wasn't wanted enough in Utah to have the people care to pay my salary I had to come East to beg for it. I went to see them to-day and spent two hours telling them what the Christian religion really is. I don't know how much good it did.

PHILA. March 7.

I confess I can't understand our Church. At Englewood the member of another denomination sent $50 but from all the Church people who heard the same "burning words" $10, $5, $3, which don't make up the $50 by $20. At Washington they said they are convinced that "I am doing a great work." Dr. McKim called me a "noble man." But nobody said a word about paying my expenses and the offering was for General Missions. Wilmington was a bright exception, they put a plate by the door and Kirkus told them to do their duty and I got $100.

I had a fine visit with the Indian Commissioner who seems a splendid fellow and who is up against a tough job. President Taft has yielded to the politicians etc. and gone back on him. He saw that there was a deliberate scheme for the Roman Church to get control of more government schools and he felt that he ought to stop it. So he issued an order that in U. S. Schools when on duty members of orders, etc. should not wear the garb of their orders. It seemed a perfectly fair proposal because the schools were not R. C. Schools, but U. S. schools, and something had to be done to make that fact quite clear. Well there was a row. Cardinal Gibbons et al protested, threatened the disfavor of the Church, the loss of the Irish vote, etc. And Taft revoked the order without even consulting Mr. Valentine on the merits of the question. What cowards these men are. I get to be more of a Socialist all the time.

Well, I must tell you about the noble statesman from Utah, Reid Smoot. I got there about 5.30 and he met me at the door and was most cordial. We had a very elegant meal. He says polygamy is absolutely dead. He has helped kill it and has had a hard fight to do it. He declared that he believed implicitly in the whole Mormon religion, in the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith. I told him about my investigation of the Pearl of Great Price and he had nothing to say. Just think of it; he is one of the great statesmen of the nation! I got quite a lot from him about the economic features of Mormonism.

According to him the Church was always the backer of the richer men, never of the poorer. If he is a great Republican, I'm a Socialist.

NEW YORK, March 16.

I heard Williams yesterday noon in Old Trinity and he is wonderful, I'm not within a thousand miles of his class. He told me of one parish where it took $35,000 worth of automobiles to bring twelve vestrymen to a meeting in which they decided that they couldn't pay their apportionment of $148. Oh! why don't those who have help! I guess altogether I've got about $10,000. I have a lot of personal calls to make in New York and that is the toughest part. But it's got to be done. If I get that University House at Salt Lake it must come from one person.

Yesterday was a very slow and profitless day unless the seminar at the G. F. S. profited by my lecture to them on "Socialism and the Church," by invitation of Professor Hunt.

I'm wearying of saying the same thing over and over again. But I have actually over $12,000 which will pay Rowland Hall debt, the paving taxes and with what I have in annual pledges the salaries for the year. So I'm glad and grateful.

On Saturday I visited the Mormon headquarters and had a most hopeless interview with Professor Laughton, the head of it. He said he would take Joseph Smith's word ahead of all the scholars on earth. If any number of Egyptologists said a thing was different than Joseph Smith, then Smith was right.

BOSTON, April 6.

I enjoyed going to the Three Hour Service at St. Paul's. There was a bigger congregation there than was at Trinity, New York, for it averaged 800 all the time and once got over 1000. I caught the midnight train to Boston, and since it was driving wet snow I committed my first act of extravagance. I took a cab. I think I have at least $12,000. I've taken out nothing for traveling expenses but have paid my own way. I think I made more good future friends, but unless the canons are changed

the task of the Domestic bishops is bound to get harder and harder because all the pressure of the Board is against Specials in the interest of the apportionment, and with an increased appropriation of $200,000 for China I don't quite know what we shall do.

To His Mother

CINCINNATI, April 21.

You must know it first. Mrs. Emery has promised $25,000 for the University House in Salt Lake. Isn't it grand, grand, grand. She doesn't want it put into the papers nor a fuss made over it, but she says she can do it and is glad to. I knew after I saw the houses at Ann Arbor that $10,000 wasn't enough. But the $25,000 is almost too good to be true, so you'll understand how I feel.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 24.

I went last night to a suffragist meeting and spoke in favor of woman's suffrage because I was summoned as an expert from Utah and Colorado. But I told them that it was a lot easier to claim rights than to perform duties and that woman's suffrage would not make Indiana perfect right away as they seemed to think it would.

I seem to have raised on my trip East $14,759.87 in addition to what Mrs. Emery gave. $1400 of that is definitely specified for Garfield.

This chapter would not be complete without the record of a conviction of Bishop Spalding that was born of his experience in begging East and West. It is absolutely impossible, he held, for the same man to work in Utah and also to raise money by talking about it. In Utah, his usefulness depends upon his trying to see the best in the Mormons; the East expects him to expose the worst. Even though he tries hard to be fair in his presentations of his case, distorted reports are sent back and his influence is weakened. The official Mormon paper declared, "The

concluding act of all of Dr. Spalding's Eastern addresses, namely, an appeal for funds wherewith to 'fight the Mormon Monster,' fully explains the cause of his activity." "I want to send that to John Wood," he wrote his mother, "to show how hard it is for me to talk in the East *about* the Mormons and then come back to Utah and try to reach the Mormons." The charge was not just, but Spalding recognized that it was inevitable that the Mormons should think so. He did not believe that this was peculiar to the missionary to the Mormons; it applied to any Western missionary. The whole spirit of the West despises the man who "goes East to knock — not to boost." The pleader for money, to meet the spiritual destitution and moral depravity of the grandest and most promising part of the United States, finds, on his return, that he has lost the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens.

XIV

The Church in the Mining Camp

"I've a text for a new missionary sermon. 'And a certain man found him wandering in the fields and the man asked him, What seekest thou and he said, I seek my brethren.' Joseph wasn't seeking the man to ask him for information, he was probably day dreaming or thinking of his dream and his future; he had forgotten the welfare of his brethren until the man met him. That is what I have to do — meet people and ask them what they are seeking, wake them out of their forgetfulness and show them that the real glory of life is to seek our brethren. What do you think of it?"

Spalding believed that if the Church is to win men to Christ and His righteousness, she must go where the men are. In the mining camps of the Western states are great numbers of the brainiest, the most ambitious and the manliest men in the world. In Tonopah or Goldfield, Nevada, for example, there were probably more college graduates than in any place of equal size in the United States. They were not there for life. As soon as they made their stake, or reported on a property for their employers, or surveyed a claim or town site, or installed the machinery for a mine, they left for the coast, East or West. In many cases they become the heads of great enterprises, leaders in business and politics. It was to such men he went, as they wandered with their heads full of ambitious schemes, and re-

minded them that the glory of manhood was to seek their brethren.

TACOMA, NEV., Jan. 7, 1906.

I had a fine service at the mine of the Salt Lake Copper Co. Mr. Fisher, a friend of mine, is superintendent and he arranged things. I slept in his bed and ate with the men in the men's house where we also had service. As Mr. Fisher says it's like washing linen — it will probably get dirty again, but it is a good thing to get it clean once in awhile.

The mine is near the top of a mountain and the views of the desert are wonderful. You can see Salt Lake fifty miles away in one direction and range after range of the Nevada mountains in the other direction. Mr. Fisher let the men come to the service without its counting against their time and wages. There had never been a service in the camp. The mess room was crowded and they all sang splendidly.

Though this town is in Nevada I thought I had better not go through without giving the Bishop of Nevada a lift. I had to come into Nevada and then back to Utah to reach the mine. When I came back to Tacoma I found they had had no meetings except once a year, when the Roman priest comes and so I thought instead of going back to Salt Lake at one P.M. I'd wait for the two A.M. train and hold a service in the little school house. I got the key from Mr. Catlin who is a trustee, put up notices in the Post office and store and told all the people. That wasn't hard for there are not a dozen houses in the poor desolate little place. After supper, I dusted out the room, built a fire, borrowed some lamps, and at eight o'clock rang the bell and put on my robes. For ten minutes nobody came and then three people and a baby. So I began. After a bit, two children arrived and when I was half through the sermon another man came in. It really didn't seem to have been much appreciated but I congratulated myself upon having done my duty, and I felt that I'd not lost much time as the two A.M. train reaches Salt Lake before nine A.M. so I'd still have a full day there. The

railroad agent promised to wake me up for half an hour before train time and so I got a room and went to bed. My room was supposed to be one of the best, No. 1, but it was easy to see I wasn't the first to lie between the sheets on that bed. My feet ran against something rough which I first thought was the tag end of the coarse blanket but I put down my hand and fished out a filthy dirty pair of old socks which I supposed the last lodger had kicked off. I had rather a hard time going to sleep. Well, to end the story the railroad man forgot to call me and so I am rewarded for my virtue by having to stay in this forsaken place until one, not reaching Salt Lake until seven P.M. where there are a thousand things I ought to do.

I wonder whether it pays to be good. I have lost twenty-four hours of most valuable time just because I held service in the little town where it wasn't appreciated. I've a book to read and perhaps I can think out a sermon.

When he had left, the miners of their own accord took up a collection of $52.50 and sent it to him with the request that he use it for himself. "Isn't that remarkable? It comes in very handy for there has been no money in the Bishop's Charity Fund for some time."

There were camps where the Church had been planted and then died. A living, hustling mining camp after a time becomes a sad, discouraged place. After the mines have become exhausted or have been shut down because the water could not be pumped out, or the ore is too low grade for profitable treatment, all the capitalists and well-paid laborers leave. A few merchants, a few prospectors, or some who own mines or prospects and with difficulty keep up their assessment, work and live on in the hope of making a profitable sale, a saloon keeper or two — these with the women and children remain. There is usually a school house and sometimes an unexpectedly large number

of pupils. The Episcopal Church has usually departed with the capitalists. The Methodist Church lingers on in some places, with a cheaper minister, until at last there is no church at all. Some lay saint will keep the Sunday school going just as long as possible, and read the service at funerals, and prepare the abandoned church for a service when the bishop or other wandering evangelist comes.

E. & P. R.R.
May 23, 1906.

That isn't Erie and Pittsburg, though it looks like it but Eureka & Palisade, a little narrow gauge train. I am the only passenger except the President of the Rebekah Lodge who is going about cheering and strengthening the sisters. I'll have to stop now until the next stop for the E. & P. isn't the smoothest train in the world.

I didn't try to call on all the people for there wasn't time. In spite of the rain and cold we had a pretty good congregation. But the singing was awful. Among the remains of the past, when there were thousands of people in the town and the church was booming, are some copies of musical settings to the canticles. Two women sang them, taking the base, tenor, contralto and soprano and doing the chorus as well. They have forgotten in Eureka when to stand up and when to sit down; they had only old prayer books and no one knew the evening prayer responses after the first two and till the last two. There is an old Presbyterian minister there now. He is on the pension list and so can afford to stay on a small salary, though we have more members than they have. The train has stopped so few times I can't write a long letter. I had a baptism and a confirmation.

As no one was able to tell when one of those dead towns might rise from the dead it troubled Bishop Spalding to know what to do. Pioche, Nevada, had once been a live camp. When the ore failed and mining so far from the

railroad did not pay, the rectory was sold and the church taken down and moved to a more promising town. Then with the building of the railroad, the old mines of Pioche were opened. When Bishop Spalding began work in Utah, Pioche was a live town again and needed a new church and rectory. There were also new camps springing up.

MANHATTAN, NEV.
May 30.

Manhattan is a wonderful place. In January there was nothing here at all and now, though most of the people live in tents, there are well built houses too and I have a comfortable room in the Nevada Hotel.

TONOPAH, June 2.

I went to Goldfield last night and had service in the Masonic Hall. I took up the collection for missions $15.65. Bishop A. made a very unfavorable impression at Goldfield. They felt if he would encourage them and promise some help they might get going at a time when there was no Protestant church in town, but he said, "This isn't my business. The spiritual privileges you want are for you, not for me; if you want them you'll have to pay for them!" This doesn't sound very sympathetic, does it?

Doubtless that bishop held the theory, shared by many in the East, that money should be spent on places in proportion as they are likely ultimately to become self-supporting and permanent communities. "This," wrote Spalding, "cuts out the mining camp. However wise such a policy may be there are exceptions. We know that in a college town students will remain but a short time, but we realize the great importance of influencing them while we can. A hospital is not a place where men live, but we put into our hospitals a chaplain who tries to cure soul as well as

body. Into every mining camp the Church should go, realizing that she has a chance to win for God hundreds of men. They are our brothers and sisters and they need us." He believed that in the new camps, even at their worst, there was a respect for law and order and a regard for life and property unknown on the frontier forty years before. This was because of the work of the Church in the past, in the old camps from which the new arrivals came. The Church must follow those people and stand by them, and they will stand for her.

Sep. 25, 1906.

At Silverton most of the leading ladies of the Guild have adopted Christian Science. "We have been spiritually starved," said their President, "and had to have some food." We may win them back if we can only get a *good* man. I wonder why we can't be as earnest in teaching the truth as these Christian Scientists are in teaching their poor, shallow, partial philosophy. Most of them didn't come to church, because they couldn't stay to communion. They have risen beyond the need of symbols. I visited them all one by one and listened to the rubbish. It is pathetic how they are taken in. The President will not leave the Church and she is going to read the books I send. I think I helped her see a good bit of truth. I never realized before what utter rot the "Science" is. The holy, precious thoughts in Mrs. Eddy's book she showed me, were so illogical, untrue, a constant confusion of thought by using words in different senses. As far as drugs are concerned, however, I'm a Christian Scientist myself. The whole Christian Science philosophy seems to me to depend on a false idea of the love of God. They think God's love is a kind which relieves us of work and pain and struggle. But it did not relieve Christ.

I rode horse-back to Ouray. Pretty good congregation and two confirmed. I spent next morning calling and at one started back on horse back for Silverton, twenty-four miles, and arrived

six thirty-five. In Ouray are thirty-eight communicants and no clergyman.

TONOPAH
April 1, 1907.

The church was crowded at both services. Johnes is doing well and is a good mixer. The church is very pretty and complete and the chancel is beautiful. It might be a little larger in its seating capacity and yet perhaps it will take care of all who come. The Ladies' Guild voted me one hundred dollars because I hadn't taken the offering yesterday but let it go to the debt.

The consecration service is arranged for to-morrow. On Wednesday I am to have a lecture on Socialism for the miners' union and expect to have an exciting time, for the feeling is running high and I may be able to do some real good.

RHYOLITE,
April 9, 1909.

We had two services to-day in the Masonic Hall which holds about sixty people. A. M. Keene and his wife are fine Church people and he used to be a lay reader in Wyoming. I went calling yesterday with Mr. Keene. There are two girls who went to Wolfe Hall. The proprietor of the Mayflower Hotel knew father in Pueblo years ago. We have organized St. Thomas' Mission. It's like Thomas — a little doubtful at the start but we hope it will come strong in the end.

I wish we had a good man for southern Nevada, though the trouble is that each town is such a tough proposition that a man would have to give it all his time, and yet there are not enough people to justify that.

LAS VEGAS, April 12, 1910.

The service last night was the first Church service ever held in Las Vegas. I wish I could stay down here for six months as Bishop Tuttle stayed in Montana towns, I believe I could get a couple of churches built, though perhaps the interest is only due

to the fact that I'm a novelty and do *not* stay. I am visiting about twice as many points as I did last time I came to Nevada, and that means more places to be revisited.

Bishops tell big lies about men. I guess Bishop Funsten thinks I've lied about A., for I've found out more things about him than I ever suspected when I recommended him to him. But what is one to do to get rid of a poor man, or one who is not adapted to the place? You must always hope that he will do better somewhere else.

I hope Mr. Gray who is coming from Cambridge may settle here and build a church, for the place will be permanent and probably grow steadily.

PIOCHE, NEVADA
April 14.

The Court room was packed and they put the children behind me, up near the judge's desk. There were 17 boys and 16 girls and they moved about a good deal, though on the whole they behaved pretty well. There were a lot of babies in the congregation. The people would not leave the windows open for good air. Just when I was trying my best to preach my hardest they brought to the jail, which isn't six feet away, a drunken man who hollered "murder" and a number of men had to get up and go to the door to see, while I lost the attention of everybody. It was hard work getting it back again. They thought there was a fire, which is indeed a serious thing in a mining camp.

This is an old deserted camp which is waking up and may be a good camp again.

GOLD SPRING,
April 17.

At Gold Spring the only place in which to hold service was the school house, a tent twelve by fourteen. We got twenty chairs in and had a congregation of thirty-two, nearly half the population. The music was led by a phonograph. It was quite grand to be singing "Abide with me" with "the Mendelssohn Quartet of New York." "Nearer my God to Thee" was

a little high but we made it with an effort. It was the first religious service ever held in the place. Truly we are in the West because they need us, not because they want us. Mighty little enthusiasm here or at Fay and I couldn't get the boarding house, which was the best place here, for the manager and his wife said it would be too much trouble to move the table in and out. They are Christian Scientists.

—— who has taken me in here, is an agnostic, full of Spencer, etc., and won't have the children baptized for there is no sense in it. We had a friendly argument and he said I made out a more sensible case for it than he had heard before.

I went through the mine and the mill and they seem to have a lot of ore which runs twenty or thirty dollars to the ton gold.

CALIENTE, April 20.

Last night a new distraction presented itself. Usually the babies are hard to compete against but last night there were two dogs, and one of them during my sermon amused himself by standing on his hind legs and walking up and down the aisle just in front of me. I had hard work keeping my face straight.

I gave my lecture on Socialism on Monday night to so fine and attentive a congregation that it was a pleasure to speak. In the afternoon I got the Ladies' Guild organized and they will keep up the Sunday school. I baptized two children. Both have saloon keepers for fathers; I hope it will do good.

BATTLE MOUNTAIN, May 21.

The people come out so well and Mr. Thomas is doing so splendidly that it is inspiring. The new church here is going to be very nice. The corner stone is to be laid to-morrow, rather a curious thing, for the church is nearly finished except the corner where the stone is to go in.

About thirty miles west of here we had the first service held for years. There was a good crowd in the hall though I'm afraid most of the men went back to drinking and gambling as soon as it was over. At Palisade a man was at church and after

service was over, he got drunk, bought two bottles of whiskey, and was killed on the way home by the rail-road — a terrible sequence, for the service can have done him little good.

Bishop Spalding believed that the Church must be represented in a mining camp first of all by men. "It all depends upon getting the right man. A poor, puny ritualist would not be much better than the graduates of the Moody Bible School who are in charge of some Congregational Churches." The men, then, must have a message they believe in, and without cant or indifference are living themselves the life they recommend. One of the weaknesses of the work in mining camps is the timidity of the start. It takes capital to go into the mining business, and the Church must put in the capital to back up the man. "The saloon has lights, shelter for the homeless men. Let the Church open her reading room. Dance halls and cheap, low theatres are inviting patronage. Let the Church provide decent and healthful recreation. The mining camp knows no distinction between Sunday and week day, and if the men have a chance and real inducements are given, they will come to worship, or to hear a lecture, or to listen to good music any night in the week."

The capital which Spalding possessed and was most willing to invest in this enterprise was his own virile manhood and a message he believed in and lived out; one thing more — he had the ability to lecture. At one place men came to him and said that they were glad to hear him preach, but, since they had no entertainments, would he not after preaching give a lecture. He had only two lectures at that time which seemed to meet the situation; one was on "Spiritualism" and the other on "Christian Socialism," lectures he had given in Erie. This lecture on Socialism seemed to strike a popular need and he was

requested to give it again and again in the mining camps. Labor conditions are bound to be uncertain in mining camps, because every miner knows just what the value of the output is, something that his brother toiler in other industries does not know, and about nine-tenths of the alleged capitalists are gamblers and misrepresent rather than represent capital. When therefore a man appeared who seemed to think straight and to have the courage of his convictions, the miners eagerly turned to him for light upon their economic problems. To Bishop Spalding this move on the part of the men, many of whom he had never before been able to reach, seemed to be a great opportunity for the representative of the Church to stand for justice and restraint and help others to do so.

When his mother read that he had been speaking on Socialism, she expressed the fear that he would be misunderstood. He replied, May 25, 1908, "The Socialism doesn't seem to endanger my standing, for you see, here is an invitation to a big church on the strength of it, though I'm not to blame for all the talk in that direction for I definitely declined those invitations and I have refused to sign any of their papers or be associated with the movement officially, so don't worry." A letter had appeared in the Salt Lake papers criticizing him for showing interest in Socialism, and the Socialists elsewhere, following up this clue, invited him to write for their publication and to speak at their convention. Spalding became, as we have seen, a Socialist in Erie, believing in a new social order based upon coöperation in place of competition, but further than that he had not gone until he came to grips with the workingmen in the mining camps. As he knew from his parishioners, the workingmen in Erie, their industrial problem, so he learned in the mining camps from the miners themselves the situation

confronting them. Spalding's approach to the social question led partly through theories and books but chiefly through men and facts. The Communist Manifesto which he read at this time brought truth and hope. It made him see that social salvation might come through the masses. He believed for a long time that the Christian Church exists for the sole purpose of saving the human race. So far she had failed but Socialism as taught by Wm. Liebknecht's "No Compromise," showed him how she might succeed.

MYTON,[1] UTAH, Oct. 22, 1908.

I had a service every night but one, and then I gave a popular lecture on my trip abroad which they seemed to enjoy, and so I've arranged with the Mormon Bishop to give it to the people in the State House on Monday night. These people don't have much in the way of entertainment and I thought it would do them more good than a sermon.

I had a successful time in Theodore except financially. In the morning I confirmed a nice woman and had Holy Communion for her and one other faithful woman. At two I attended guild meeting — there were only four members — and helped tie a quilt. Then at four under the auspices of the "Local" I gave a lecture on "socialism" to a good big crowd, and at night we had the hall full and a number of "Comrades" heard some religion. My lecture on "Christianity and Socialism" seemed to bring out the people and I hope I put enough Christianity in to make it useful to the Church as well as to the state.

D. & G. R., Sep. 3.

There was a cloud burst or something like it which made the little Price River a raging torrent and simply cut out of exist-

[1] Some of the towns were not mining camps. But the letter postmarked at those places refer to the subject of this chapter, and are used for that reason in this place.

ence a piece of the road bed. There were eight trains blocked on the west side and nine on the east and so it was great excitement meeting them and counting them up. Their passengers shouted to us that they were glad we were out of the way and we shouted to them that they were the interferers with traffic. However, at Helper Mr. Shepherd, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and his good wife gave me a fine supper and I had a splendid congregation. It was mighty good of the men to come for they were tired out with all the extra work and irregular hours.

This Mr. Shepherd, the heroic worker among railroad men, said to the writer in August, 1916, "Bishop Spalding! There was a man whom the boys loved. I could pack the hall for him any time of day or night on an hour's notice when he would speak, and such a preacher! I never heard the Gospel put as that man preached it." Spalding has been criticized by those who knew nothing of his untiring toil, for neglecting his chief work in the interest of Socialism. As his letters show conclusively, he was primarily a preacher and missionary, and lectured only because he could reach men that way. "It seems a good idea," he wrote, "to get up lectures for the people who do not go to church, both as a means of getting a chance to talk to them and also to advertise the church services." In mining and railroad towns where the work is continuous, one shift of men is always off duty. If men could be reached at all, the day was as the night. So we find him lecturing and preaching at all hours.

"We had a splendid service at Helper last night — more attended the service than the lecture." On Feb. 8, 1900, he writes, "I'm to have two services to-morrow and am to lecture on Socialism on Monday night. I ought to have a chance to speak to some non-Church goers."

THEODORE, Feb. 9, 1910.

The scheme to speak on Socialism one night if all the Socialists would come to church worked well, for we had the biggest crowd I ever had here — very nearly the entire population, I think. The socialist meeting was fine and the subject gives me a chance to work in a few observations on the false socialism of the Mormon Church. In my lecture on spiritualism I have a chance to expose tactfully mediums and psychics like J. Smith. I lecture at one to-day. I am staying with A. He is the publisher and editor of the B. Record — the brightest paper in this part of the country. They live in two rooms, husband and wife and two children, and I have a cot in the general room (dining room, sitting room and kitchen). I got up first this morning and built the fire. Then he got up and together we went to the office and started the fire there while Mrs. W. and the two boys were dressing. Yet she is always happy and cheerful.

The worst thing about traveling this time of year is the difficulty of keeping clean, for you can't take a bath in a lard pail of water and that is about as much as you can keep melted. I'm beginning to look forward, not only to seeing Sarah, but to the bath tub. After lunch I had a chat with some Socialist comrades, for they seem always more numerous than Christian disciples. I'm to go to the Guild this afternoon and get the Mission Study class started. They have eight members and have the books you ordered sent to them. They are very nice earnest women and most enthusiastic. We simply must try to help them build a church this year.

RANDLETT, Feb. 12.

I got my mail on my return here and your letters were most welcome. Somebody who signs his name Anglican has written a very hot letter about my address I made at the Y. M. C. A. I suppose after being set up by the five years anniversary, etc., it is good to be humbled with the information that I am a notoriety seeker. I wonder who it can be, for he is so personal

that it must be somebody who hates me right bitterly. Mr. Wood's letters are more serious and I will answer both as carefully and humbly as I can. I suppose Sarah sent you the "Inter-Mountain Catholic" with its attack on me. The address was at the Y. M. C. A. and the Roman Church dislikes that institution so much that I guess they were looking for a chance.

Clouds were gathering upon Bishop Spalding's horizon. The Pope, because of the attitude of Socialists toward the State Church in Europe, had fulminated against Socialism; and therefore, forsooth, every Roman priest and paper in America must fight Socialism. There are always a few Protestants willing to do the bidding of the Roman Church by writing anonymous letters or doing other dishonorable things. But, what was far more serious, in his own communion were men who wanted him to stick to the simple Gospel; by which they meant a Gospel which in no way challenged their economic position. They were willing to support him so long as he organized Women's Guilds, Mission Study classes, Girls' Friendly Societies and held services attended by women and children. But when he, fisher of men that he had been commissioned by Christ to be, went for men, with the kind of bait men were hungry for, these supporters of churches and contributors to missions made their voice heard in places of authority. When Bishop Spalding accepted the bishopric he thought that it would give him freedom to say things which he found difficult to say in a parish. He was to find that the same influences surround all ministers whether in one kind of work or another. For true it is, as Spalding himself said, "that the man who does the conventional work among the superintendents and their families does not touch the common workmen, while the man who reaches the common workmen is looked at with suspicion by those in authority."

To His Mother

EUREKA, April 2, 1911.

Yesterday I had a fine experience. I went down in the Centennial Eureka mine — the deepest and most complete in the State. We walked in a tunnel seventeen hundred feet and then down a shaft in the cage seventeen hundred feet further, first going up to the top five hundred feet up the mountain above the level of the tunnel. Most of it was lighted with electricity. Down at the bottom they are driving a tunnel six hundred feet through useless rock in the hope that the ore body which they have above runs down that far. If it does they will have a great fortune for it is two hundred and fifty feet between this lower tunnel and the one they are now working and so there will be two hundred and fifty feet of ore which runs from thirty dollars a ton up to thousands silver, gold, copper, and some lead. The mine belongs to the U. S. Mining Co. and the Superintendent is one of the trustees of the hospital and his daughter did my typewriting. That is an illustration of the way, under the present capitalist system, the men who do the work with brains and hands, do not get the profits, for X's salary isn't large and the men get $2.25 to 3.50 a shift of eight hours. The miners in Eureka are a fine lot of men, many of them owning their own houses. The trouble is that they are mostly English, and there is no disputing the fact that the lower class Englishman is so used to getting his Episcopal religion for nothing that he gives very little. I am to hold service every night this week. Mr. B. last night gave out this notice, "Bishop Spalding will continue to talk until next Sunday night." I do seem to keep pretty steadily at it.

EUREKA, Feb. 22, 1912.

I hope I can say the right thing at the Miners' Union to-night for it is really a great chance to plead for real socialism as against a fake socialism which is nearly anarchy.

To His Sister

D. & R. G. R.R. on time
March 18, 1911.

I have read the very interesting article on scientific management. Of course Mr. Taylor is very careful to insist that he is quite as much interested in discovering methods of increasing the efficiency of the human machine for the benefit of the laborer as for the increased profits of the employer. But what guarantee is there that the employer, the capitalist, shall not in time appropriate all the advantages? We speak of "labor saving machinery," but the fact is that labor saving machinery has done far more to increase the profits of capital than save the toil of laborers. It must not be forgotten that the United States is in theory a democracy, not a benevolent monarchy. I cannot see what guarantee labor has that it will continue to reap the benefit of its increased efficiency. The insincerity of piece work is clearly brought out in the article. In theory, piece work is a plan to enable the skilful man to earn more money, but in practice it is a scheme to speed up the human machine and then lower the price per piece so that more product will be obtained by the employer for the same number of hours and the same wages. In just the same way the more efficient laborer will not get more wages for handling forty-seven tons of pig iron than for handling twelve tons unless a kind Mr. Taylor sees that he gets it; so long as Mr. Taylor's men alone know and use the new secret, then he can afford to be just and generous. But just as soon as rival industries use the new methods the competition for profits will result in the same exploitation of labor as at present. I cannot therefore see how this weakens the Socialist demand — that the State, for the common good, own all the means of production — at all. Indeed the historical fact that when the invention of steam gave promise of great improvement in the conditions of labor, the fact that present ownership of the factories, etc., resulted in capital getting all the benefits ought to warn us to-day that scientific management,

unless public ownership comes first, will likewise result in continued low wages and increased great fortunes.

To His Mother

SALT LAKE,
May 12, 1911.

Oh! I don't know what my duty is. I haven't told anybody yet, but when I went to the Oregon Shortline office to see about my railroad pass, Mr. A. who has always attended to the matter referred me to Mr. B. up-stairs. Mr. B. said, "I will be perfectly frank with you. You made a speech to our strikers in which you seemed to favor them rather than the company, and therefore we have decided that we will not give you a pass this year." I told him that of course he would understand that I could not surrender my right to free speech for a railroad pass, and that from now on I would pay full fare, not even using the half fare privilege which he said they had not withdrawn since it was a general commission which granted such privilege.

So you see that I've another proof of our present competitive system. I wonder whether I'm all wrong and whether I ought to settle down and be an advocate of things just as they are. Of course you must say nothing about that because it would be small business to attack them on such a personal matter. They have a right to withdraw the courtesy if they please, though the fact that they have withdrawn it forces me to see that there was an object in giving it.

To His Mother

SALT LAKE
Oct. 14.

I wonder why I can't be like Dr. A., the Methodist Superintendent. He just does his work, looks after his ministers and feels no responsibility for changing anything. They send him the money and all he has to do is to spend it as wisely as possible. He didn't care whether there was a strike at Bingham or not; all he wanted was a committee to see if Church property couldn't

be exempted in Utah, because they were beginning to tax rectories. He has a lot easier time than I do, and I guess does more good. Still there were other Christians who were charged with wanting to turn the world upside down, weren't there?

The storm which was rising because of his lectures on Socialism for the miners and trainmen broke when he attempted to work out his idea in a mining town. It was one thing for a peripatetic bishop to speak to working men three times a year at most, and quite another for him to organize his type of church in a town and supply it with his type of man. In April, 1908, he visited Garfield, twenty-eight miles from Salt Lake, where a property capitalized at one hundred million, was being developed and where crowds were flocking in. It was not until two years later that he found it possible to start work there.

To His Mother

SALT LAKE, Feb. 21, 1910.

At 2.55 I went to Garfield. The Sunday School in East Garfield is doing well and now Mr. Rice has been asked to take charge of a Sunday School in Middle Garfield and we are beginning in the town site proper. Ultimately I suppose houses will be built in Garfield proper for all the hundreds who work in the three great plants. The Utah Copper, the Boston Consolidated, and the American Smelter are strung along the lake shore for six miles, the town being in the middle. Now only about half live in the company houses in the town and the rest live in little temporary shacks they have built near their work. We have built a shack too at the Utah Copper and there are about fifty in the Sunday School. A man named Jackson, just a laboring man, started a Sunday School at the Boston Consolidated, but he has asked Mr. Rice to do that now and Rice has started evening meetings in the Odd Fellows Hall in Garfield, and it was to

address this meeting I went out. It turned out a bad night but we had a pretty good crowd all the same. The Baptists began work in Garfield ahead of us and I don't want to seem to be competing with them and yet I do feel that sometime we must have a church there.

Rev. Maxwell W. Rice, whom Spalding sent to Garfield, was from the East, where his father was a professor at Williams College. A Williams College and Cambridge Seminary graduate he had offered himself to Bishop Spalding after two years work at St. George's, New York. Spalding, doubtless with Rice in mind, once told the writer that he preferred men who had served in such churches because they knew how to tackle problems and were not confused by new situations. Rice, brought up in comfort and refinement, went into Garfield and lived in the bunk house with the men. He and several of the men built the shack, to which the letter alludes, with their own hands, roofing it with corrugated iron under a sun which beat down upon the treeless plain until their hands were blistered. But, though built by them with money which Rice got from Eastern friends, it stood upon property owned by the Utah Copper Company, as was every other shack in "rag town." There the work began, with kindergarten, Sunday School, Women's Guild, Men's Club, and religious services on Sundays and Wednesdays. Rice identified himself with all the people of Garfield, playing tennis with the men in the company's office, hiking with the boys, eating with the laboring men. In every way he was superbly equipped to work out the plan Spalding had been dreaming of since he first visited the mining camp.

One day a group of twelve young men, Scotch and Welsh miners, asked Rice if they could not meet after the evening service on Wednesday night in the mission shack and study

sociology. Rice, with Spalding's hearty approval gladly gave the permission, and the club met several times. Word was carried to the officials of the company that a group of Socialists were holding meetings on company property. The resident manager was immediately given orders to refuse to allow land of the company to be used by the church for any such purpose and to discharge any employees who attended the meetings.

Bishop Spalding, as was his manly and frank way, went straight to the office of the General Manager. He had a fine sense of humor and it served him in this critical moment when all that he had stood for and been advocating for years hung in the balance. "May we speak with the man in charge of the religious department," he asked of that official. The manager appreciated the humor but he also was facing a crisis, for he was simply carrying out orders of a man higher up who lived at a distance. Spalding and Rice were told that hereafter the company would lease the ground upon which the mission shack stood but the terms of the lease were to state that the church should always stand on the side of the company, never on the side of the working man. The manager declared that the company had a hundred million dollars at stake and that labor conditions throughout the mining regions were critical. Then this conversation followed:

Bishop. "Would you object to the church's opening a reading room?" Gen. Mngr. "No, but we should insist that objectionable papers like the 'Appeal to Reason' and 'The Magazine of the Western Federation of Miners' should not be allowed."

Bishop. "But if the 'Appeal to Reason' were given to the reading room by local Socialists and when they inquired why it was not placed on the tables, the missionary

replied, 'Because the management or the company does not approve of it,' wouldn't that create rather than allay discontent?" Gen. Mngr. "That would be a very tactless method of replying. It would be the missionary's duty so to reply that the company would be saved from criticism."

Bishop. "Would you object to a debating club?"

Gen. Mngr. "No, provided no debate on socialism or labor questions would be allowed, and here again tact should be used to side track such questions if they were proposed."

"How," wrote Spalding, to the Secretaries of the Joint Commission on Social Service, "can the Church undertake work in a town under such limitations as to her freedom of speech? If you say it cannot, then I ask, is nothing to be done for the moral and spiritual welfare of the human beings who live there?"

The Y. M. C. A. has faced a similar problem in the railroad work where the land on which its building stands is owned by the company and where the company pays the salary of the secretary. The secretary is instructed to be neutral in every dispute between the men and the company; under no circumstances is he to express any sympathy with the men or allow the building to be used to discuss economic or social problems; its service must be limited to "welfare" work. The acceptance of a subsidy closes the mouth of the recipient. Welfare work may be the task of the Y. M. C. A. but the Church of Christ must be God's prophet.

To a Socialist who was critical of what he did in Garfield and sent him "The Inside of the Cup," Spalding wrote:

July, 1913.

I am afraid this will have to be a long letter and first about the Garfield matter. There is nothing about Garfield in "The

Inside of the Cup." In the first place the men with whom I had to deal in Utah were only representatives. They can't help themselves. They are not Mr. Parr. They work for salaries — big ones I'll admit, and salaries they earn because they are supposed to be as clever as Lawyer Langmaid in keeping obstreperous labor leaders and meddling parsons in their place. But if John Hodder had blamed it all on Mr. Langmaid he wouldn't have played fair, would he? Garfield's Eldon Parr is I suppose Simon Guggenheim. It helped Mr. Churchill a lot to have his real villain where he could lay hands on him. Then in the second place the Bishop of Utah hasn't a job like John Hodder. I don't mean that he must behave circumspectly because others depend on him. The McCrea incident covers that, but I mean that a bishop's job prevents specialization. It is simply absurd what we have to try to do. While this Garfield matter was on I had the following duties to attend to (*a*) I was trying to keep a girls' school going; (*b*) I was trying to keep a hospital in peace. The cleverest surgeon on the staff didn't like the head nurse. The business manager would spend more money than we could afford, &c, &c. (*c*) We were planning the Men's House at the State University. It involved an expenditure of $25,000 given me to use. I had to be sure the plans were O. K., that the estimates were safe, and I had to persuade men to be on the building committee and women on a furnishing committee.

(*d*) I was bringing out a Pamphlet to try to make the Mormons (after all they are the main job) think. It took four years to get it up. The idea was to show by the only original texts that can be tested that Joseph Smith wasn't a reliable translator of ancient language.

(*e*) The Indian work had to be looked after. The Agency was moved — a new mission house had to be arranged for through the authorities at Washington.

(*f*) Because there are so few missionaries in Utah I had to try to be general missionary, going to preach where I could get the chance, sometimes away from home three weeks at a time.

Well, what is the use of giving in. The Bishop of Utah has nothing to do compared with the Bishop of New York or Massachusetts. This is an age of specialists. John Hodder was able to specialize in Dalton, Ct. I wasn't able to specialize in Garfield. The man, who was there who might have done so and whom I could have backed up, had to resign and go to Europe with his aged parents. The only man I could find to take his place was a good old 'Dr. Gilman.' What else was there for me to do but let this elderly clergyman do the only kind of work he could do and not undervalue it, but try to make it, by encouraging him, as useful as it could be made to the people in Garfield who would probably be helped by it, some of them possibly; although Garfield is not quite like the city Mr. Churchill writes about. In Garfield practically nobody cares whether there is church or not. The Mormons have their meeting house, very likely their church owns stock in the company. The Non-Mormons or some of them want a Sunday School for the children and they organized that themselves, the superintendent being the manager of the company store. He used to be a Campbellite preacher. When it was proposed to locate 'Dr. Gilman' in Garfield I saw this Sunday School superintendent and asked if he would contribute to his salary and ask some of the other people to do the same — making the local contribution at least $25.00 per month. He agreed and then went to the superintendent of the mine and together they arranged to make the company pay it. That would put the 'Rev. Dr. Gilman' under obligations to the company and at the same time enable them to get their religion free. You will ask: "How about the workers themselves — don't they want free religion?" No, they don't care for any kind of religion. We couldn't hold out-door meetings because the company owned streets, vacant lots and everything and I almost doubt whether any of the workers would listen to the man who made a try. We thought of building a church in Pleasant Green, a town two miles outside the company's land, but we found that nobody in the town would dream of going so far to church. 'Dr. Gilman' has had the effect of

interesting the company in those men in certain ways, no doubt insincere ways, but ways. They have opened a club and bath house and pay a man, picked out by 'Dr. Gilman,' $75. a month to care for it. They have laid out a baseball park and paid for the uniforms for the Garfield team. The men are quite willing to take their recreation from the company and most of them would be quite willing to take their religion, if they wanted any religion. I guess that is degrading the word "religion" and I will withdraw it and put "church" in its place. We simply must believe that even the people in Garfield are religious animals like the rest of humanity, but just how it expresses itself I don't know. You ask what is the reaction of this sort of church on the wage earning class-conscious workers. The only hope is that those who think understand. "War, too, is hell" and we want it abolished, but while it lasts there must be chaplains and red cross nurses, and so long as they comfort the dying and nurse the injured it matters very little which side pays their wages. I've sometimes wondered whether there is in a company town like Garfield any self respect. When the wage system has done its work on an individual or group of individuals is there any self left to respect?

No, I can't see that I had any other course. You and I know that "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it." I could have published the whole story. It might have been a ten days wonder. The men now in charge might have lost their jobs and smoother, more oily Langmaids been put in their places, but would it really have helped toward the destruction of the present system or rather would it really have hastened the evolution out of the present system? I've been trying to think out a sermon. It might be, "Verily I say unto you they have received their reward." It is repeated three times. About alms givers who are doing their duty to their fellow men, about prayers who are doing their duty to God, about pastors who are trying to do their duty to themselves, to their true selves, by subduing the flesh. To act openly, to make a fuss about it,

to attract the attention of the world means nothing permanent. It brings a present satisfaction. It enables them to think they have done a big thing and to have a smug content. But the man who counts is the man who grows strong at the heart, who has personality which is always weakened by the grand stand play. That is surely the big thing in "The Inside of the Cup." If God gives me strength quietly to live and work and teach the absolute need of Social Revolution, nothing less, ten years from to-day I'll have done more good in Utah than if I could stir up a strike at Garfield or bankrupt the Utah Copper Co.

I am very grateful to you for the book. I'm going to try to get people to read it. Even more wonderful than the story itself is the fact that he should have written it. I don't mean to suggest that Churchill isn't a sincere man and yet I think probably he chose the subject in part at least, because he thought it was interesting and people would buy the book. Surely that's wonderfully encouraging. When Bernard Shaw wrote "Widows' Houses," he had to put it among the "Unpleasant Plays," and it doesn't put the case as strongly as this best selling novel. That's a lot of progress in twenty years.

The subject they have given me at the General Convention is "The Church and Democracy." Of course I must think of democracy industrially. To think of it politically would only be 'flop doodle.' I'm trying to find out what proportion of our 95,000,000 constitute the democracy, the real demos. If all exploited workers were class conscious how many would there be? How many by I. W. W. reckoning constitute the proletariat? Do you know, I think I'll write to Victor Berger though I don't know him. Please forgive this long letter in my blind hand writing.

The general manager said to the writer in Salt Lake City in 1916, "I wouldn't tell Rice this, but perhaps we had, in our effort to pay dividends, overlooked the men. All that we have done since for them is really due to Rice. And

we have many more things in mind to do. Bishop Spalding was a great man and always did what he thought was right."

Bishop Spalding went to the General Convention of 1913 fresh from this experience of failure in the work in the mining camp. In the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, before the most representative assembly of the Episcopal Church, he spoke on the Church and Democracy. He had prepared the speech with great care during his vacation, and on the evening of its delivery, he prayed earnestly for courage to deliver it, knowing full well what it might mean to his work. Before him, filling every seat in crossing and choir, sat bishops, deputies and prominent members of the Woman's Auxiliary. In the great city at his feet stood the mighty buildings in which resides the power that dictates policies for mines and railroads throughout the West. In that place Spalding, like the prophet Amos at Bethel or Savonarola in the Duomo of Florence, told of what God had led him to see; he quoted the man who said to him that he proposed to control the preaching that went on in his town, and told of the railroad official who refused the pass because he did not approve of the speech Spalding had made to his striking workmen. He admired such men, he said, for their frankness; business is business. But let them not forget that the class-conscious working-man is equally logical in not wanting the religion which is given by those who consider religion a useful soporific calculated to make men content. "Surely," he cried, "there can be no doubt on which side the Church of Jesus Christ ought to stand, where the issue is between dollars and men. She must stand on the solid ground of economic truth. She must learn that labor, not capital, is the basis of all value, that men at their worst are worth more than dollars at their

best. . . . She must take her place on the side of the worker, giving him, from her Master, self-control and courage and hope and faith, so that he may fight his battle and win his victory, which is not his victory alone, but the victory of society; the victory of coöperation, of love over selfishness. . . . The Church, if she is to be a real power in the Twentieth Century, must cease to be merely the almoner of the rich and become the champion of the poor."

The congregation of Churchmen, bankers, lawyers, women, listened spellbound, caught in the torrent of his speech, the terrible earnestness of his manner, the deep religious emotion of his closing appeal. Then the congregation left the cathedral and the storm of criticism broke. "I want this talk about the Church being on the side of the rich stopped," exclaimed one of the most distinguished bishops. "It is not true. Look what the Church is doing for the poor." "Why shouldn't I accept money from the mill owners," said a prominent bishop of a Southern diocese, "for use in the mill town?" "Never have that man in our parish again," exclaimed a sister of a certain rich bishop to her rector. And the rector recalled that a few weeks before the same lady had called Spalding "lovely," and had expressed her desire to have the missionary offering sent to "our own people in the West" rather than to "foreign missions." The wife of one of the prominent lay deputies, a great corporation lawyer, pleaded with Spalding to keep quiet and told him of a rich man who had intended to make a large contribution to a Church hospital in Japan but now refused to give a cent to a church that tolerated such a bishop. A woman who was a leader in the Woman's Auxiliary and gave away thousands of dollars to missions told him that he would never know how much harm he had done to the missionary work of the Church. The secretary

of a certain layman's organization told Spalding that he must stop his socialism, that he was breaking the hearts of his friends, and ruining not only his own reputation but the very Church itself.

To A. R. T.

Sept. 21, 1914.

I sometimes wonder whether the Protestant Episcopal Church and Social Service can live together. I did get jumped on so hard for the speech I made at the General Convention from the great lights of the Church, both male and female, that I can't help wondering whether the social and the historical program of the Church doesn't make interest in Social Service along radical lines an absolutely illogical development. Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff and myself, for example, have been having a little correspondence. He admits that the class struggle may be an economic fact but insists that it is the duty of the Church to keep quiet about it. Isn't the mission of the Church to appeal to the respectable, well-to-do people to live passably decent lives, be honest neighbors, to share their wealth with the poor and to worship God in the dignified manner set forth by the Book of Common Prayer? Now mind you all the protests have been made as the result of one short address by an insignificant missionary bishop.

To his mother who shared his inmost soul he wrote, "I wonder whether the time will ever come when it will be my duty to resign from the Church for the sake of the Church, for I cannot quite see how I can stop speaking out what I think God's spirit shows me as the truth." He thought of himself as an insignificant bishop, but he had in and through his work, in Erie and in Utah, experienced a new thing. By contact with the miners in Utah, as by contact with the dock-workers in Erie, he had awakened to the fact that three-fourths of the men, women and children in America are

wage earners and nothing else, and are as dependent as were Southern slaves upon the bounty of the few who own the tools and reap the profits of the competitive economic system. The existing economic system gives to a few the power to give or withhold from the many everything that makes life agreeable, both the means of earning a living of any kind and the kind of religion they are to believe. Spalding saw the fundamental injustice in such a system which no philanthropic work can make right. If the Church would help those impoverished by the privileges that enrich her she must help destroy those privileges. Until she is ready to do what she can in restoring to men their equal rights to the use of God's gifts, she will look in vain for the interest and service of laboring men. To this stern and tragic fact the Church was blind, as was the Jewish Church in the time of Amos. This bishop, like him of Tekoa, was told by the Church in General Convention assembled, to go back to his sheep. But there were those who heard and understood. "We can think of few men," declared the Bishop of Michigan in November, 1914, "whose influence is so likely to live, and few whom the coming years are so likely to justify"

XV

The Church and Socialism

Undoubtedly the most conspicuous fact in Bishop Spalding's life was his championship of the cause of the workingman. It was the passion of his life. He was an enthusiastic convert to the economic theories of Karl Marx and he saw in Socialism the instrument by which, under God, the terrible wrongs and inequalities which mark the civilization of today were to be righted. He belonged to those religious pioneers of our day who see the larger interpretation of which Christianity is capable and which it must receive if it is to become again the dominant factor in civilization.

Frank Spalding wrote for 'The Christian Socialist' the story of his conversion to Socialism. It was a recollection, written shortly before his death, and very briefly told. It gives but a faint idea of the process by which he reached Marxian socialism. The biographer has attempted to show, in previous chapters the steps toward socialism which Spalding took. The reader will recall that while rector of St. Paul's, Erie, he came to see in the case of his own parishioners, the effect of the introduction of new mechanical devices upon the wage earners; that while the few are helped, many willing and able workers are cast out of the active industrial life and are driven into shiftlessness, vice and crime, and that the increased wealth which the rich received did not make them better men and women but, on the contrary, worse. "I was forced to realize," he said in his

story of his conversion, "that thousands who had as good a right to the fullness of life as I had, did not have a ghost of a chance.... I was forced to realize that the power to make and save money carries with it the destruction of the impulse to give it away." The capitalistic system, though it proposed to substitute charity for justice, was, he believed, diabolically contrived to take the heart out of charity, and in spite of noble exceptions, usually succeeded.

If social salvation is not to come through persuading, on the part of the churches, the rich and mighty to be kind and generous and public spirited, how can it come? The Christian Church exists for the sole purpose of saving the human race. Is it a hopeless failure? Socialism told him that though social salvation could never come through the classes, it might come through the masses. Competition will not be stopped by making the victors so pitiful that they will share the spoils — but by making the vanquished so strong that they can no longer be robbed. That brought to Spalding truth and hope. Toward the close of his ministry in Erie he announced himself a Socialist.

To the "Worker"

Sept. 22, 1901.

I am a Socialist, and I hope I appreciate every wise and honest effort which is being made to do away with the present competitive system. I am a clergyman of the Christian Church, but I have never been ignorant enough to apply to myself the term "Christian Socialist," believing that that name is a misnomer. At the same time I feel that in the Christian teaching of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, the infinite value of every human life and the right of every human life to an environment on the earth capable of developing to the full its God-given possibilities, there will be found the emotion needed to bring in the socialistic theory which must, like

every other theory, be touched with emotion before it can be realized, and therefore I am opposed to any attempt to arouse emotion by appeals to selfish, narrow prejudice as your editorial in my judgment most certainly does.

Speaking to the graduating class of the University of Utah, in the first year of his episcopate, Frank Spalding said, "I used to call myself a Socialist, but as I considered the matter more carefully I found I could no longer do so.... I confess that the motives the Socialist appeals to, the rewards which he considers represent man's highest good seem to me ignoble and inadequate. Carlyle was right when in his blunt way he called Socialism 'Pig Philosophy.'" Spalding was talking to young men and women, Mormons for the most part, who were strongly tempted to stay in the Mormon Church for the loaves and fishes, and he was seeking to inspire them with the highest motives and ideals which he found, not in Socialism but in the religion of Christ. "The Crisis" at once denounced him as a fat, well-fed pulpiteer, and the Socialists of Salt Lake immediately invited him to address them in the Federation of Labor Hall. He accepted, and told them that when a man offered him a panacea for every ill and asked fifty cents a bottle for it — he saved his fifty cents. So when the Socialist advanced him one little bit of philosophy as a cure for all the ills the suffering world was enduring he refused to be a materialist. He asked his hearers if the legislation in favor of rest for workers made by Moses, the teachings of Jesus and the work for the country by George Washington were to be explained by the shortage of food supply and the question of land ownership, as the materialistic conception of history would indicate. Socialism, he argued, appealed to the selfish instincts of the most unselfish class of people — the poor. The cry to them to be class-conscious was a way to arouse their self-interests.

Where the Socialist failed, he contended, was in not recognizing the power of the spirit.

What surprised the audience on that occasion, however, was his declaration that he was in favor of the most radical demands of the Socialist. And, to make certain where he stood, he was asked from the floor whether as a bishop in the Episcopal Church he was not bound to help in upholding the plutocracy. He replied that he was not, that all he had to do was to preach Christianity, help to build churches, and that he was not bereft of his right to any opinion or its expression. He said that when the social revolution came, the rich men in the church would try to swing the church against the proletariat and might come within measurable degree of succeeding, but that the working-man had the opportunity to join the church and swing it the other way. When the authenticity of his quotation of Carlyle was challenged he frankly admitted that he had it second-hand.

Spalding invariably tried to understand the point of view of men with whom he clashed. After his heckling in the Labor Hall he weighed the arguments of those men and his own replies, and was driven to revise his own judgment on the question of the part environment plays in life. If by environment we mean not merely physical things but social and intellectual forces, does not environment control the lives of all men at most points? Popular opinion controls us in the clothes we wear, the food we use, the books we read; in short, in all that goes to make up our daily lives. Men could not be the clean, neat persons they generally are but for the power of popular opinion. Environment determines character very largely. Clergymen are kept good through force of public opinion. Men have set a standard for them, and they know they must walk up to it. Jacob Riis had once told Spalding that, in his opinion, environment counts

99 per cent and, as he thought about it, he began to see that what Riis said was true.

It was Spalding's contact with the rich no less than with the poor that brought him to this conclusion, which in the formulation of socialist philosophy is the doctrine of Economic Determinism.

To His Mother

New York, Oct. 13.

The luxury of the rich and the way their luxury makes them indifferent to all the old conventions, even at a church gathering, is saddening. Yesterday after the service we got into the Bishop's auto and went to ——, 17 miles, to a luncheon given by —— in honor of her brother, the Bishop of ——. A great crowd of swells were there and a most elegant luncheon with champagne to drink, etc. No one would have dreamed it was Sunday. It makes me more of a socialist than ever.

That particular woman was a good Churchwoman; she was interested in missions and gave, so she thought, generously. But her annual gifts to the church did not equal the cost of her private establishment for a single week. She was the creature of her environment and no amount of persuasion from the pulpit touched her; when it became "socialistic" she transferred her membership to another parish. This Churchwoman was but typical of her class and could be made genuinely Christian, Bishop Spalding thought, only by a change in her environment. By such cases, he says, "I was forced to realize that the power to make and save money carries with it the destruction of the impulse to give it away. It only takes a minute for luxuries to become necessities, and one millionaire makes all the $100,000 men and women feel poor."

In his Thanksgiving Day sermon that year, 1905, Spalding showed that his mind had gone still further toward Socialism.

"The older thinkers insisted that ideas were fundamental. But in the last fifty years a new philosophy has been winning its way. In 1857, Buckle published his 'History of Civilization,' an attempt to prove that climate and physical characteristics of the soil determined intellectual and moral character. In 1861, Karl Marx published 'Capital,' an elaborate effort to show that the foundations of the state rested not on moral and spiritual ideas, but on food supply. This reading of history is indeed revolutionary.... And so, Thanksgiving Day bids us to be glad that we have enough to eat and when we say that, we do not dismiss God from the world, but we realize His presence more than ever, because every one must feel that our material blessings we owe to Him.... The old notion that hunger and misery drove men to God is not true. It makes them angry and sullen and skeptical. Material prosperity is a foundation for religion and we must be thankful to God that we are living in a time of wonderful awakening. The day is coming when the over abundance which is cursing the rich will be taken away and the poverty of the poor relieved, and the higher, nobler side of human life will have a chance."

As Spalding came into intimate relations with the working-men in his District he took one more step forward. At Eureka, Nevada, for illustration, he saw over one hundred million dollars taken out of the mines; at Pioche, fifteen millions; at Virginia City, surpassing sums. What did the wealth produced do for the localities that produced it? he asked. And he found that it produced absolutely nothing. Tonopah, Goldfield, Manhattan, Ely and Rhyolite might have built better school houses, churches, town halls, reading rooms, public baths, sewage systems and well-paved streets with a portion of Nevada's wealth. Whether by high taxation, or by a spirit which will inspire private gen-

erosity, they must see to it, he declared, that those who are making fortunes here divide with the State which is enriching them. But he saw those immense profits, after paying large wages of superintendence and bare living wages to the workers, go east and west, leaving the working people exploited of the product of their labor and robbed of their self-respect.

The first lecture on Socialism which Spalding delivered in his District was given at Rhyolite, Nevada, in April, 1907, at the solicitation of friends. "He is in no way radical," declared the Rhyolite *Herald* the next day, "and the brand of socialism championed by him is the safe and sane kind, that would work injustice to no one and be the means of uplifting the whole human race." In that lecture Spalding said that a man's environment is responsible in a great measure for what he is; that the competitive system of the present day cannot be satisfactory to American citizens; that true socialism aims to secure for every one the complete development of his powers. He condemned the class-conscious workman for forsaking his fellows as soon as he makes money, and declared that the really great leaders in Socialism have not come from the laboring classes. We can make things better, he held, by natural evolution, through thrift, progress, growth, brains, not by ignorant radicalism and violence.

A year later, in January, 1908, at the consecration of his friend and classmate, Edward J. Knight, as Bishop of Western Colorado, Spalding preached the sermon and came out clearly and emphatically for the teaching of Marx. "Behind all the movement for social uplift outside the religious organizations to-day, is a philosophy which is as yet unappropriated by the Church, and yet which is, I believe, true. It is based upon the fact that environment

has most to do with the making of the product, and that therefore the chief work of any organization desiring success must be to create right conditions. Karl Marx called it 'Materialistic Conception of History,' an expression which his followers soften into the 'economic interpretation of history' and to the hundreds of thousands of socialists who follow him, it means that a new form of society must be worked for, if need be, fought for, in which the fundamental business of the State shall be, to give to each human being a supply for its physical needs. Man may not be able to live by bread alone, but first of all he must have bread, and to-day there are millions even in this land who are hungry, and who have inadequate shelter and clothing. . . . The Church has not believed his teaching. Nine-tenths of the preachers are still proclaiming Samuel Smiles' 'Self Help' and Thomas Carlyle's 'Hero Worship,' and that any boy can be President of the United States if he has it in him, and the result is that we are the Church of the well-fed and well-clothed, and that we spend most of our time fattening the sheep in the fold. Surely we forget that the Master said in one of His greatest parables, that it matters not how good the seed is, it will not grow unless it fall into the right soil. Yes, we forget the meaning of the prayer He taught us to say — Lead us not into temptation. . . . Go forth as the Bishop of Socialism and Trade-Unionism, of Communism and Prohibition, of Ethical Culture, New Thought, of truth held by all men, at all times and in all places, and truth which was only discovered yesterday. . . . We are Apostles of Christ, not private chaplains to rich parishioners, not earnest men hampered with small and confining surroundings, not privates required to obey the orders of others whom we are not sure of, but leaders, with no superior save Christ, the King."

In Lent 1908, Bishop Spalding gave a series of lectures in St. Paul's Church, Salt Lake, on "Christianity and Social Reform" three of which were entitled "The History of Socialism," "Karl Marx and Scientific Socialism" and "The Great Coöperative Commonwealth." In these lectures, before a congregation that filled every seat and crowded the aisles, he avowed his belief in straight Marxian Socialism. The reception of those lectures on Socialism was a mighty encouragement to Spalding. "Bishop Spalding," said the 'Inter Mountain Republican' editorial, "has done more than give good advice to Socialists. He has told the rest of us some things about Socialism that we didn't know. By the fact of this telling — he being a much respected man — the community has a better opinion of it. It hasn't won the public, but people are not so hostile as they were, for they have been told the truth about it in temperate language, by a temperate man." Until this time he had been a student seeking information, at times an implacably hostile critic, now he became a champion of a cause. The cause was The Church and Socialism.

For the new stand which Spalding had been brought by experience to take, his mind had been clarified by his visit to the Pan-Anglican Congress and the Lambeth Conference in the summer of 1908. Although urged by his mother to accompany her and his sister to Europe, Spalding put the matter out of his mind until the invitation arrived to give one of the addresses before the Congress. Bishop Lawrence was invited to speak on the Pilgrim Fathers and Bishop Spalding on the Mormons. He was also asked if he would speak in England on the subject of Missions, if invited after the Congress. He replied that he would — "for I'd like some money to reconvert English Mormons."

An American clergyman was sitting with two alert Englishmen in Albert Hall during one of the sessions of the Pan-Anglican Congress. The Englishman discussed, between speeches from the platform, problems in the United States. Bishop Spalding was announced by the Chairman. As he stepped across the platform the Englishmen eyed him curiously and turned to the American with the question, "Who's he, bishop, did he say? What is he bishop of?" This bishop had not made himself and his country ridiculous by aping English episcopal ways, and the Englishmen thought there was some mistake in that word bishop until the American assured them he was an American bishop. He recalled to them that American bishops do not have palaces and regal incomes, and the best of them wear neither gaiters nor aprons. To them the man as he stood there was a sermon on reality. They fixed their eyes on Spalding and listened with strained attention to every word he said. Another American clergyman who had felt somewhat humiliated by the contrast between his own story-telling bishops and the more scholarly Englishmen, lifted up his head with national pride when Spalding had finished speaking. In Spalding, America had a man capable of ranking high among the best speakers of the Congress.

The 'Church Times' declared that, "the Bishop of Utah brought a whiff of the Salt Lake breezes into the conference. There was not much glory in being a bishop in Utah, because there were seven hundred others (loud laughter). The most unconventional bishop that ever lived, with a rich American accent and the clothes of a country curate, he said 'it would be far better for the Church in the old country to have done something on behalf of those who had left its shores than for others to reconvert them after they had become Mormons. Last year, 1,285,771 white settlers

went to that country from the old world, of whom 337,573 could neither read nor write, and the Churchmen there would feel more confident of the future if they felt that the people here were thinking more about what the country was to become, instead of thinking merely of their own over-crowded condition' (applause)."

At a great meeting in Albert Hall where he was a volunteer speaker, Spalding advocated Prohibition. He told the Englishmen that there were no respectable saloons in the United States, and "from what I have heard you don't seem to have made yours respectable by putting women in them. Why don't you want prohibition? Because of your moderate drinkers. What is a moderate drinker? He is supposed to be the man who can stop drinking when he wants to — but here in England you have so many who have no possible idea of wanting to that you cannot even think of Prohibition (laughter)."

He was invited to preach in Westminster Abbey. On Sunday morning, Aug. 2, he preached his sermon on the Transfiguration. In the congregation which filled the Abbey was Mr. H. H. Asquith who at the close of the sermon pronounced it one of the most inspiring sermons he had ever listened to. He also preached at All Saints', Margaret Street, a favorite sermon of his on "The Lost Sheep," which the 'Church Times' printed in full in its Anglo-Catholic Pulpit. The rector belonged to the Catholic Party with which Spalding had little sympathy. But, having been asked, he did not wish to seem bigoted and so consented. On arriving at the church he was ushered by a red-slippered acolyte into an antechamber in the center of which was something that looked to him like a bier with heavy embroidered coverlets spread over it. The acolyte informed him that these were the vestments in which he was ex-

pected to "pontificate." "I looked at them aghast," said Spalding. "All my Puritan blood rose up in me. Though the service was about to begin, I said, 'I can't wear those things.' The acolyte was embarrassed, what was to be done?" Spalding found a characteristic way out. He proposed that he should remain *outside the chancel* till time for the sermon and then he would preach. The compromise was agreed to. "It always seemed to me," he wrote, "a strange instance of the illogical character of the thinking of this party in the Church. I was the Bishop and in the theory of the Church to which this rector adhered legally his superior in authority. But nevertheless, he was willing to exclude me from his chancel unless I observed the forms that he thought necessary."

In the section of the Pan-Anglican on the Church and Human Society, Bishop Spalding again was a volunteer speaker on the Church and Socialism. He spoke as a Marxian rather than as a Fabian Socialist. The Church must get the environment right if it expects the man to be right. It was a question of slave emancipation and it was to the interest of the workingman to see that that selfish individualism was done away with. It was for the Church to help the movement. It exists for the sole purpose of saving the human race; so far she has failed, but Socialism shows her how she may succeed.

To a Friend

Aug. 5.

If you had been with me when that Lambeth report was written you would never quote it. The Bishop of O. wrote it and he is the most cowardly trimmer I ever expect to see. Unfortunately the Bishop of Hereford, a really brave man, was called away by death of his son, and G. fixed things up to suit himself. If G.

has an atom of sand in his make up I failed to discover it. Expediency was his entire philosophy. It takes all kinds of men to make the world and a few more to make a conference of bishops.

After a delightful trip through France and Italy with Bishop Rowe of Alaska, Spalding arrived in Rome. "It has been wonderful seeing it all," he said. "If the wealth of a nation is to be in the hands of the few can there be any possible development other than Rome had? Mr. Carnegie builds libraries and sooner or later Mr. Caracalla will make baths, etc. Isn't it safer to let the State own the wealth for all? So you see Rome preaches Socialism too." By the middle of September he was back again in Salt Lake. The Pan-Anglican Congress and the Lambeth Conference had shown him that Socialism was recognized in England as a force to be reckoned with, and that no Church Congress was thought complete without a consideration of it. From then on he never declined an invitation to address a Church convention on the subject. When his mother gently warned him of the dangers he would reply, "You remember what we found in England." That fall he cast his first ballot for the Socialist ticket.

To an Honored Teacher

Nov. 4.

There is only one satisfaction in having a good man disagree with you and that is you may be able to convert him and then you've put a good man — who was wrong — right. I did vote for Debs, and I cannot understand how a man as wise and good as yourself could vote for Taft whose only argument was that utterly unchristian sentiment "Let well enough alone."

As to the Chicago riots, of course lawlessness is bad. That is why I am a socialist for socialism is an effort to reduce the chaos and anarchy of this "every man for himself" competitive sys-

tem to law, and yet when it comes to a judgment based on the rights of man and the real justice of the case, I'd rather be with Debs and Altgeld than Grover Cleveland.

You must know, as a man of science, how little personality counts for in the great social movement. The Thomas Carlyle theory of history that big heroes in spite of their surroundings rise to a higher level and then pull the rest of humanity up is so little true that it is practically false. Material causes, questions of bread and butter, fresh air, time and place for play so that the pressure for stimulation by artificial means is lessened, work of the kind God gave the gifts to do, these are the things that really count. And socialism is the only thought which knows it.

If my vote can swell the Debs vote so that it will be big enough to make men like yourself sit up and take notice and discover what socialism really is, I shall have cast that vote more wisely than if it went for "Let well enough alone Taft," or "Every man for himself Bryan."

In the great co-operative commonwealth it will be possible to make and enforce law for the public good.

Wherever he went he was invited to speak on the Church and Socialism, to the great surprise of the press of the country, which featured him as a "Socialist Bishop" on the front pages. "Indeed, I am a Socialist," stated Spalding to the reporter. "Why not, aren't you? I am a Marxian Socialist, and I'm a Socialist in every sense of the word. Just why and to what extent, I will tell you in my lecture. Under the present individualistic system of government we reach the wealthy and refined and take care of them but Socialism reaches the masses. I think it has a great message eventually to give to the world. Christianity would get along better under Socialism than under the individualistic form of government. Now by this I do not mean to infer that the Episcopal Church is preaching

Socialism, as we do not mix politics with religion. I am a Socialist as a man, just as you may be a Republican or a Democrat, and it is as such that I endeavor to help the cause of Socialism. I did not come here primarily to give a talk on Socialism, but Portland Socialists, learning of my presence, and knowing that I was a Socialist, invited me to speak and I accepted. I really came to talk and work in the interests of the missionary work being done in the interior."

In advocating Socialism Bishop Spalding was far removed from the dreamy, visionary theorist. There are many impractical people who say they believe many things which sensible people know are not true. These visionaries tell of a society in the future and paint a picture of a new earth and a reconstructed society in novels, parables, poems in which they describe in detail the great coöperative commonwealth. Beyond its merit as fiction to interest and amuse, it is not worth the paper it is written on. Spalding, on the contrary, used his reason and observation freely and bravely and found out the cause of evil, the tendencies which make for cure, and then by faith accepted them and made every effort to enforce them. "There are two kinds of Socialism," he declared, "Utopian Socialism and Scientific Socialism. I have no interest in the former. There is a good deal of difference between faith and imagination. You can build air castles by imagination, but faith is different. Scientific Socialism is in line with faith. Utopian Socialism is imagination. The time must come when the people must own the capital. Labor must not be paid wages but what labor creates. The conditions must be gotten right."

Socialism had a spiritual influence on Spalding himself. It brought to him truth and hope. Moreover, it made him more patient and charitable than when he believed that

God's method of making mankind good and strong was to give to a few persons great wealth in order that they might bestow it in alms upon the poor, or, as benefactors, support colleges, charities and churches. Rich men, he knew, are not their own masters, but only part of an economic system, in which fierce competition makes men selfish in spite of themselves, and in which the struggle for success demands most of their time and thought. While he honored all generous and kind-hearted men and women and was grateful to them for rising above the sordid selfishness about them, he felt that human society will not be organized according to the will of God until justice takes the place of charity, and the Coöperative Commonwealth replaces the régime of individualistic competition.

To the "Christian Socialist" for November, 1911, Bishop Spalding contributed an article, "Socialism and Christianity," which stated his position clearly and at length. The two words he held, in spite of the confusion in the minds of both Christians and Socialists, are not contradictory, but supplementary, and that, therefore, Socialists who declare that Christians must be mere sentimentalists and Christians who assert that Socialists are of necessity ungodly, are both mistaken. Both those contentions he examined carefully and discarded as untrue. The Christian, Spalding told the Socialists, has the advantage over Karl Marx because he knows the name of the Truth which illuminated Marx's mind, of the Power which gave him his moral courage and of the Love which made him faithful unto death. The Socialist, on the other hand, possessed in the "Materialistic Conception of History" and the "Class-Struggle" two truths which the Christian must learn.

Bishop Spalding reminded his Christian readers that panic-stricken Christian apologists denounced evolution as godless

and materialistic when Charles Darwin first published the "Origin of Species," but that now all thoughtful defenders of the Christian faith write their apologetics in the light of evolution. As the Church gained a flood of light upon the character of God and the nature of man when she accepted the evolutionary theory, so surely will she receive new guidance in her task of saving the bodies and souls of men when she accepts Marx's "Materialistic Conception of History." That truth will force the Church to see the importance of environment, a truth she must learn if she is to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of her Master.

"The Class-Struggle," a phrase which causes quite as much perplexity to Christian people, is a contribution of Socialism to the Church. If there is an exploited class, is it not the Christian thing to make them conscious of the injustice to which they are subjected, and the unchristian thing to dope the stupid with charity and bribe the ambitious with patronage? The revolution, which is to transform the present political state of competing classes into the coming industrial democracy cannot be a bloody revolution. It can come to stay, Spalding said, only by coming through peaceful and rational, though none the less as compared to present standards, radical and revolutionary action. He held that the Christian should try to inspire the workers whose rights require it, to struggle for the social transformation precisely as St. Paul in the name of Christ required the individual to become a new creature.

All the sincerity and love of truth, all the high sense of honor and demand for fair play, which characterized the boyhood and college days of Frank Spalding, were merged into what those who once felt its power could only recognize as a prophet's vision of the wrongs of society and a prophet's championship of those who were oppressed. The

Gospel which he preached was as truly revolutionary as Isaiah's. For the time being it is a gospel not of peace but of the sword. It will set a man at variance with those of his own household. Spalding experienced again and again the mortification of misunderstanding, the pain of fierce opposition, as hard to bear at times as the pain of martyrdom. He preached his gospel with a joyous enthusiasm that had nothing of the narrow fanaticism and intolerance in it which is often found in men of intense conviction.

The culmination of his career as a preacher of justice was reached at the General Convention held in New York in October 1913. The address which he delivered in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, prepared with great care and earnest prayer the summer before, was his gospel. Who that was present can ever forget the sight of his tall, spare figure in the pulpit and the consecration of the man? The zeal of the great cause consumed him, the word of God burned like fire in his bones as in Jeremiah's and made his every utterance a lambent and searching flame. The storms of the Rockies were in that appeal, their lightnings and crashes of thunder in those incisive words. It was one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in an American church. But for sustained argument, abundance of proof, and comprehensive statement the sermon of Spalding in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, a few days later, went far beyond it. It was then that he reached the full stature of his spiritual power. That sermon was pronounced absolutely the most uncompromising utterance ever made in an American pulpit.

He told the story of the revolt of the Jews under Moses against the master class of Egypt. "If this were only the story of Egypt," he then said, "it would be hardly worth

taking time to tell. It described the year 1913 A.D., and the United States of America. He gave the figures and the facts that show a propertyless working class consisting of three-fourths of the men, women and children of the nation. He described philanthropy, religion, thrift, what they did and how they failed. "Therefore, some of us have come to the conclusion Moses was driven to. We want to leave the Egypt where Pharaoh owned the tools of production . . . and march out to the new commonwealth where things exist for men and men are not sacrificed for things, where little children have a chance to live and where there will be time and desire to worship God and to serve Him. Shall we not follow Moses? Alas, our wise and godly teachers will not let us make even the beginning of the journey to the promised land." He discussed the attitude of bishops toward capitalists and the criticism of Socialism on the part of editors. "If one wants a hopeful field in which to plant the seeds of righteousness he will find it in the hearts of the proletariat, not in the hearts of the capitalists. There is far more altruism in a sympathetic strike to raise wages than in a capitalistic combine to raise prices." To the objection that Socialism would destroy all incentive, Spalding answered, "according to this theory, when Jesus said to Simon Peter, 'Leave your nets and follow me!' he was calling Peter from selfish competition which was making him trustworthy and efficient to a life of unpaid service which would make him unreliable and lazy." As for the criticism that Socialism destroys the family, Spalding showed that insufficient wages destroys families. "In the coöperative commonwealth the monogamic family will come to its own." Here are the facts of our twentieth-century industrial life. The workers have nothing but their labor to sell, they sell it for wages, and those wages depend

upon the supply of laborers and the demand for them, not upon the value the laborer creates. On the other hand, the capitalists own the land and tools of production and take as their share profits, rent and interest. Industrial classes are therefore inevitable. The abolition of the class struggle can only be accomplished by abolishing the system which necessitates conflicting class interests.

The substitution of coöperation for competition is revolution. "The evolutionist may wish to feel his way forward, never quite breaking with the past, walking by right; but the revolutionist, when he is convinced that a course is right, breaks with precedent and marches straight into the Red Sea of the unexplored future. Moses had faith in the capacity of dispirited classes to become true sons of Abraham, the friend of God." Moses was a revolutionist. The Hero of the New Testament, One infinitely greater than Moses, was also a revolutionist. If the Church to-day would be a Moses to mankind she must repudiate the present social system which makes it almost impossible for millions to believe there is a just and loving God and that sinful, weary men are His children.

Such being Spalding's convictions he conceived that it was his duty to try to make the Church see that she must cease to be the almoner of the rich and become the champion of the poor. "It is a definite choice," he said. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

To a Friend

(This letter was written only four days before his death.)

Sept. 21, 1914.

"I expect all Churchmen who have any social outlook must often feel as you feel. I know I do. And yet I can't feel that

I would be doing right if I took the step that you took, and left the Church. It seems to me my main job is to try to make the Church make her contribution, and I can do a lot more inside than I could outside. Besides that, I am a religious animal, and I propose to stay in the religious union. I don't want to be a religious scab unless the union puts me out."

XVI

Man Among Men

His sister spoke the truth when she wrote, at the time of his election to the episcopate, "Frank knows what a bishop ought to be." His father had been a bishop since Frank could remember, and for six years the son served under the father. As rector of St. Paul's he had been a keen observer of the ways of bishops. It was his conviction that as bishop he must not attempt to run parishes but be a shepherd of priests. The personal relationships between Bishop Spalding and the men who served under him in Utah were as vital a part of his ministry as his interest in a new social order and his consecration to missions. He never lost sight of the individual in his work for the Church.

The missionary bishop has a power over clergymen which no diocesan bishop possesses. He assigns them to their cures, except in the case of organized parishes, determines the size of their salaries, increases them or lowers them and regulates their vacations. Episcopal government in the missionary field is largely personal government, the rule of men, not the rule of law. The only recourse clergymen have in case of unfair treatment at the hands of their bishop, is that of the common working man, the right to quit work. The only restraint upon the bishop is the difficulty of getting good men and of keeping them for any length of time.

Bishop Spalding was ever helping some young man attain an education. He urged men to go to college or to other

schools where they would develop their special talents. In the course of his ministry he assisted as many as seven young men financially. He said that having no children of his own, the best he could do was to help the children of others to get an education. He often questioned whether he would have gone to college had he not been sent, and he was especially eager to assist ambitious young men who had a less advantageous environment than he himself had enjoyed.

To a Princetonian

Oct. 18.

I want to interest you in a young man in the Freshman class. He is trying to work his way through college. No one is helping him but myself and my resources are limited. I am sure the boy has the right sort of stuff in him, and only needs the chance. He hopes to be a clergyman, although I have been very careful not to pledge him in any way because I think one can decide that when too young.

Bishop Spalding invariably met a new man on his arrival in Salt Lake, no matter how many hours late the train might be. On the return of his workers from their vacations the Bishop was the first to greet them at the station. When they knew how busy his life was this personal attention took hold of them. He also remembered birthdays and anniversaries. When circumstances arose which made it necessary for men to leave the District he made special efforts to get them places elsewhere.

His men went to him with their problems of faith and work and duty. Then he was at his best. His analytical mind laid bare the difficulties of their problems and the alternatives or solutions. He had the rare faculty of lifting subjects to higher levels. Whatever the business in hand, the man found that he had gone away with something to

think about of an intellectual character. Sometimes he read paragraphs from an article he was reading or some address he was preparing in order to clear his own mind by discussing it. The more opposed a man was to his ideas and arguments the better Spalding liked it. If he was unusually interested he stood up and walked over to the radiator, and, warming his hands by half sitting on them there, delivered his arguments with his keenest humor. "I hate to agree with you," he once said to one of his men, "because the point is debatable, and, as you know, I like to argue."

In his conversation he had an engaging way of taking the man into his confidence. "We must plan together" was a favorite expression with him. A stenographer in the Missions House in New York, accustomed to meeting bishops, has said that Bishop Spalding, in presenting a matter of business to her, took her as much into his confidence and explained the situation to her as carefully and as courteously as though she were the President of the Board. He was not above treating the humblest with true respect.

He labored to maintain his judgment in independence of his affections, and of personal influences not pertinent to the issue. "A. is one of the kind that appeals to your sympathy so that you can't tell him straight what you think of him, though I have put it pretty straight this time." Once he was asked to buy some furniture from one of his missionaries for the mission property. The missionary had allowed his property to be used by the mission for some time and now asked the Bishop either to buy it or else have it stored for his future use. Bishop Spalding saw the justice of the request but also saw that the missionary expected him to pay more than it was worth. So he said at once,

"Let's bargain, I'm going to be a Jew now for this is a purely business matter and I must do just as well as I can and pay neither more nor less than your furniture would bring, if sold to a dealer." The humor of the situation struck the missionary and he said, "No, thanks, it is worth more than that to me." "Then," said Spalding, "perhaps you will loan the furniture to the Bishop for the mission house for another year or two or rent it to me?" "How much salary should I offer my assistant," one of his men wrote him. The answer was, "Be as close as possible and still be a Christian."

Before Spalding accepted the bishopric he wrote his mother, "You know if I go, I go to stay." His men knew that their leader would never desert them and they accordingly gave to him their utmost allegiance. He did not believe in missionary bishops giving up their districts at the call of larger dioceses. When too infirm to be of active service in the field he would have them become missionary speakers for the field under the direction of the Board of Missions. His men also knew that his begging trips East or West were anything but pleasure trips. "Tell me," he would write his men, "can I do Utah more good by staying here and breaking in a new part, say the San Pete Valley, and visiting the people, — or can I benefit the District more by going East for two months and trying to raise money? Help me to think that out. If I don't get enough money to do what must be done — I suppose I'll have to go East after Christmas, but somehow I can't see how the good Lord will make me do that."

When he had attained national distinction as a speaker he received many invitations to preach and make addresses, which he generally declined. "I thought I ought not to do it" he wrote, when he was asked to speak on the same

platform in Portland with Governor Woodrow Wilson. "When there are so few clergy in Utah I surely ought to give all my time to my own district."

His clergy knew also that he gave to them longer vacations than he took himself. Only once in his episcopate did his vacation exceed a month, and that was the year he went abroad to address the Pan-Anglican Congress.

Into his inmost confidence he took his fellow workers. "If you have been troubled," he wrote to one of his men, "with reference to the possibility of being asked to work where 'the freedom with which Christ has made us free' is limited, so have I, and many many times, though for the last month more deeply than ever before. My speech to the A club, has not only interfered with the work at B, but it has interfered with the work in Utah because it has branded me in the eyes of the good old-fashioned people, who are the generous people, as an unsafe and an unorthodox man. Bishop C. is here and he told me lovingly but frankly that this was the reason I was not getting money. Now I cannot sell my right to tell the truth as I feel God shows it to me. I must say it in love and I must choose wisely the place and time for saying it, but say it I must. You are more of an individual than I am. Upon me depends the support of the workers in the field and their wives and families. The question forces itself upon me — 'Have you any right to be a bishop?' because as an old friend of mine to whom I was talking the other day said to me, 'a bishop must be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove,' and I don't think I was made to be either.

Bishop Spalding met the test of the true executive, he shared responsibility with his co-workers and made them take it. To the young men, fresh from the seminary, whom he sent to Logan, he said, "You must be the bishop

in that section of the District. Let me come in and help you when I can be of any help." When a speech of his on Mormonism seemed to hamper their efforts in Logan, they frankly told him so, and asked him to keep silent on that particular subject in Logan for one year. "Of course I will," was his ready reply, "you are the bishop here." On arriving at Vernal he found his missionary at work filling his ice house. The Bishop pitched in and worked with him until the job was done. On another visit he and Mr. Hersey made the coffin and dug the grave for a little Indian boy who had died. Spalding was a bishop who worked with men no less than for them.

There were some men who failed to respond to his appeal.

To His Mother

Nov. 18.

Mr. X, the clergyman here, is the oddest man I have ever known. When I first wrote to him that I was coming up he replied that it was a free country and that if I wanted to come I could, but that since he didn't care to see me he should certainly leave the town. He said he never wanted to see me until I apologized for my rude, cruel and unjust treatment and made his salary up to $1200 a year from the time he arrived. Well, I tried to overcome evil with good and wrote a long letter trying to make clear to him that I didn't have a mint of money and that it was my duty to see whether he made good at Park City before I advised raising his salary. He did not answer the letter at all and I came up not knowing whether I would see him or not. I walked up to the church in time for Sunday School and he was there and we greeted each other and I took a Sunday School class. I had suggested in my letter that he preach once and I would preach the other time. So he preached in the morning a very good sermon on the second lesson. After the service we had a little talk standing, and when my back was turned for a moment he left the church and I turned around to

find myself alone. He said that talking would do no good — that he had given his ultimatum. He said "Think of but six people out last Sunday to hear a magnificent sermon by myself," all in absolute seriousness. When I tried to advise a bit that if the town was so bad it was his chance to improve it, he retorted, "You can't tell me anything. I have held larger positions than you'll ever hold. I have influenced more people than you'll ever have a chance to influence and I've had larger salaries than you ever will have."

During the afternoon he did not come near me nor did he ask me to call on him. At night I preached and he read the service and read it well, and after the service I said, "Come around tomorrow morning and we can talk things over more carefully." "Talking will do no good. America is going to the dogs. I'll go away as soon as I can to some place where I can really influence people." Again I urged that Park City needed help but he said "I could only stay here if I had a big enough salary to live in proper style. I wish to bring my wife on here but I couldn't bring her here unless she had a servant to wait on her. When the minister receives less than the working people they will not look up to him and respect him. If I had my way I would change all this." I humbly urged that "if he would change it all then perhaps Park City might pay him the salary he felt he ought to have." When I repeated as we walked out of the church, "Come and see me in the morning," he said a very stiff "good night" and this morning he hasn't come near. I kept my temper and I can see the pathos of the situation. He thinks he is capable of being Archbishop of Canterbury and he isn't captivating Park City! But it was funny to hear him urge on the people in his sermon the grace of humility!

Some of the people like him and perhaps that high and mighty method is needed to make the English people here sit up and take notice. Then I suppose it is a good thing for bishops to be taught how insignificant they are, and the other men are all so good to me, that it brings me to a proper state of humility to be told how incompetent I am."

One of the hardest things Bishop Spalding ever did was to depose one of his clergy from the ministry. He was in the East raising money for St. Mark's Hospital when he was informed of the charges against the man. The Canons of the Church prescribe clearly what he should do and he did it. The hardest part of it to Bishop Spalding was, that the man's vindication was only possible by means of the proven conspiracy of two other clergymen in an infernal plot to ruin him. To save the one was to ruin the two, to save the two was to ruin the one. "Just what the future has in store for the Church in Salt Lake and its bishop I do not know," wrote Spalding, "but the prayer for a right judgment will be said a good many times. It was hard for me to listen because I felt that two defenders acted in a hopelessly stupid way and that his friends are his very worst advisers. I have thought and prayed over it." When the preliminary commission reported and ordered a trial, Spalding gave to the accused man the choice of his own judges. The offer was refused, in high dudgeon, the man declaring that he could get no justice in Spalding's jurisdiction. The verdict was "guilty" and was sustained on appeal to the higher court. The man had his admirers, some of whom never forgave the Bishop for not quashing the affair at the start. The one thing for which he had no toleration was the dereliction of moral duty in a minister of Christ. For wide divergence from orthodoxy or intellectual opinion he had utmost consideration but on the moral law he stood as erect and austere as the Wasatch above Provo.

"Too bad Dr. Crapsey is condemned, it can do absolutely no good that I can see," he wrote after that unhappy chapter in the history of the Episcopal Church. One man who shared Dr. Crapsey's view of the Virgin Birth wrote to Spalding and offered his services. He was a man of intel-

lectual integrity, just graduating from the General Theological Seminary, and felt that it was incumbent upon him to confide in his bishop. That shepherd of souls rewarded his confidence by excluding him from the diocesan fold. Trained for the ministry, eager to follow Christ as Lord and Master, the young man applied to a diocese in the Middle West, only to meet with an episcopal rebuff. Then he wrote to Bishop Spalding, telling him that he wanted to serve Christ and men and giving him a full account of his belief and his experiences. Spalding immediately told him to come to Utah. He met him at the station, judged him to be a man of intellectual ability, moral integrity and Christian zeal. He put him out in a mining camp eighty miles from a railroad, and when the man made good, he ordained him. What interested him in men was their loyalty to Christ, not their intellectual orthodoxy or heresy. "I suspect," he wrote at the time, "that we are all in danger of making Christ mean what we think He ought to mean instead of humbly letting Him teach us. Loyalty to Christ and loyalty to the Church do not mean the same thing. The High Churchman says that they do mean the same and yet he certainly does make Christ say and teach what he wants Him to."

Spalding did not, however, as some Broad Churchmen do, discount the value of belief. He put it where it belongs, not in the three-fourths but in the one-fourth of life.

Jan. 23, 1914.

I'm busy trying to write a paper on the subject Creed and Conduct. I find that most of the men on our Social Service Commission do not want any article on Mormonism because they do not believe it makes any difference what a man believes. I want to show that it makes every difference. I've almost finished it but I'm not quite sure whether it is logical.

He made a practice of writing papers for clerical conferences and interdenominational ministers' meetings. One of the first papers he wrote, "The Influence of Induction on Theology," written while rector of St. Paul's, did more to clarify his thinking than any one thing, so he told his men in Utah. Among such essays were reviews of Bergson's "Creative Evolution," James' "Pragmatism" and Churchill's "Inside of the Cup." His longest time for reading was on the trains, and he put it to fruitful use, reading at all odd moments such books as "The Life of Maurice," Gwatkin's "Knowledge of God," Haeckel, and Lodge's "Reply to Haeckel," Shailer Mathews' books, Rauschenbusch, Hart's "Ecclesia," Gore and Hatch on the "Organization of the Church," The 'Hibbert Journal' and the 'Harvard Theological Review.' He felt that the temptation of a bishop's life is to become absorbed in necessary but petty business details and routine, and therefore to fall back on old sermons, and to drift gradually out of the current of modern thought. He labored to find time to keep his own intellect alive. He loved to talk to people on the trains and as he became better acquainted he met more people he knew on the cars. But he also saw the danger of it. "If I can't read there, I don't know where I can get a chance to read." In the preparation of addresses, as in the essays, he took great pains. "Before we went into the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Bishop A. said to me, 'what am I to speak about? I haven't the remotest idea and have given the subject no thought. Shall have to get my speech from what you say. I seem to have the gift or the power of talking any length of time without saying much!' So he put down his watch and kept going, beginning with congratulations and felicitations and closing with pious exhortations to loyalty and prayer. I was down to speak on the active

work side and he on the spiritual side." Of such flippant treatment of religion Spalding was never guilty. "As I grow older," he wrote, "I lose my nerve. I want to prepare too carefully. I somehow must read all the books and write the whole thing out carefully and it takes a lot of time." What he himself did, he commended to his missionaries. "Give them your best. Remember that their opportunities to listen to educated men are usually very infrequent. It pays you to put your very best thought into sermons to these small congregations." A hard-headed man once said to him after service, "That is the first logical sermon I have heard in years." He preached the same sermon to six people in a mining camp, and with equal vigor and earnestness, that he preached in the Cathedral in New York to a thousand and more people. There were men whom he was glad to see move on. In Provo at one time he had a clergyman who changed the hour of evening service to afternoon "because so many of the Mormon students were coming in the evening. They didn't behave very well and it took a good deal of effort to keep them quiet and interested. So he changed the hour of service to afternoon when they couldn't come, and there could be just the orderly congregation — 'of our own people.' Isn't it funny, when the main thing is to get the Mormons to come? He will go away in June and that will close that policy."

Then there was the man who moved on for conscientious reasons.

May 22, 1906.

S. is an earnest man but very narrow and very gloomy. He seems to feel doubtful about the righteousness of a smile, and cultivates the somber look of a man who has lost his last friend. I do not know whether I can win his confidence or not. Judge —— is a Baptist and Mrs. —— a Congregationalist and

both are good Christian people. I told them to come to the Holy Communion, feeling that sometime they would be confirmed. Well S. cannot agree with me. So he went and asked them to be confirmed and when they said they could never go to any other church but the Episcopal but were not ready to be confirmed, that it would almost break the Judge's father's heart for he is a leading Baptist divine, — forbade their coming any more to the Holy Communion. They told him they had talked to me and that I said they could come, but S. replied that he could not agree with me; that law was law and the law said only the confirmed might commune; that, of course, he must obey his bishop but that meant that he must find another bishop.

I have tried to quote him authority, for my own seems not to count with him a bit. I've told him that Dr. Jewett and Dr. Richey at the Seminary and my father felt as I did; that of course he could find others who took the strict view; that he was certainly in good company if he took the broader, kindlier view. But so far I haven't budged him. Mrs. S. was a Methodist, before he married her, she had to be confirmed, why should others be allowed to commune without confirmation? I told him I thought he ought to think of confirmation rather as a blessing than as a legal requirement, but that hasn't appealed to him. It's too bad such a good fellow insists on such a hard, stern, unbending view of things."

He identified himself with his workers in detecting and revealing the shortcomings of missionaries. We missionaries, he would say need this and that.

Feb. 3, 1910.

I find things in a dreadful muddle and I'm afraid it is the fault of our workers. They seem to have antagonized the whole town by their pharisaical attitude. I wonder whether we missionaries are not a badly spoiled lot. I spoke to the superintendent, a good man, of Miss X. (one of his missionaries who was also a worker under the Government). "I

should be sorry to lose Miss X., she is a 'capable employee.' I felt brought down to the earth with a bump, for it is a far cry from a "heroic consecrated missionary" to a "capable employee" isn't it? That is quite a come down from what I have always called her, what the Church calls her, and what she calls herself. Miss A. has talked so much against everybody, — she being the Pharisee and all the others the Publicans — that she has made herself very unpopular. Miss B. it seems has nothing to do with the church or Sunday School so that the other missionaries have the idea that she has lost all her faith and interest in religion. But she informs me that she has four boys and six girls to be baptized and two to be confirmed! Certainly the Christian religion doesn't seem to make people easy to live with. I wish I had the power to keep people humble.

D. & R. G. R.R.
June 23, 1911.

A. is a very elegant little man and I think the life at B. will do him a lot of good if he is man enough to endure it. I had told him to take a tourist car from St. Louis to Denver, but he said he couldn't do it; that he bought a berth in a tourist car but there were two niggers as passengers in it and he had never ridden in the same car with a nigger and never would. He said the nigger has no right in any connection with the white man except to work for him, and I suppose that thought enabled him to put up with the porter in the standard car. It is so hard to keep one's temper with such people.

B. has done no harm. He seems to have the idea that he is appointed to H. by the Apostolic Succession and that therefore the people ought to bow down and obey. I suggested that a better figure would be that he was nominated for office by an unpopular party and it was his duty by personal attractiveness to get votes, which horrified him as quite uncatholic.

When the self-governing parishes fell vacant Bishop Spalding made no effort to force upon their vestries a man

of his own choice. There were times when he believed one of his own clergy was the best man for St. Paul's, Salt Lake City, or the Cathedral, and he would like to have seen one of his men rewarded by such promotion; on the other hand, he wanted the parish to take responsibility for their own choice and to acquire the strength which comes from independence. There were times, however, when he felt, "I'm a very poor bishop because I am not forceful enough. I do not get men into the best places and use them up to the fullness of their efficiency."

Jan. 8, 1911.

It is the sixth anniversary of my arrival in Utah and I preached this morning in the Cathedral. I gave a straight and simple statement of the work which has been done and it is quite a good record, and yet there is so much more to be done than has been done, that it's hard to be encouraged. To-night I'm down at St. Paul's. I wish they would take either N. or M. but I see no prospect of their doing it.

I don't get along very fast with my sermon for Sanford's consecration and I must begin to write it out this week. Perhaps as I write new ideas will come. I suppose, though, now that I am nearly 46 years old, I'll not have any new ideas. I wonder whether father would still feel the same about the Episcopate if he had read all the modern books. I simply cannot believe in the high church contention. The evidence is all against the exclusive claims of the Church. I'm trying to get real good and orthodox by reading Bishop Gore's "Order and Duty," but his arguments seem to me entirely inconclusive. However, there are to be eight bishops there and I will think and pray over it very hard, so that what I do say I'll be willing to stand for. I've begun to take the "Living Church" again because I do want to read both sides.

I'm sure Paul Jones would make a splendid secretary of the Eighth Department. I'm going to nominate him, but I do hate

to lose him. Next year I'll have to appeal for *men*. A change must come sometime because A. and B. will be wanted for larger work, and even though they may be willing to stay here their fathers and mothers are unhappy about their being so much out of the line of promotion. They feel as my father felt about my going to Erie.

The problem of the new town made him question his ability as a constructive organizer. His personal relations with the ministers of other churches were always cordial and close. And he was especially concerned lest, by putting forth his own Church, he weaken the influence of true religion. "It does seem wicked to double up churches in small towns where the protest against Mormonism ought not to be divided. I tell you the Mormons are keeping up with things. In spite of all my socialistic theories I seem to be of value only as an individual preacher and not as a constructive organizer." It was frequently a complicated problem. In Myton, for example, Mr. Hersey of Vernal established a "union" Sunday School. Later a Presbyterian clergyman founded a church in Myton and tried to annex the "Union" Sunday School. In other places where ministers of other churches had established their work he resolved "to do nothing that is likely to hurt the work of good men." At the General Convention of 1913 he pleaded for a genuine alignment of the Episcopal Church with other churches in the Federal Council of Churches.

The Convocation of the District was an event in the lives of the men. Bishop Spalding was given a sum of money to make it possible for every man to attend. "It was the best Convocation we have ever had," he wrote in 1914. "Everybody who was appointed to take part did well because they had made careful preparation and the discussions were all to the point."

He believed that every one had good points and he tried to appreciate them. After seeing Forbes Robertson in "The Third Floor Back" he wrote:

Dec. 9, 1911.

I suppose the way we can help the good in others to have its chance is by being our simple natural selves, but when that thought is a character it must be made more dignified and other worldly. To me the lesson which was so consistently taught was that criticism isn't worth half as much as commendation. I know it is far easier for me to pick flaws than to praise virtues. I wonder whether that is really and always true. Didn't our Lord tell Peter that he was like Satan as well as tell him he was a Rock. I'm inclined to think that sometimes before the good has a fair chance the self satisfaction in the bad must be knocked out and that takes hard blows. Nicodemus had to be called a baby, when he thought he was a very nice man, before he could be born from above, i.e., let the divine and true part of him really live.

Bishop Spalding's humor and humility made him irresistible as a leader of men. They were surprised and attracted by these traits in his character. He possessed so obviously a strong, manly self-assertiveness, he expressed his opinion in no uncertain nor unqualified way, he was so commanding in poise, and big and courageous in what he undertook. And yet he had extraordinary modesty. He seemed devoid of any more than an adequate consciousness of his intellectual and spiritual power. His position as a bishop brought him no pride but rather the gravest humiliation over his unfitness for the responsibility it placed upon him.

The man was strong and fearless because he was ready to sacrifice everything for Utah. Had he hoped to be called to an Eastern diocese he never would have given the speech

at the General Convention, or criticized before his own Convocation the action of New Jersey in extending a call to the Bishop of the Philippines.

To Bishop Brent

I was impressed last Spring, when the "Home Missions Council" met in Salt Lake City, with the absolute importance of having on our Board of Missions experts for the different parts of the mission field. When I met in Salt Lake the Home Missionary Secretaries of the Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and so forth, and realized what keen intelligent men they were, I couldn't help wishing that on our Board of Missions there was a man equally expert as to our Domestic field. Then, too, these men raised money as well as advised about its expenditure. The Executive Committee of the Board of Missions seems to me more a distributing agency than a producing agency. There is a movement on the part of the Board to persuade all the Domestic bishops to go on the foreign missionary basis and Bishop Beecher has done so. It would be a great relief for Utah to be on that basis but I have been in Utah for ten years and I know, for certain, that I don't begin to understand the Mormon question and I, therefore, can't help feeling that John W. Wood, genius though he be, can hardly understand the Mormon question along with the Chinese question, the Japanese question, the Philippine Islands question and all the other questions. If, on the other hand, there was on the Board of Missions a representative of the VIII Province, whose business it was to find out all he could about Utah then I'd be more than glad to have Utah on the foreign missionary basis.

But may I say that I was particularly grateful to learn that you are opposed to the election of missionary bishops to dioceses. I am afraid I was pretty fresh in my Convocation address in referring to your election to the Diocese of New Jersey but I lived five years in New Jersey and felt that I knew something about the situation there. All the reasons that you assign for

being opposed to missionary bishops being elected diocesan bishops seem to me to be absolutely valid, and, although perhaps it is a little unpleasant to mention, I also believe that the additional reason I ventured to give is a real one. When there is a dead-lock it's very convenient to run in a missionary bishop as a dark horse. Being already in the House of Bishops his election is not so much a party victory. I am about the last man fitted to be a diocesan bishop and yet I have actually been approached in regard to election to three dioceses, so I can appreciate, although of course only to a small degree, the perplexity and mental discomfort that you have been put to continually.

To His Mother

June 21, 1914.

Here is my address. It's just what you say I ought not to do. It puts me in Utah until I die and that is the way it ought to be, unless I fail to make good in Utah. Then the Board can send me somewhere else. Mr. A. said it settled the old question whether a man could ordain or marry himself. I did both to myself and Utah.

I've been both to St. Peter's and St. Paul's and had dinner down there. It makes one sort of homesick for the old parish life — this preaching to the same congregation each Sunday and talking to the same Sunday School.

I wish you would correct the idea that I have been recommending any man for St. Paul's, Erie. I've never tried in any way to meddle with St. Paul's since I left it.

With all his humility he was quick to defend the dignity of the missionary. When a vacancy occurred in the missionary episcopate Bishop Spalding asked Bishop Nichols why he did not nominate Mr. Parsons of Berkeley. "Parsons," replied the Bishop, "is too big a man for the mission field, he is needed for some diocese." "No man," replied Spalding, " is big enough for the mission field."

March 18, 1914.

"Did you see the fine editorial in the Spirit of Missions about the Bishop Tuttle fifty years memorial. I called John Wood's attention to the St. Louis proposal to build a church there, saying I thought it was all wrong to celebrate a man who won fame because he had been a *missionary* bishop, by building a *city* church."

In the mountains of Utah the highest spiritual idealism of this generation found expression, in the little company of men around Spalding. It recalls to mind a little company that once gathered in Athens and another group which assembled in Jerusalem. Young men from the seminary, and others from parishes, went to Utah to work, drawn there by this inspiring leader. As they entered more deeply into his confidence they found themselves uplifted and strengthened to fight for Christ and humanity. Money may have been lost by their superb heroism, but men were won. In their moments of discouragement and perplexity it was his unconquerable assurance that cheered them. "As far as we can see, it is a job that needs to be done. As far as we can see there is no one else to do it. We must not stop to argue about our fitness. Trying is our business. Success is in God's hands."

XVII

Manoach

"Don't hire a man to do any carpentry work that I can do because I love to do that sort of thing." So Frank Spalding wrote his mother in June, 1914, as he looked forward to his summer vacation. The family owned a beautiful ranch for their summer home in the upper Platte Canon about sixty miles west of Denver, to which he had given the Hebrew name "Manoach" or "place of rest." There it was Frank's custom to spend his summer vacations with his mother and sisters. At Manoach he was not the bishop, only the son, the brother and the friend. And yet he brought to that haven of rest all the gathered wealth of thought and experience of a life full of exciting incident and spiritual adventure.

Not granted the privilege and joy of having a family of his own, his love of home, which was deep, was concentrated upon the home of his mother. No man could be a more completely devoted son. The obedience which he rendered to his mother's every wish was as absolute as if he were still a child at her knee. He, the man of great physical and moral courage, would look anxiously at his watch, at the end of a long day's tramp, as the darkness deepened, and in spite of the protests of companions, who were tired and wished to lag behind, he would lengthen out that unwearying stride of his in order to be at the gate where he knew his mother would be watching for him, exactly at the

moment he had promised her. In the embrace of his intimate affection he included his sisters. His daily letters home were usually addressed "Dearest Mother and Elisabeth or Sarah," or "Girls"; frequently, "Dear Everybody."

The daily program at Manoach was a simple one. In the morning his large correspondence and work upon his various annual reports, was followed by the "chores"; his boyhood skill in carpentry was retained and Manoach was furnished with tables, bookcases and chairs of his own workmanship. In the afternoon he would walk down the cañon to the cottage of his brother, with whom he had always maintained intimacy and in whose children he found deep joy. In the evening there was reading aloud about the open fire, and before bedtime, which was fixed by his mother at nine o'clock, a game of dominoes without fail. He carried his camera wherever he went and took artistic and beautiful pictures, which he developed and printed himself, having built a dark room and a room for velox printing at Manoach. Two or three times a week an all-day's tramp was taken among the mountains and once each summer there was a camping trip of several days, usually to the big country around Mt. Evans. This particular mountain, the loftiest in that part of Colorado, had a singular fascination for Frank Spalding. Every visitor at Manoach was sure of being taken up the slope just in front of the house from which a glimpse could be gained of the great crags of Mt. Evans; and if the guest only stayed long enough, he could generally count on a nearer acquaintance with the noble peak. To roam far above timber line over the vast bowlder fields of precipitous ledges of this mighty mountain was the greatest pleasure of Frank Spalding in the summer. "No one," he declared, "has seen a mountain until he has been on top of it."

For Manoach he longed as the summer approached, and when the month was over he looked back upon it with wistful regret. No inducements to be summer preacher in New York or Philadelphia could take one day from Manoach, as they could not persuade him to take a day from his regular work. When he preached in Trinity and Grace, New York, and St. Paul's, Boston, it was on one of his begging trips; at other times he reluctantly put such temptations behind him. "When one is preaching to a handful of people out here it is an opportunity or a temptation to address a crowd in the East. But I'm clear in my own mind, one cannot be the bishop of a Western diocese and an eloquent preacher in New York." At Manoach he preached every Sunday for the people and summer visitors, and always ministered to them in time of sorrow or death.

To One Who Had Lost a Brother

The very rush and fret and worry to this life makes one feel the blessedness of those who rest from their labors when they leave behind them noble works. Sad as it is I can't help feeling that there is a glory about it too, like that of those who die in battle, living just long enough to know that the fight has been won. Surely all the sadness comes to us, and it is selfishness which prompts us to wish they were still with us. I feel so sure that death is just an event in endless life and that after it, comes greater knowledge and nobler service and deeper love and higher joy, that when it comes to those I know, I feel that I am untrue to the best I know if I do not try to feel a solemn happiness for them. They have been promoted — as good and faithful servants they have entered into the joy of their Lord.

To a Friend

I am convinced that it is a clergyman's duty to speak his mind frankly on all matters social and political which have a moral

side though I believe he can often do it more usefully outside his pulpit than in it. I am a socialist but I think I can get in my work for socialism elsewhere and as a special lecturer more usefully than in the pulpit. In every case that I know about where a clergyman has gotten into trouble because of his acknowledged position in reform movements he had neglected his distinctly spiritual duties and his conventional clerical obligations. You remember Raymond Robbins' illustration. It is a rule of artillery that a cannon must weigh 100 times as much as the charge put into it. Social Service is a heavy charge, therefore the clergyman who fires it must weigh himself down by a careful attention in his personal and official life to all the strictly religious duties of his life and office.

I believe it would be interesting to find out how many of the bishops, who are supposed to be leaders, belong to the great national societies of reform. It came to me as a shock to find in the last list of the Anti-tuberculosis Society that the Bishop of Los Angeles and myself seemed to be the only members. I shall look forward most eagerly to reading your paper. It is a most vital subject and I need to learn. Mr. A., who gave the cathedral site in S——, told me he was absolutely opposed to social service. "When I go to church," he said, "I go to be soothed and comforted, not to be irritated." That is typical I'm afraid.

To One Intellectually Troubled

Aug. 6, 1914.

I've been thinking ever since I was at your house at dinner, of our conversation about love and law and prayer, and have been wanting to try to express more clearly what I meant, and, what I feel now, I did not state helpfully then. Do you mind my writing you a sort of sermon? This view of God's love and the value of prayer in a world governed by law, has come to mean a great deal to me — far more than the old, and now I think childish idea I used to have. When we were children, either in years or in mental development — our thought of

God was on the level with our thought of man. It must always be so, for man is the highest symbol we have of personal action and power, and we must rise from that to our thought of God. As children the best man to our thinking was the man who gave us just exactly what we wanted and when we wanted it. So we thought of God as One who was all powerful, and therefore in an instant could and would give us just what we wanted. It was in this simple spirit we offered our prayer, just as R— says "Cousin Frank, do another trick." Now when we grow older, when we become men, we put away childish things in every sphere save religion. We know that the strong, true man is not the man whose action is determined by every request we may make to him, but rather whose action is decided by high principles of honor and justice and wisdom. These virtues do not exclude love, — they are the foundation of love, — without them the action would not be loving. Therefore I feel sure, our thought of God, if it be a grown, mature thought, must rise from this truer thought of man, and we must think of Him as guided by the most perfect justice and wisdom, in order that He may be perfect love. Now this does not destroy prayer, it really saves it. If you are sure that a man is the very soul of honor and will not grant any request which is not a wise request, you are not deterred from asking his help. He is of all men the one to whom you will go in difficulty. Or take this illustration. You once told me that when you found that there was no Santa Claus, you doubted the existence of God. To you, as a child, Christmas joy depended upon that fantastic, whimsical figure. Presents, to be really presents, must have been manufactured at the North Pole, brought down by Reindeer, and through the chimney. You prayed that Santa Claus would not fail to be generous and would bring you just the things you had been longing for. *Now*, as a mother, when you know the mother and father love, the loving planning for the children's Christmas joy, isn't Christmas more wonderful than the old Santa Claus idea could possibly be? And if you, as a mother, want to give to children the highest joy, the most lasting value, do you not think

of laws of health, laws of unselfishness, laws of fairness, and obey those laws absolutely?

And one can press this analogy even farther, I think. "God treats us as sons" the Epistle to the Hebrews says. His knowledge of the real worth of life is far deeper and truer than ours, as much greater than ours as ours is greater than our children's, "and of very faithfulness He may cause us to be troubled." The old comfort of the hope of immortality, — that is — that we shall have such a good time in heaven that we can put up with trouble here, is of course small and mean, but the confidence of immortality brings a comfort and strength which is not small and mean. It means that life is so wonderful that its values are not to be judged by the fleeting joys of this life, any more than the joys of this life are to be judged by the joy a baby gets out of a rattle. To have had a chance to cultivate faith and patience, and purity and love and truthfulness, and humility and courage and steadfastness and obedience, is proof enough of the love of the God Who gives the Chance to us, and Who shows us ways in which these really great things can be won, not by over-riding law, but by obeying law, not by thinking of Him as a law breaker, but rather by thinking of Him as One Who is unfailingly and eternally all that our consciences tell us we ought to be.

The more I think this out, the clearer it is to me, that the conviction of God as a God of law, does not destroy love, but guarantees it, — does not silence prayer, but gives us a confident encouragement.

Frank was the life of the family gathering. So quick to make and see fun, so big hearted and kindly behind his teasing and humor that the sun burst forth when he arrived and went under a cloud on his departure. There was a "Poetry" game which the family played in which each wrote an anonymous doggerel verse. Frank's was so unique and funny that all recognized his handiwork the moment

it was read, looked for it, and applauded. One of the cleverest of his screeds was "The Bible for the Twentieth Century Child" which found its way into print. It was a take-off on the Higher Criticism of the Bible. Written as a joke, it did not represent Spalding's real convictions. He accepted the main results of historical criticism, though he always maintained the somewhat skeptical attitude of the man of affairs toward the claimed results of purely literary criticism. He once declared that he would like to write a book to show that all the critics were wrong and that the Fourth Gospel was really the first and primary Gospel. The Fourth Gospel more than any other seemed to him to let one into the real mind of Christ.

For the judgment of his mother and sisters he had profound respect. His article on Church Unity, published in the 'Atlantic Monthly' in May, 1913, was written in Salt Lake City in the spring and sent to the family with the injunction, "Make such changes in this as you think fit." They talked it all over at Manoach in the summer. His mother was a conservative churchwoman, and with her clear understanding of that position and gift of expression she was able always to help Frank see how a large element in the Church would take his utterances. One of his sisters was as rationalistic as himself, and the other, an artist, appreciated the æsthetic side of ritualism. His own family, therefore, was a transcript of the ecclesiastical family. As Spalding finished his great address in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine he turned partly toward the high altar as he spoke of the spiritual food the Church had for working-men. "That reference," exclaimed one man, "won me. I was antagonized by what he said up to that point." Spalding's unique ability to reach all sorts and conditions of churchmanship, in spite of his pronounced Broad Churchmanship,

was due in no small degree to his family who pointed out to him the little things that offend.

The object of the "Atlantic" article was to prove that if we are ever to have Christian Unity it will be because the prayer of the Commission on Faith and Order is not answered. "So long as the chief business of ecclesiastical organizations was to teach dogmas, isolation was inevitable and desirable.... When, however, religious societies accept the obligation of social service, combination is necessary for efficiency." He insisted that in planning for Christian unity, ethical and religious values are of the first importance. The problem is psychological, not theological. We can learn about human nature if we try: and when we know human nature we can so order it, that God can find His way in. What is needed to-day is neither a creed nor an accredited order of priests, but a society in which every child of man can find moral strength and spiritual joy. The United Church of the future must provide for three varieties of religious experience — the man who satisfies his religious craving through the senses; the man who, like Hegel, worships by thinking; the man to whom God comes in a subliminal uprush. As for the future organization of religious experience the article, with keen analysis, exposed the theory of "organism" which many in his own Church were advocating. He also declared that Congregationalism and Presbyterianism are admittedly illogical in the mission field. "Possibly the Methodist form of Episcopal leadership may be more useful than either the Roman, the Anglican or the Greek. That can be decided on practical grounds; it is by fruits, not by roots, we are to be judged. Christianity, however, is a historic religion, a truth so important that risks must be taken to prevent its being forgotten. That truth of fundamental importance

will be safeguarded by the preservation of the Historic Episcopate." For the proposed World Conference on Faith and Order Spalding had no use. Such a proposal "was much as if, when a convention of mothers had shown complete unanimity of opinion in praising the glory and dignity of motherhood and the beauty and promise of childhood, some wise one should decide that it would be a good time to secure agreement on the best formula for sterilizing milk.... Christian Unity will never come until the followers of Jesus Christ realized that His religion depends not upon exact thinking, but upon Christlike living."

In this article in the "Atlantic," Bishop Spalding worked out an idea of unity which he had been turning over in his mind and discussing with his friends for several years. It represented his deliberate judgment, based upon his study of Christian history, his wide experience in missions and his association with men of other churches. It seemed to some of his own colleagues little less than schismatic. "In spite of that article I love you still," wrote one of his old friends. In his own experience the religion of Jesus was a vital and glowing reality, beside which the external expressions of faith and order were as nothing. It was this religious reality that impressed men who came under the spell of his influence. A little boy who knew Spalding was once told that he must grow up to be a good man like his father. "What do little boys do who haven't any father?" was his query. Then he answered it himself. "Oh, I know. They have Christ and Mr. Spalding."

Although he based his faith in the unity of the Church on experience, nevertheless he found in the Church idea, which is especially emphasized by those communions which claim the privilege of historic orders, a constant source of

inspiration and support. In his consecration as a bishop in a historical succession he felt that his Church had given him a commission which guaranteed to him an authority in his work for righteousness which his extreme modesty would scarcely have claimed, if his lot had been cast in another communion. This sense that his work was not the work of an individual simply, but was an organic part of the Church which he represented, and had a value over and above the purely personal element in it, while it did not express itself in adventitious forms, was a distinct element of power in his religious work. "A commission," he declared in the sermon at the consecration of Bishop Sanford, "does not make a coward a hero, but it gives a brave man a chance to fight." It was not the office but the consecrated manhood that was put into it, saving it from being a mere office, — that measures its usefulness.

On August 15, 1914, Bishop Spalding left Manoach for Salt Lake.

A Postal

6.20 A.M. SUNDAY.

Just coming to Salt Lake over 16 hours late but in good order. People in tourist cars are all good natured. The Senior Warden of Fond du Lac treated me to dinner last night — to pay me, I guess, for giving lower berth to his wife and daughter. I go on to Ogden.

The war had broken out and Bishop Spalding's first sermon, on his return, was on Peace. When he first visited the Uintah country and saw the soldiers drilling at the fort, he wrote, "what a waste of money it is, learning to kill." Closer acquaintaince with our soldiers on the reservation disgusted him with their drunkenness and idleness. Spalding repudiated the whole idea of a military establishment. When militarism revealed itself in August 1914

he at once prepared a lecture and sermon on peace, and gave them both in every town he visited in August and September. At the great Labor Day meeting in the Cathedral he put before the working-men the duty of the workers of the world to unite for peace. At Tooele the Socialists wanted him to speak for Socialism, but he spoke to them on War and Peace.

SALT LAKE, September 11, 1914.

The war is certainly horrible. I'm thinking of trying for the prize of $1000 offered for the best essay by a clergyman on Peace. I have an idea I want to try to work out, i.e., How can we substitute ideals of peaceful heroism for ideals of warlike heroism? That is the big problem. St. Paul used the illustration of the soldier for the struggles of the man for right living and made it respectable. I feel that we must cut that all out. The teacher, the thinker, the explorer, the inventor, the worker, the preacher, the physician and nurse are all finer types of the hero and patriot than the soldier and yet we go on singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

I'm not offering these samples as a finished product but just to give the idea. What do you think of it? When one thinks of the horror of war and realizes that the soldier is a sort of survival of a savage barbarous age, surely we ought not to dignify the idea by use in the worship of One who said, Blessed are the peace makers. In the baptism service we ought to change the words, "Fight manfully under His banner," to "Work faithfully for His cause" or something which doesn't suggest war. I don't believe our Lord ever used the soldier metaphor. St. Paul introduced it and it became popular when the great heroes were soldiers. That time is gone we hope for ever. In the Indian country where soldiers are many of them drunkards and all of them are lazy, what decent idea of the Christian can the soldier possibly give to the Indian child.

HYMN

Onward, Christian workers,
Laboring for peace,
By the love of Jesus
Making strife to cease.
Christ, the lowly toiler,
Tells us what to seek,
Wretched are the mighty,
Blessed are the meek.

Chorus

Onward, Christian workers,
Marching on to peace,
By the love of Jesus
Making strife to cease.

At His sign of triumph,
Earthly loss seems gain.
He will help us carry
Each his load of pain.
Hate and cold indifference
Yield to prayer and praise,
As each brother labors
Helpless ones to raise. — Chorus.

Like a mighty workshop
Is the Church of Christ,
Making all that's needed,
Everything unpriced.
Working all together,
Free from greed and hate,
Competition ended,
All coöperate. — Chorus.

Wealth and dollars vanish,
Riches rise and wane,

But unselfish service
Cannot be in vain.
Selfishness shall never
Make our love grow cold,
Christ's "well done" is better
Than a world of gold. — Chorus.

Onward then, ye people,
Join our earnest throng,
Helping right to triumph,
Overcoming wrong;
This the only tribute
Welcomed by our King,
May we give the weary
Grateful songs to sing. — Chorus.

HYMN

Go forward, Christ's explorer,
His strength shall make you bold;
Through deadly, torrid jungles
To polar regions cold.
Wherever on this planet
The feet of men have trod,
Your brothers must be followed
With Christ's good news from God.

Go forward, Christ's explorer,
Seek honest men and strong
Who love the ways of honor
And hate the deeds of wrong;
Make them the valiant leaders,
Support them in their search
For every hidden weakness
In Nation and in Church.

Go forward, Christ's explorer,
God's love for every age
Is writ in golden letters
Upon the sacred page.
The reverent, fearless scholar
Who comes with open mind
Through God's own Spirit's guidance
The truth divine shall find.

Go forward, Christ's explorer,
Scan well the life within,
Trace back each sinful motive,
Cast out each secret sin.
Then throw life's gates wide open
To Christ the Light of Light;
His truth is perfect freedom,
His grace is holy might.

HYMN

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
Ye thinkers true and brave,
Face every problem frankly,
The truth alone can save.
The false must be rejected
By students free and bold
Till every lie is vanquished
And Christ's full truth is told.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
The Conscience call obey,
For error's blinding darkness
Obscures the light of day.
Men wander, lost in error,
Their minds with doubts are rife,
Show them God's light in Jesus,
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
Though long and dark the night,
The sun of truth shall brighten
The whole wide world with light.
And those who struggle bravely
The path of truth to trace,
In God's good time shall know Him
And worship face to face.

To His Mother

Sept. 6, 1914.

The Dean preached a good sermon.

He has been reading Rauschenbusch and while he agrees with it he wanted also to show that the Church has always stood for social righteousness in some sense. He told about Hildebrand and other really great champions of the rights of the people. What he said I suppose is true in a sense, but somehow I can't feel quite the need of always apologizing for the Church.

The sermon went very well and though of course many people didn't agree with me I think I "spoke the truth in love." The Church was crowded, many standing up. I'm off to Tooele to speak on Peace. They asked me to make a Socialist speech but I said it would be a serious mistake if I was to speak for Socialism when there is a political campaign on. If I became a mere partisan I lose all chance of getting a hearing as a candid student. So I'm going to speak on the "Moral and Economic Waste of War."

Sept. 7, 1914.

What a comfort it is to be able to pray for people. I suppose if we had more faith we would not want to do any thing else, or, I mean, wouldn't think we could do anything more.

I don't think I agree with you in always using the Prayer Book words if possible. Though that may make us appreciate the values in the Prayer Book it does seem to me that getting away from the old words and their old connections makes the present need more real and vivid.

Sept. 9, 1914.

Rowland Hall opened to-day with a good lot of pupils old and new. The new teachers seem all right and A. looks capable.

Do you know it has cost over and above the receipts $6516 to keep Rowland Hall going. This year repairs and improvements amount to $2574.33 of it, but it is a question in my mind whether it pays. Schools like Miss M——'s have raised the salaries of teachers and the standard of what a teacher can be expected to do.

Salt Lake, Sept. 10, 1914.

Mrs. W. W. R. took me auto riding with Prof. Clay of Yale, who lectured before the Archeological Society. Prof. Clay is much interested in the "Book of Abraham." He suggests that we draw up a set of questions on the Mormon Literature and submit it to scholars of the world. He says he knows lots of them at home and abroad and that he will help. He thinks he can get seventy-five opinions himself. I don't know whether it is a good plan or not. Would my mother believe that Moses didn't write the Pentateuch if seventy-five scholars said he didn't?

Sept. 11.

I had three weddings yesterday and got in fees $35. I did need it too because I agreed to help pay for the Labor Service program and also for a G. F. S. girl who had to go to the hospital. I think the Dean and Mr. Reese were very good to let me in.

My schedule for September is as follows: Garfield, Park City, Eureka, Provo, Logan, Salt Lake.

Rev. J. C. Mitchell, whom I knew in the Seminary, is coming to Salt Lake for six weeks or more and give us his services. Perhaps he will go with me up to the Uintah Country and visit the Indians.

Sep. 14, 1914.

I've been asked to speak to the University of Minnesota in the Andrew Presbyterian Church if I go. That is getting off

the speaking end easy and I've accepted. I like to speak to students.

Sep. 22.

I'm off to Provo and Eureka to-morrow A.M. to see the parsons and lecture on war. Still in doubt about the special meeting of the House of Bishops in Minneapolis. Just had a letter from Williams of Michigan. He expects to be there. It makes me really want to go — to see all the old friends.

I'm trying to write an article for the Christian Socialist to make the rich understand the poor and the poor the rich. It's a hard job, but it's interesting.

Sep. 24, 1914. D. & R. G. R.R.

I'm on my way from Eureka to Provo. I wanted to see how the Rices were getting on at Eureka. And then there was last week an awful accident at Eureka, 12 men were caved in the 1600 ft. level of the Centennial Eureka mine. One was rescued, five bodies have been recovered but six bodies are still under tons of earth and timber and rock. Four of the dead men belong to our church. I attended a meeting of all the citizens to find out the sentiment as to whether a decent respect for the dead required all the mines to shut down until the rest of the bodies were recovered. It was decided, I thought most wisely, that the work should go on because the living needed the wages. The Secretary of the Union told me that conditions were so dangerous where the bodies were, that, as he expressed it, "a man's life wasn't worth fifteen cents." And yet 500 men have volunteered to work there. Only one man can work at a time, as soon as he is tired another relieves him. I delivered my lecture on "peace" and the church was full. I hope to speak on "Peace" again to-night in Provo. Jones is certainly taking hold splendidly in Salt Lake.

I'm working on an article I promised long time ago for the "Christian Socialists." No certainty yet about the House of Bishops. I suppose it will be decided to-morrow. I think it will be grand to have a baby in the house because I've always

loved babies. I hope you are having as lovely weather as we are, not a cloud in the sky. Best love to all.

With these words of sympathy for men who toil and admiration for their industrial heroism, with hope of world peace, with joyful anticipation of the new life which was to come to his friends and with best love to his dearest mother and sisters, this radiant spirit, in the fraction of a second, passed from life into the light eternal.

Bishop Spalding left his house at nine in the evening, to post this letter and others in the mail box at the corner of E Street and South Temple. As he stepped into South Temple Street an automobile came down the grade at high speed. Beyond any doubt he saw it coming. It was on the wrong side of the street, its right wheels in the left car tracks. The Bishop apparently expected the machine to pass in front of him, where it had two-thirds of the broad avenue. The driver, on the other hand, apparently judging that he would just about cross over before she reached him, turned the machine a little to the left. Athlete though he was and quick as a tiger on his feet, so great was the speed of the car that he was unable to escape it. It struck him and crashed into the steel electric pole with such terrific impact that it indented it an inch and more. He was instantly killed. At the steering wheel was a girl of eighteen years, who bore an unenviable reputation in Salt Lake as a reckless driver. The editors of all the newspapers next day cried out for "something to prevent huge machines, with their throbbing engines driving them on as agencies of death, rushed over the people's streets at 'most any rate of speed their drivers desire, driven by girls who go into hysterics at the thought of a mouse or faint at the sight of a bleeding finger and who yet take chances of facing a situation that would try the

nerve of a stout-hearted man. They love the sport, and they wouldn't purposely hurt any one for their lives." Whether it is folly or criminal intent, the effect is frequently the same.

Two days later his comrades in the ministry stood beside his silent form in St. Mark's Cathedral, and a steady line of people of every race and creed passed by. In a church filled to the sidewalk with Gentiles and Mormons, workingmen and employers, rich and poor, Paul Jones, Dean Colladay, and Bishop Thomas, who hurried from Wyoming on receipt of the sad news of the death of his friend, read the burial service and the combined choirs of St. Mark's and St. Paul's sang:

> The Strife is o'er, the battle done,
> The victory of Life is won.

His clergymen carried their leader to the station and aboard the private car, which the very men who had withdrawn the railroad pass magnanimously furnished to take the body to Denver. There, in the city of his youth, the coffin was borne to the Cathedral on the shoulders of young business men, some of whom had been the companions of his boyhood and who loved him in his manhood. The service was read by Dean Hart, Bishop Paddock of Western Oregon, Bishop Brewster of Western Colorado, Bishop Thomas of Wyoming, and Bishop Williams of Nebraska. And there in the Cathedral were his sisters, his brother and his beloved mother, strengthened to face the terrible ordeal by faith in the Providence whose ways she sought in vain to understand. Amid the crash of thunder and flash of lightning they carried him to Riverside Cemetery and laid his body beside that of his father.

In the passing of Frank Spalding America realized that

she had lost a great son. "With a very clear mind, great power of analysis, an admirable ability to state his position in lucid language," said the 'Outlook' of New York, "Bishop Spalding was a notable figure on every occasion when he was present and in every assembly in which he took part." 'Collier's Weekly' headed an appreciative editorial with the title, "A Man who Understood." In the Princeton 'Alumni Weekly' he was called "one of the most useful sons of Princeton." 'The Survey' recognized Bishop Spalding as the champion of the poor. Glowing tributes and appreciations appeared in the Church and Socialist press throughout the country, from the pens of many men and women who were irresistibly moved to give utterance to their admiration in prose and verse or tell of some experience they had had with him. 'The Living Church,' which had hesitatingly endorsed his election as bishop, declared him "one of the most lovable of men." In Salt Lake, Erie and Denver where he had lived, the editors of all the daily papers with remarkable penetration and insight gave testimony to the outstanding qualities of the man: his great sympathy for the struggling masses, his broad and active mind, his courage to fight for his ideals, his outspokenness and fearlessness. "He would have been a Gautier or St. Bernard eight hundred years ago, he might have been a Luther three hundred years ago, for his high thoughts were always backed by ample if unpretentious courage." The reality and beauty of his religious life found witnesses among the ministers of all churches, Roman Catholic, Mormon, Jewish and Protestant. "Like the Master" they all declared, "Our souls are bowed in grief, and are crying to his soul: Knowest thou how much we love thee?"

On All Saints' Day, Nov. 1, 1914, two thousand people packed Salt Lake Theater for a service in commemoration of

Bishop Spalding. The Mormons were represented among the speakers by Hon. Brigham H. Robert, the Socialists by their leader, Mr. William M. Knerr, the Churches by Rev. Elmer L. Goshen, a Congregational minister, and the Professions by Dr. E. G. Gowans. The theater orchestra offered its services, and played Handel's "Largo" and Meyerbeer's "March of the Prophets." The memorial address was given by Rt. Rev. Charles D. Williams, the man whom Spalding looked eagerly forward to meeting again as he penned one of his last letters. "Franklin Spalding was my nearest friend in the House of Bishops. He was to me a tower of strength. I leaned on him, I got courage from him to try to do in my smaller way the things he was doing so splendidly in his larger way." Such was the personal testimony of one great soul to another. With deep insight and intimate knowledge Bishop Williams, in eloquent and telling phrase, told of Spalding's tenderness and gentleness of heart as well as of his manly godliness and mental and spiritual virility. A unique combination of the hero and the saint, he called him, of the fiery prophet of righteousness and the humble, self-giving servant of his fellows. "The sobs of Hosea lay behind the denunciation of Amos. He was the prophet of the conscience and heart alike." "God grant that we all may catch something of his spirit, that we may carry on his work and stand for his cause in some measure as he did!"

Elsewhere, also, the noblest spirits of the Church bore testimony to him. "He was the manliest, most godly, knightly soul whom I have ever met," said Bishop Rowe of Alaska. "The uncompromising character of his righteousness and its naïveté," wrote Bishop Brent of the Philippines, "made his manhood a beacon." "If he has done as much for the people of Utah as he has for those of us who have

tried to follow him at a distance," said Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, "they and their children will rise up and call him blessed. Would that we had told him what we thought of him. We did not know that he would go so soon. Perhaps he knows now."

So, in crowded theater and cathedral, and in the columns of the daily press and leading weeklies of the nation, testimony was borne by small and great to the character and accomplishments of Franklin Spencer Spalding. But, what may be a more enduring tribute, his memory was treasured in the hearts of the poor. Atchee is a small railroad town on the Uintah Railway in Western Colorado. When visiting, as his custom was three times a year, the missions in the "Uintah Country," Bishop Spalding would usually purposely stop over the twenty-four hours until the next train, and not only hold service, but call on every family in the little town, baptizing several infants and making himself the friend of all, whatever their religious affiliations or antipathies. Atchee was not in his district after 1907, but he knew that this remote region could rarely be visited by the Bishop of Western Colorado. When the news of his death reached Atchee the people assembled at the little school, without minister or other leader. One woman opened the Prayer Book, and with broken voice, amid the half suppressed sobs of men and women as they knelt about her, she read the burial service.

Of heroic mold, with a spirit brave and gentle; clean-cut in his thinking and forceful in his speech; with a heart that beat in sympathy with all who suffered; with the vision of an economic and spiritual order wherein the wage earners are to be masters of nature and brothers of men, possessing all they produce, Franklin Spencer Spalding lived in his time and place, a man among men and a bishop such as we shall not soon see the like again.

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